

NO. 28

TOP-NOTCH

JULY 10¢

Laugh

comics

THE FUNNIEST FUNNY MAN OF THEM ALL POKEY OAKY!!

POP MUH BOTTLE, BLACK HOOD, I ARRIVED!!



WE DARED TO DO IT!! A JOKE BOOK THAT'S REALLY FUNNY!



WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM

CONTENTS PAGE



JULY 1942 ★ NO. 28

POKEY OAKY . . . The Funniest Funny man of them all PAGE 3

BLACK HOOD . . . Out of the vastness of infinity comes his shadowy majesty, DEATH to give the Dark Knight of Justice his weirdest adventure! PAGE 10

SEÑOR SIESTA . . . A South American Charlie Chaplin. Sensationally new! Hilariously funny! PAGE 20

SNOOP McGOOK . . . The world's worst and most comical detective . . . PAGE 25

LOST LEGION . . . What a combination! . . . Four Legionnaires from Brooklyn, Moscow, Paris and London really make the fur fly! PAGE 31

BLOOD ON THE MOON . . . A Black Hood story PAGE 36

SUZIE . . . She'll capture your heart — and your funny bone PAGE 37

CANVASBACK CORKLE . . . Whatta spot! He never won a fight in his life — and he gets a match with the champ! PAGE 42

CRIMES COMMITTED — REASONABLE RATES . . . A Snoop McGook story PAGE 48

PERCY . . . There are always two ways to do things. The right way and the way Percy does them! PAGE 49

3 MONKEYTEERS . . . Yehudi! Small fry! Sassafra! Step up and take a bow! PAGE 56

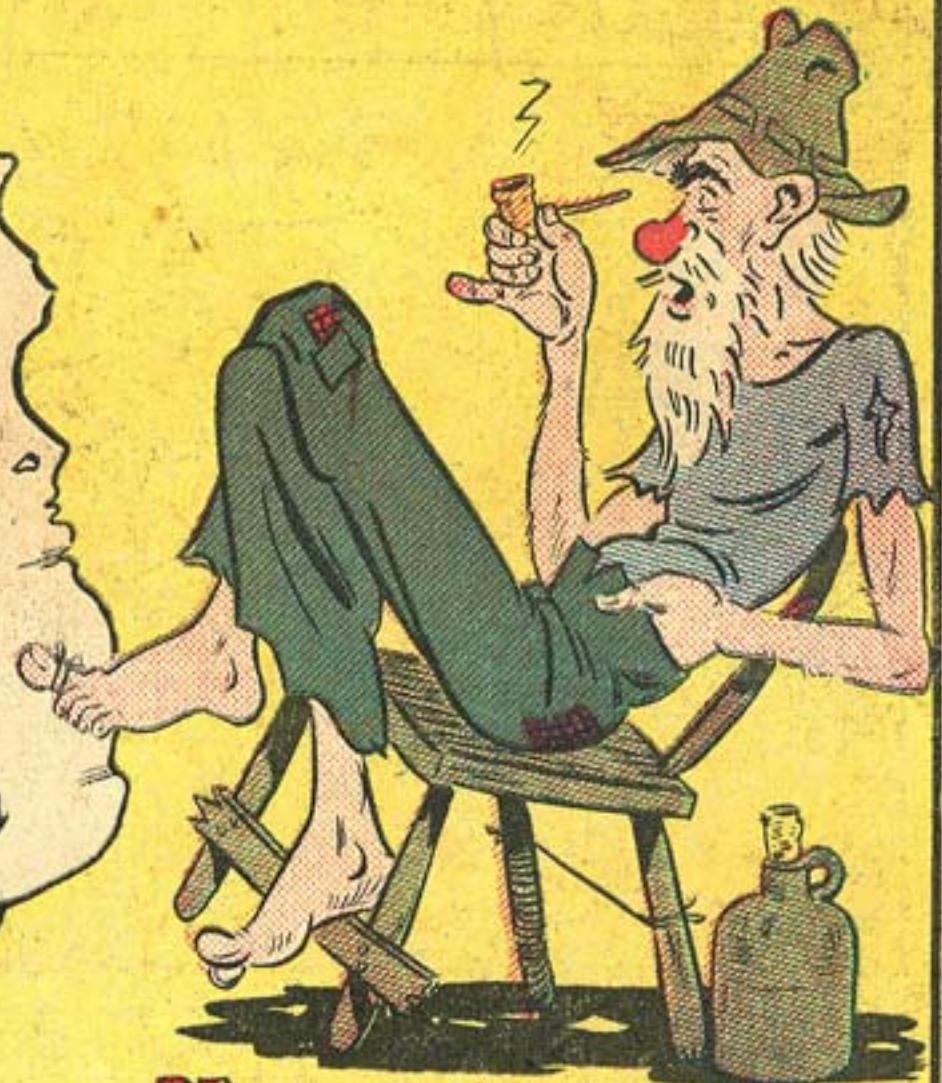
KARDAK . . . The Mystic Magician reforms a practical joker. A real fun-jest . PAGE 62

POKEY OAKLEY

IF YOU HAVE EVER NURSED THE URGE TO GET AWAY FROM IT ALL, WORK, WORRY, COLLECTORS-- THEN, **CATFISH CREEK** IS YOUR DESTINATION....

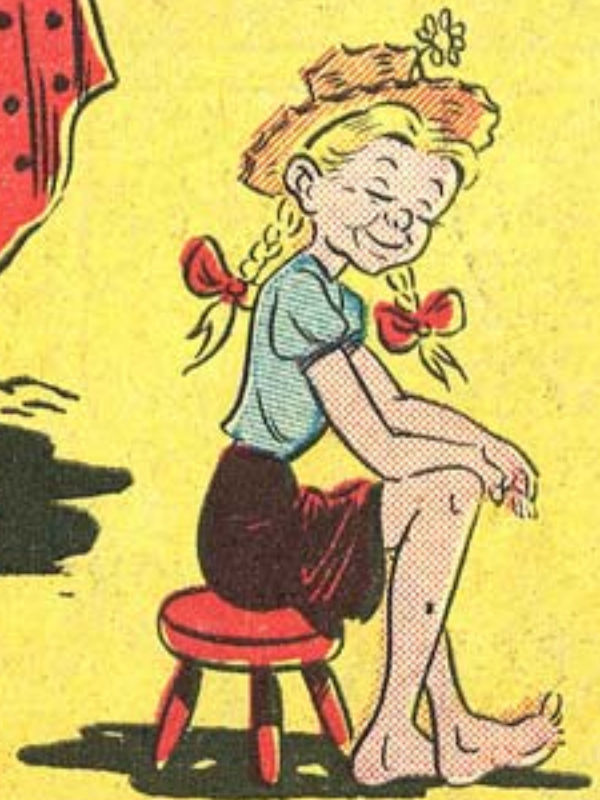
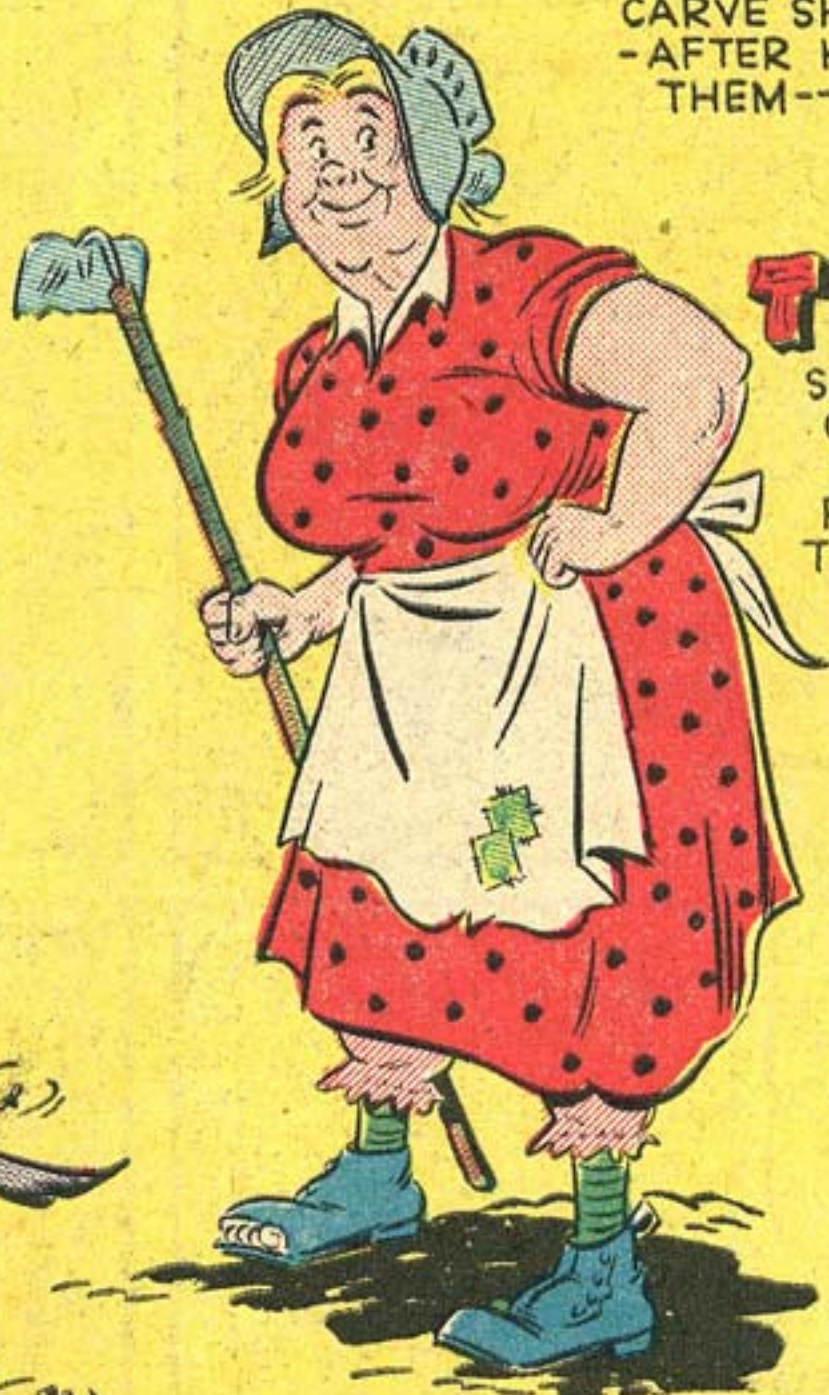
THIS FLYSPECK HAMLET DROWSES DEEP IN THE HEART OF THE OZARK MOUNTAINS, UNSCATHED BY PROGRESS AND PROSPERITY. POSSIBLY THIS EXPLAINS WHY FOR GENERATIONS THE FAMILY TREE OF YOUNG **POKEY OAKLEY** BORE NO FRUIT, YET HAD PLENTY OF **SAPS !!**

Don Dean



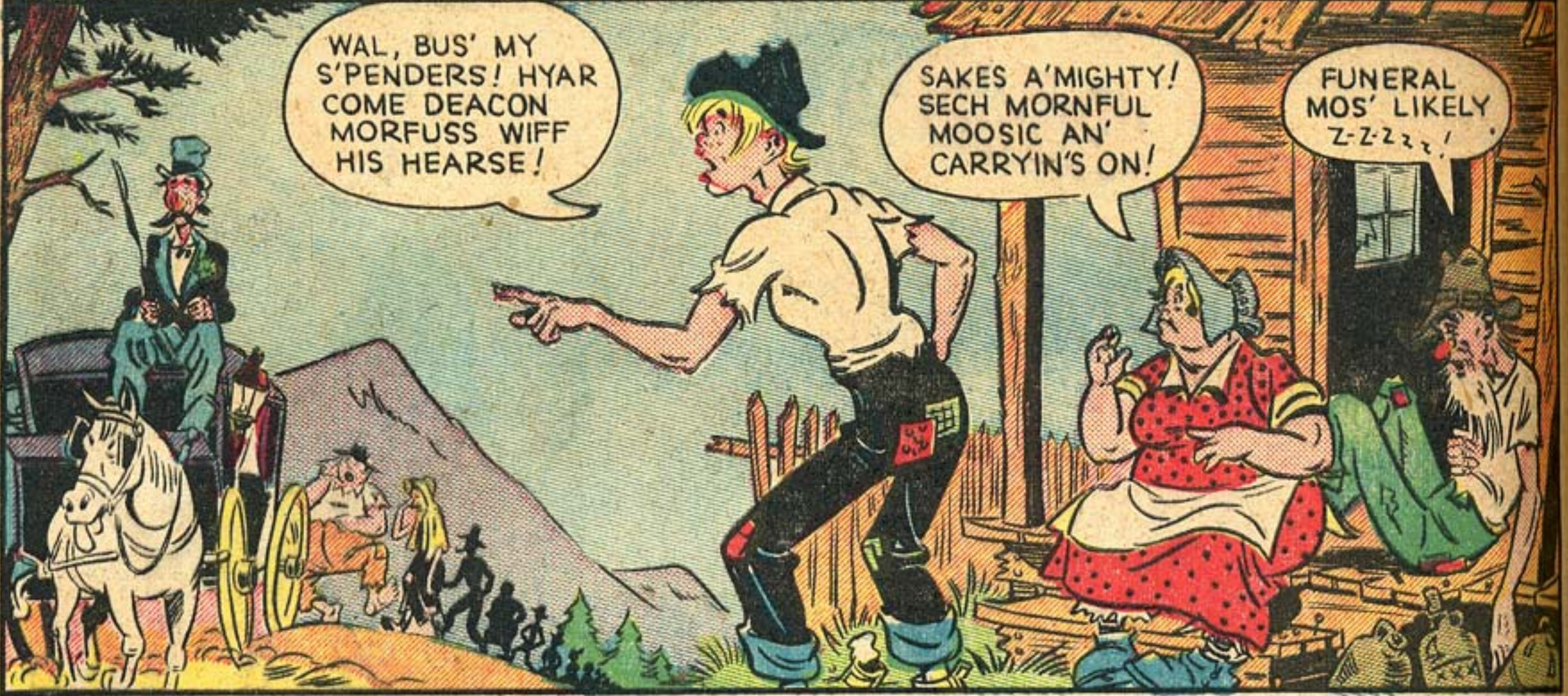
NOW HEAD OF THE CLAN WAS **ADAM OAKLEY**, HE WAS A GREAT ONE TO CARVE SHIPS IN BOTTLES -- -AFTER HE HAD EMPTIED THEM---OF COURSE!

THEN THERE WAS **MAW OAKLEY**. SHE WASN'T MUCH OF A HAND AT FARMING OR PLOWING --- SAID THE HARNESS HURT HER SHOULDERS!



ONLY SON AND OUR HERO IS **POKEY OAKLEY**. POKEY HAD TWO REGRETS IN LIFE-- ONE THAT HE HAD TO WAKE UP TO EAT AND THE OTHER, THAT HE HAD TO QUIT EATING TO SLEEP!

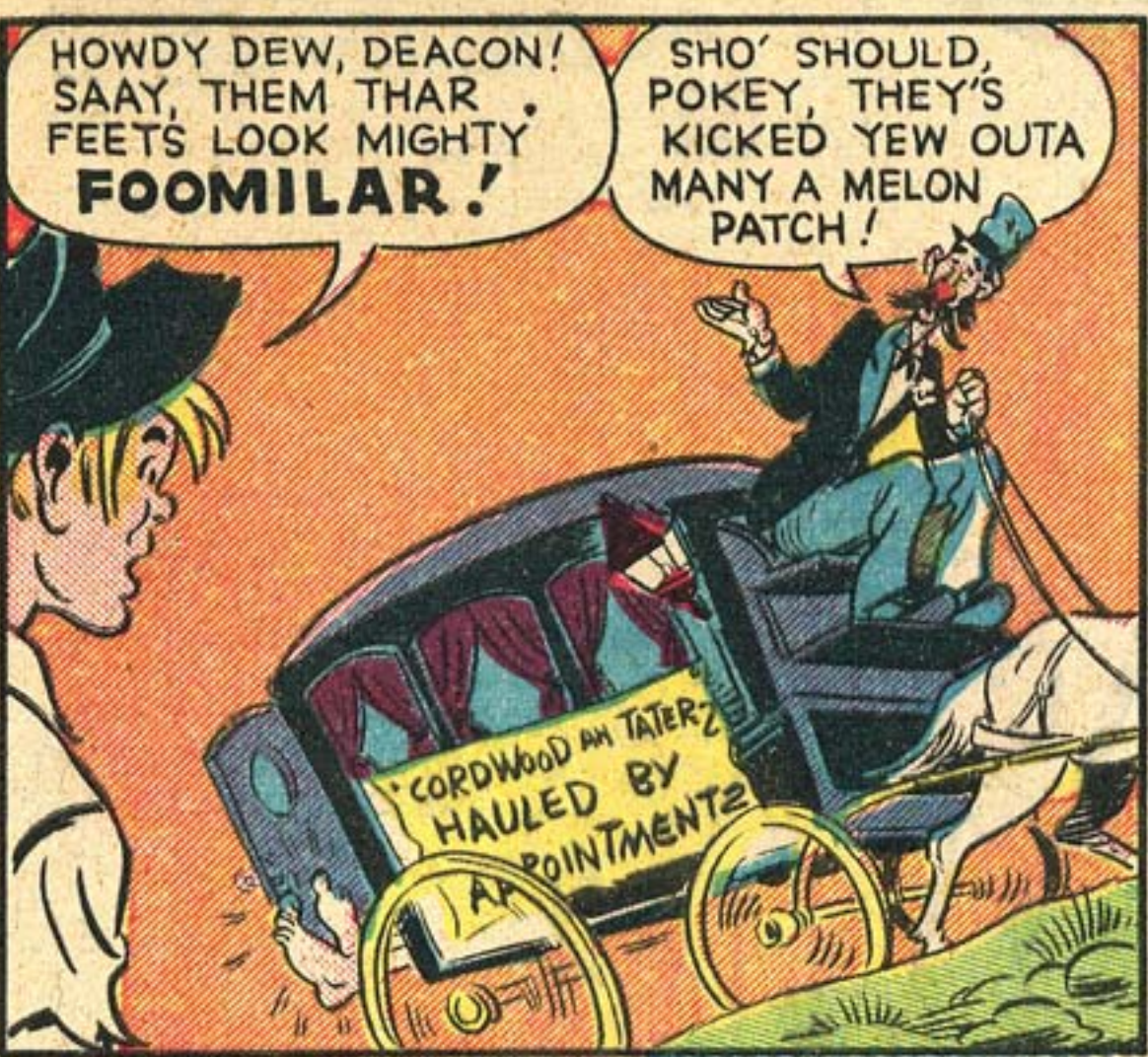
POKEY HAD ONE SISTER CALLED, **BUTTER BEAN**, WHO WAS GOING ON TWELVE AND GRACEFULLY PASSING INTO SPINSTERHOOD--- A SHAME TOO!



WAL, BUS' MY S'PENDERS! HYAR COME DEACON MORFUSS WIFF HIS HEARSE!

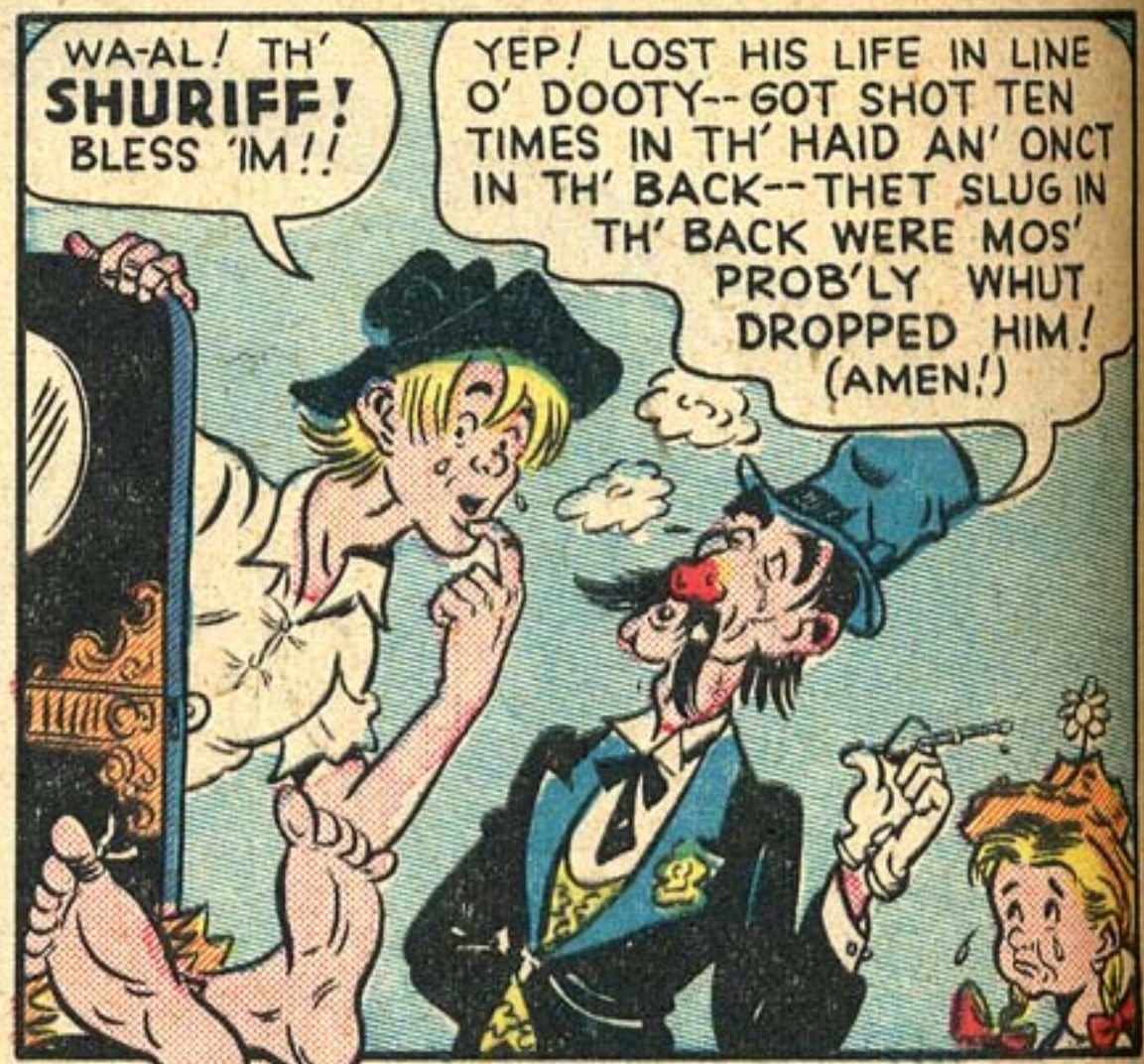
SAKES A'MIGHTY! SECH MORNFUL MOOSIC AN' CARRYIN'S ON!

FUNERAL MOS' LIKELY Z-Z-Zzzz!



HOWDY DEW, DEACON! SAAY, THEM THAR FEETS LOOK MIGHTY FOOMILAR!

SHO' SHOULD, POKEY, THEY'S KICKED YEW OUTA MANY A MELON PATCH!



WA-AL! TH' SHURIFF! BLESS 'IM!!

YEP! LOST HIS LIFE IN LINE O' DOOTY--GOT SHOT TEN TIMES IN TH' HAID AN' ONCT IN TH' BACK--THET SLUG IN TH' BACK WERE MOS' PROB'LY WHUT DROPPED HIM! (AMEN!)



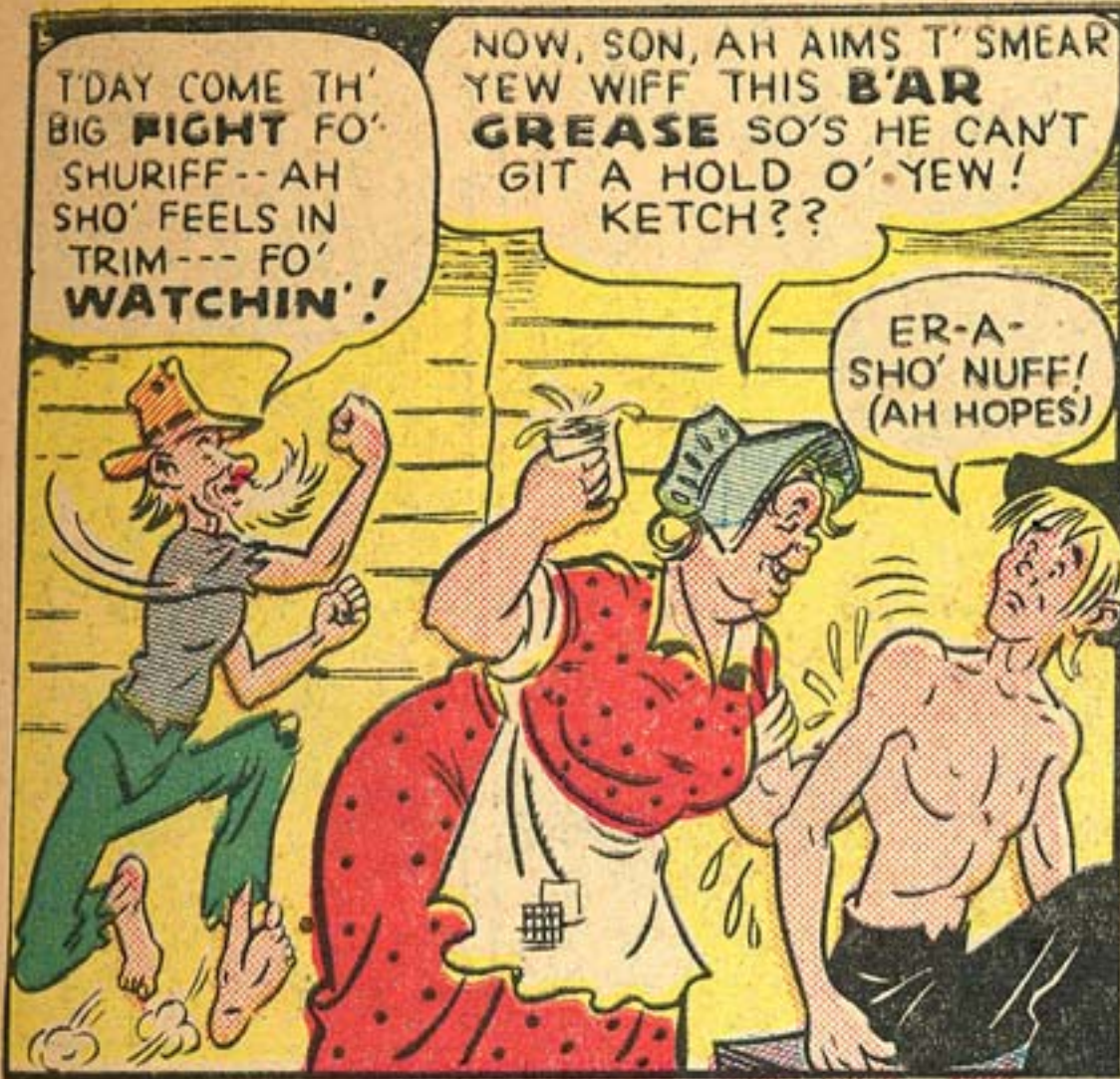
THET MEANS THAR'LI BE A BARFIST WRASSLIN' MATCH TO ELECT A NEW SHURIFF-- TH' WINNER BEIN' ELECTED ACCORDIN' TO CUSTOM!

YEP! IT'S TO BE HELD T'MORROW BEHIND TH' SLAUGHTER HOUSE, BUT AH DON'T EXPECTS T' SEE ANYONE GO AGIN' WILD WILLIE REB! NO, SUH!



WILD WILLIE REB! THAR HAIN'T A MAN IN THESE HILLS DAST LIFT A FINGER AGIN HIM-- HE'S A PUR-FESH-NIL BONE BUSTER, MAAW!

POKEY! YEW'S A GOIN' TO WHIP THET SKUNK T'MORROW--AH GOT ME A PLAN!!



T'DAY COME TH' BIG FIGHT FO' SHURIFF-- AH SHO' FEELS IN TRIM--- FO' WATCHIN'!

NOW, SON, AH AIMS T' SMEAR YEW WIFF THIS **B'AR GREASE** SO'S HE CAN'T GIT A HOLD O' YEW! KETCH??

ER-A-SHO' NUFF! (AH HOPES)



LOOK! THAR'S WILD-WILLIE REB IN TH' RING -- BUT NOBODY GONNA FIGHT AG'IN HIM FO' TH' SHURIFFSHIP!

NOBODY BUT YEW, SON! HEH! HEH!



POKEY OAKY? HAW! HAW!

GENTL'MENS! AH WANTS A CLEAN FIGHT-- NO LAIG BUSTIN'-- UNLESS YEW HASTA AN' NO GOUGIN' OR BITIN'!



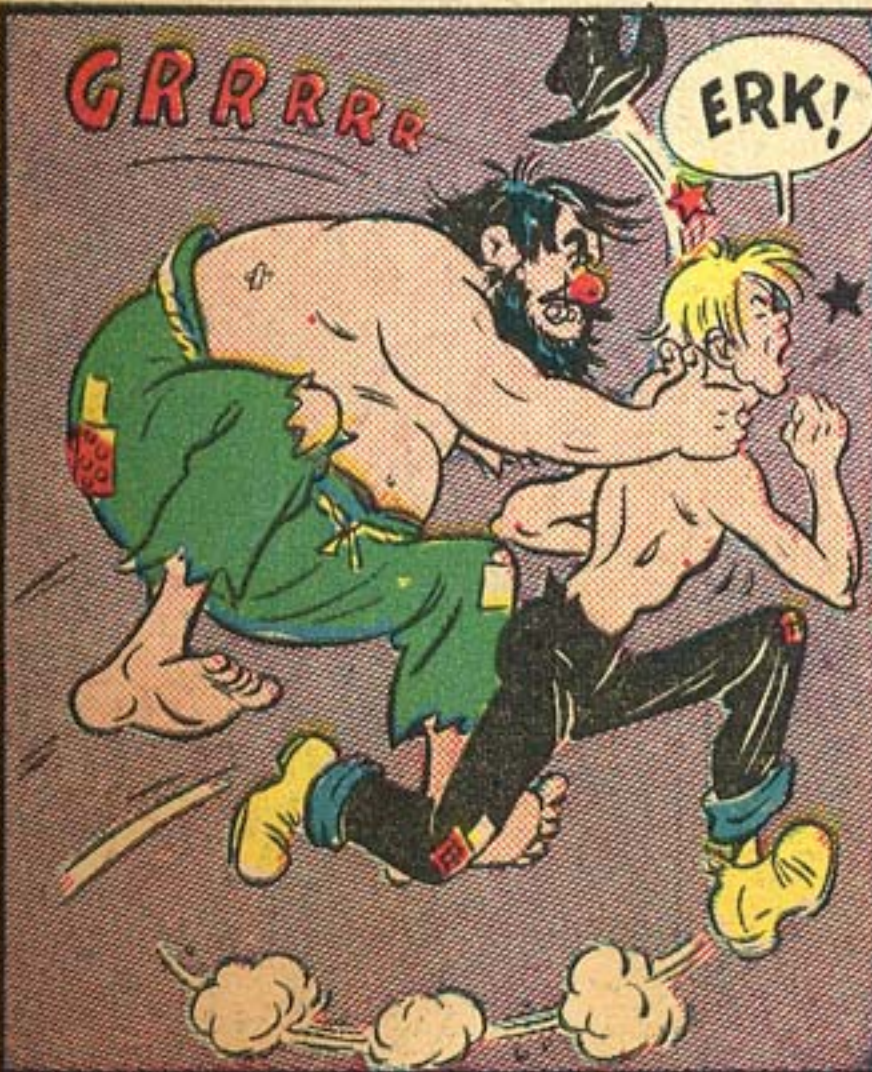
WHUT! NO BITIN'?

WALL! SES' WIF YORE FRONT TEETH, WILLIE!



AWRIGHT! LE'S GO!!

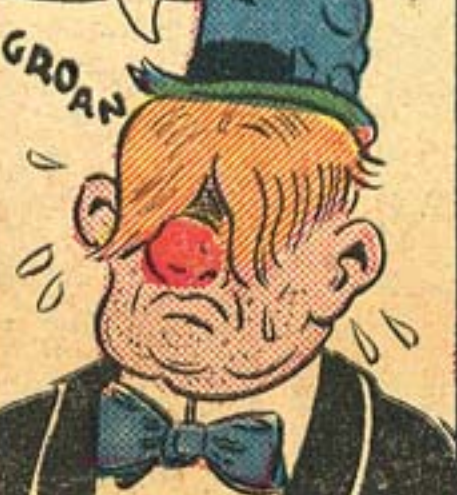
DING DONG



GRRRRR

ERK!

WILD WILLIE DONE GOT HIS FAMOUS **SCISSOR LOCK** ON PORE POKEY--- AH'M GLAD MAH CURLS ARE IN TH' WAY-- AH DON'T WANT TO SEE TH' FINISH!

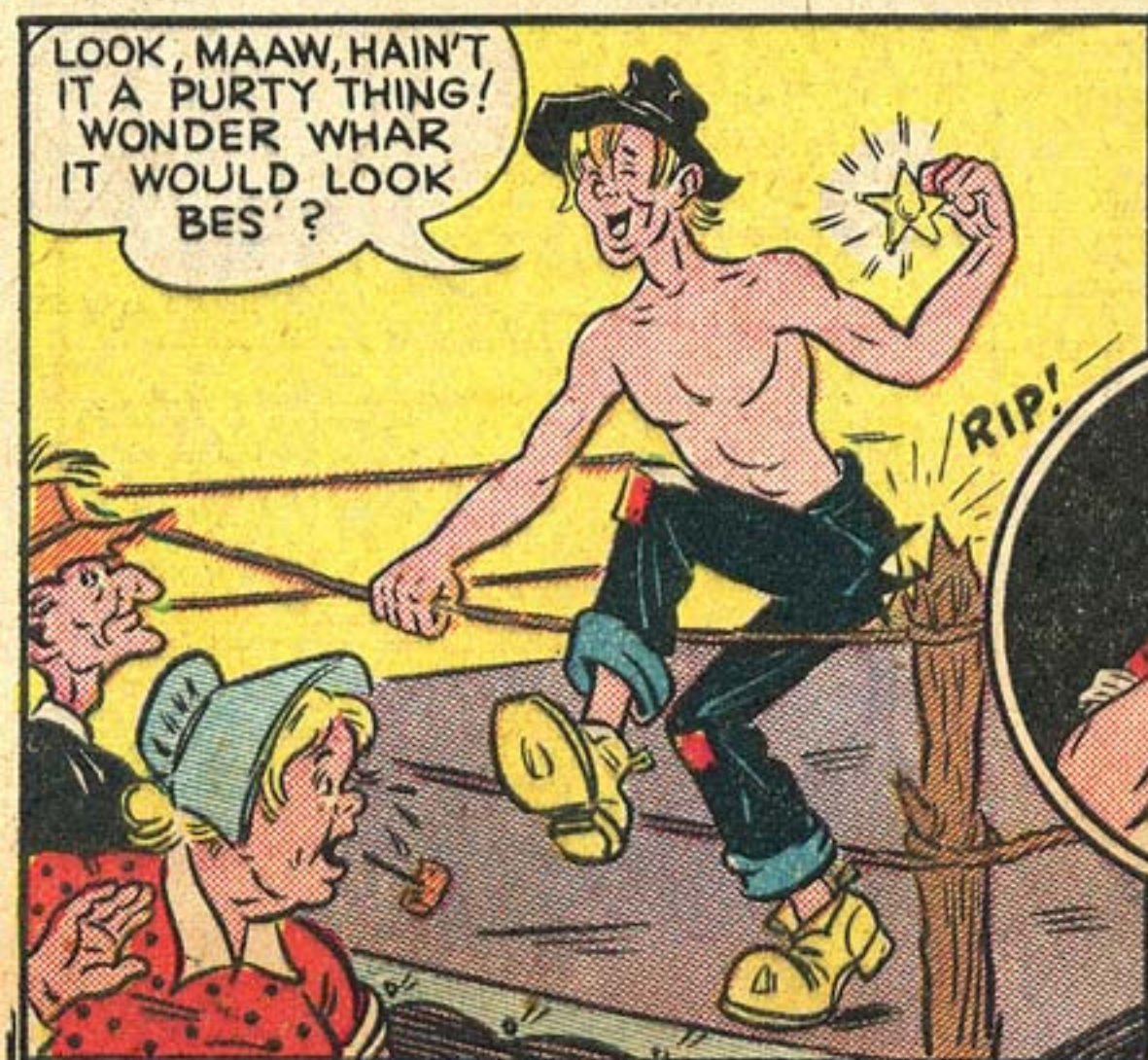
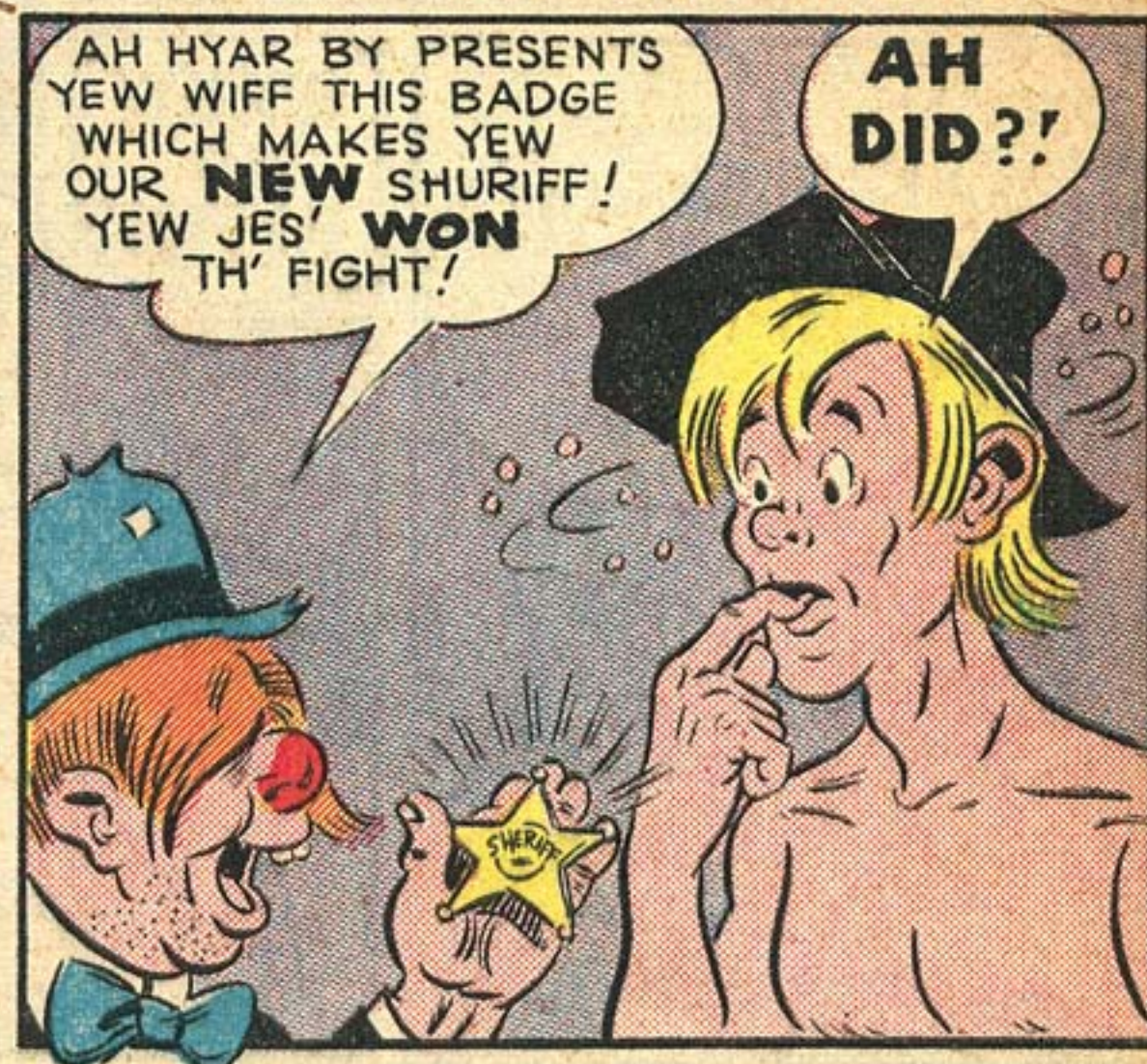
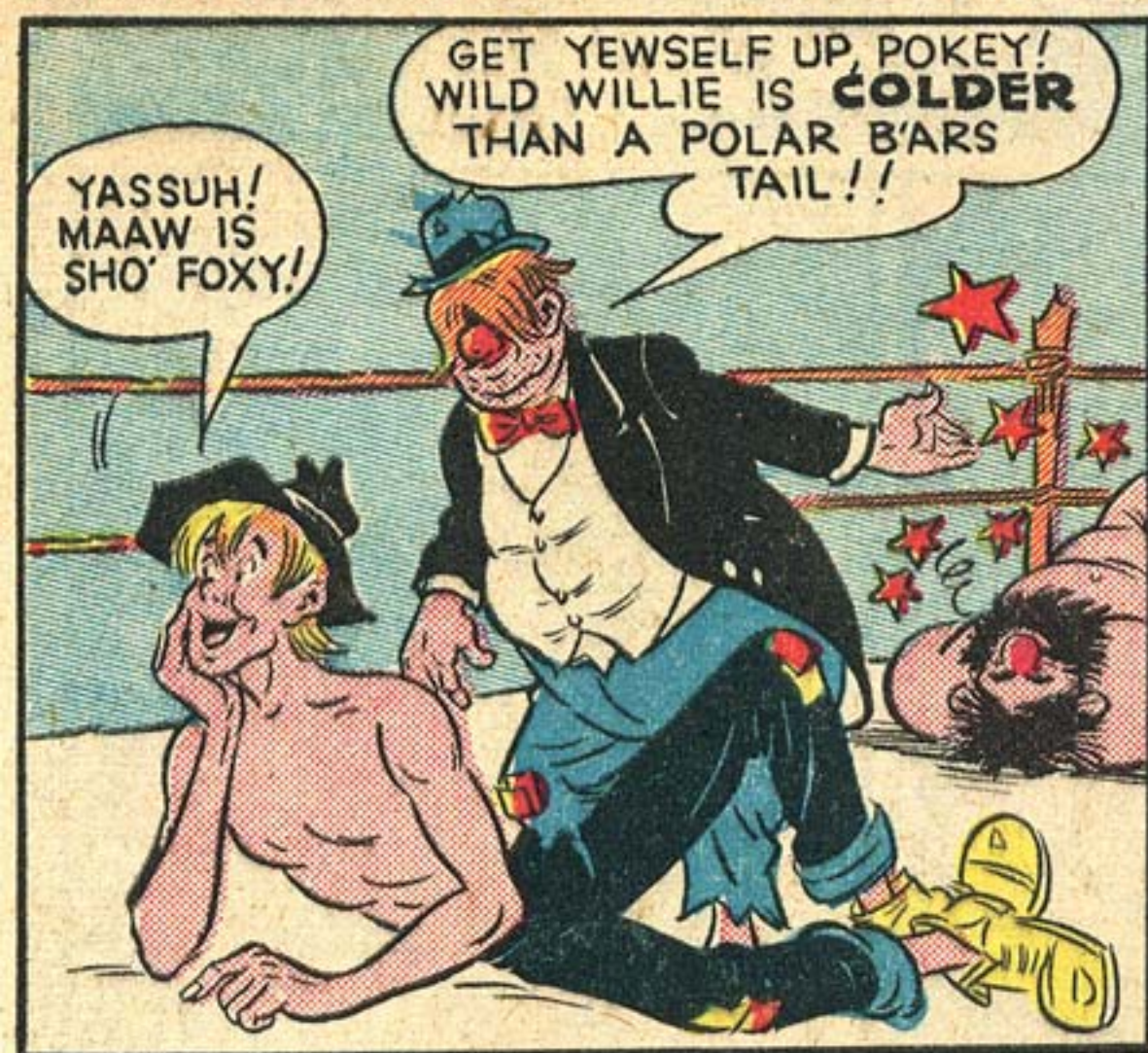
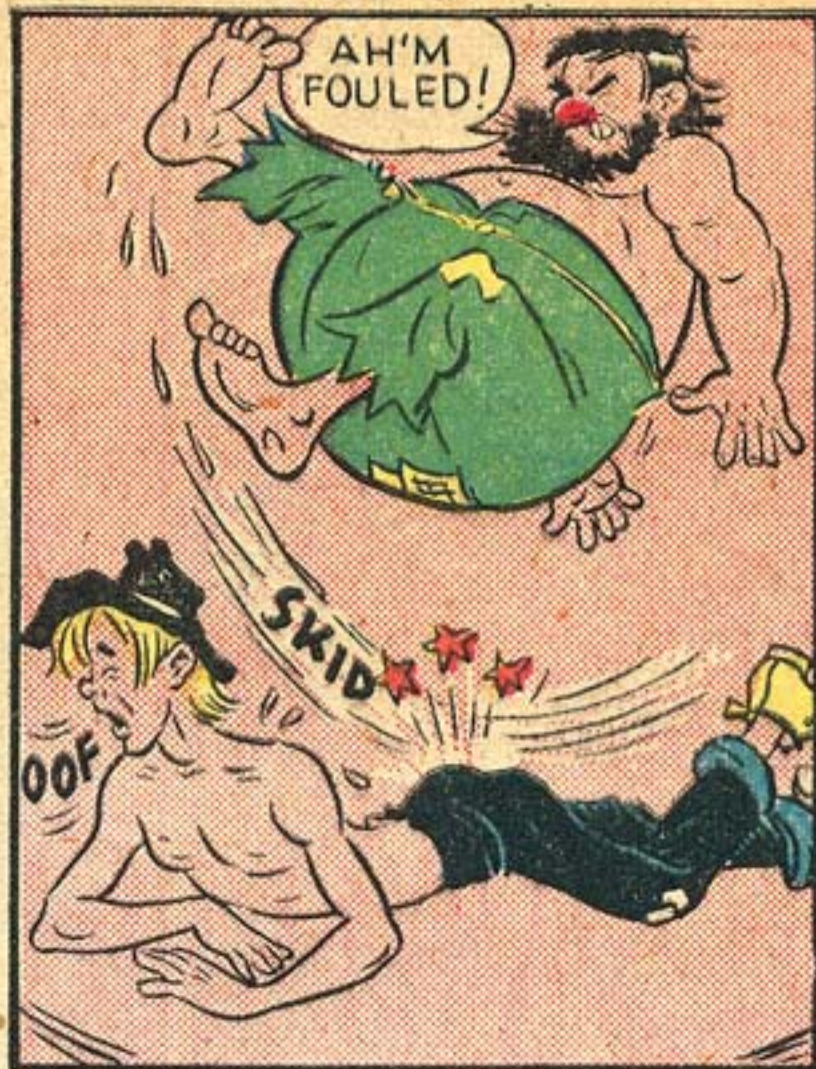


GROAN



HAW! HAW! NOW AH SQUEEZES AN' SQUEEZES AN' SQUEEZES--

ZOOOP





HARRY UP WIFF THET PATCH-WORK, MAAW! BEIN' HYAR IN TH' RAIN BARREL MIGHT GIMME A **BAD** REP-U-TA-SHUN! FOLKS'LL THINK AH'M TAKIN' A **BATH!**

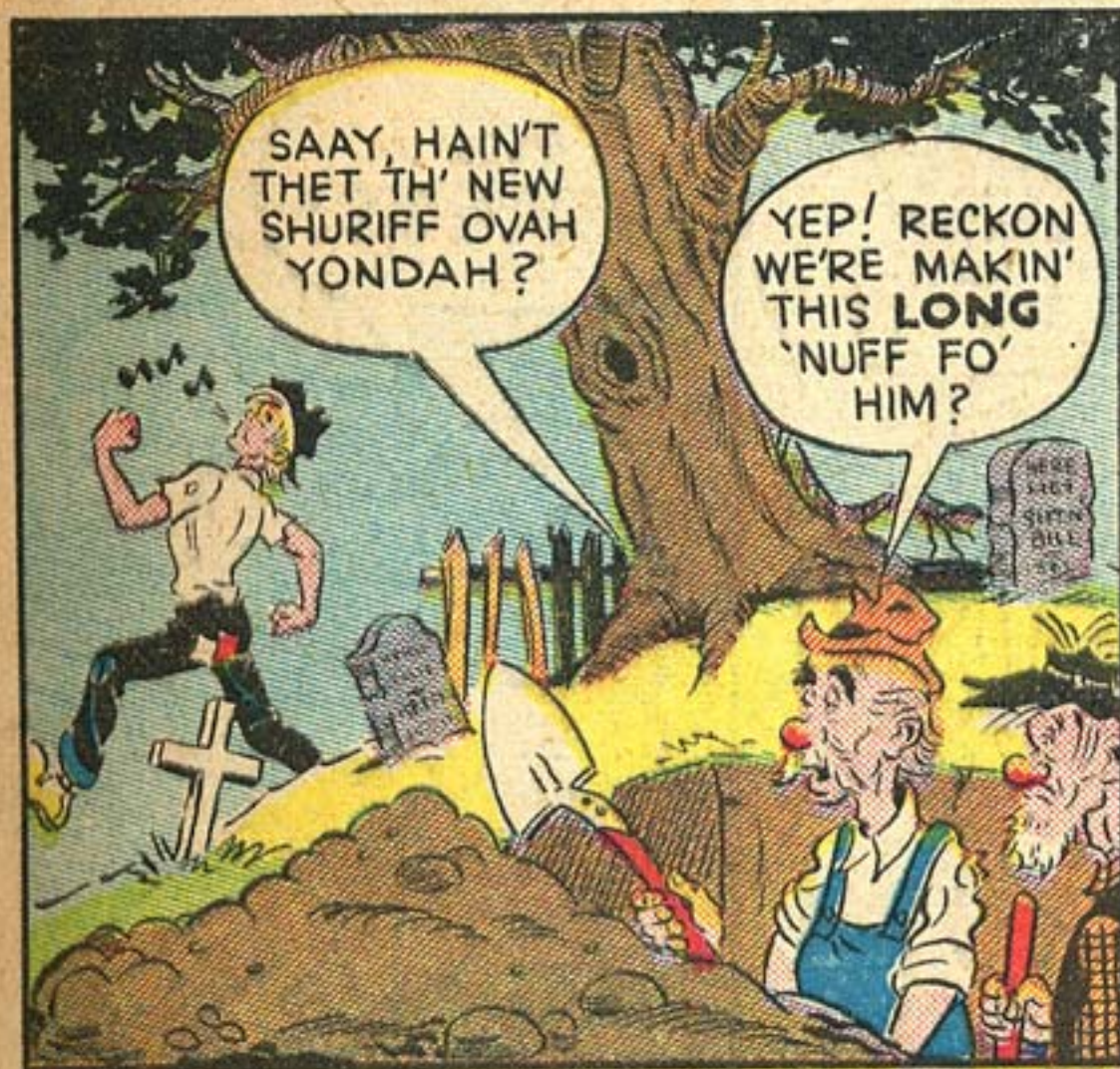
LAN' SAKES AH'M SHO' PROUD MAH CHILE IS SHURIFF --WONDER WHUT TH' JOB PAYS, SON?



MEBBE PAYDAY YEW KIN SEE FIT T' BUY ME A **BAROMETER** --SHO' IS PAINFUL HAVIN' T' KEEP MAH CORNS JES' SO'S YORE PAAW KIN KNOW TH' WEATHER!

AN' MEBBE YEW KIN FETCH ME SOME STORE **TEETH** AN' A BAG O' THET **PEANOOT CANDY**, EH?

SUTTIN'LY! AH'M GONNA BE **RICH!**



SAAY, HAIN'T THET TH' NEW SHURIFF OVAH YONDAH?

YEP! RECKON WE'RE MAKIN' THIS **LONG 'NUFF** FO' HIM?



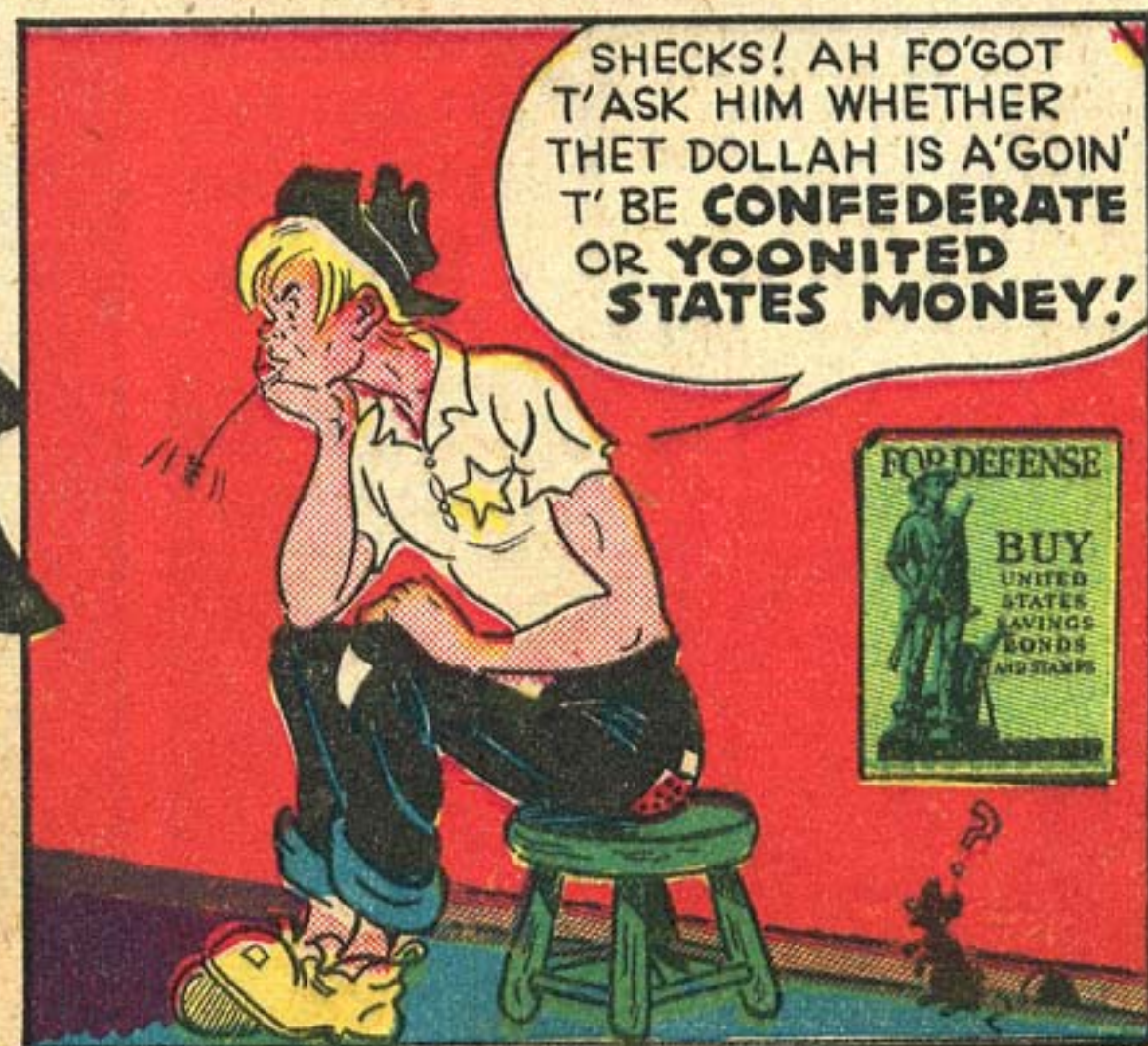
HOWDY DEW, POKEY! WELCOME T' YORE NEW OFFICE -- YEW ALSO IS TH' GAME WARDEN, FIRE CHIEF AN' DOG KETCHER, Y' KNOWS!

AH'M MIGHTY GLAD T' HEAR THET, SUH! TH' MO' JOBS TH' MO' **MONEY**, HUH? WHUT'S MAH SALARY?

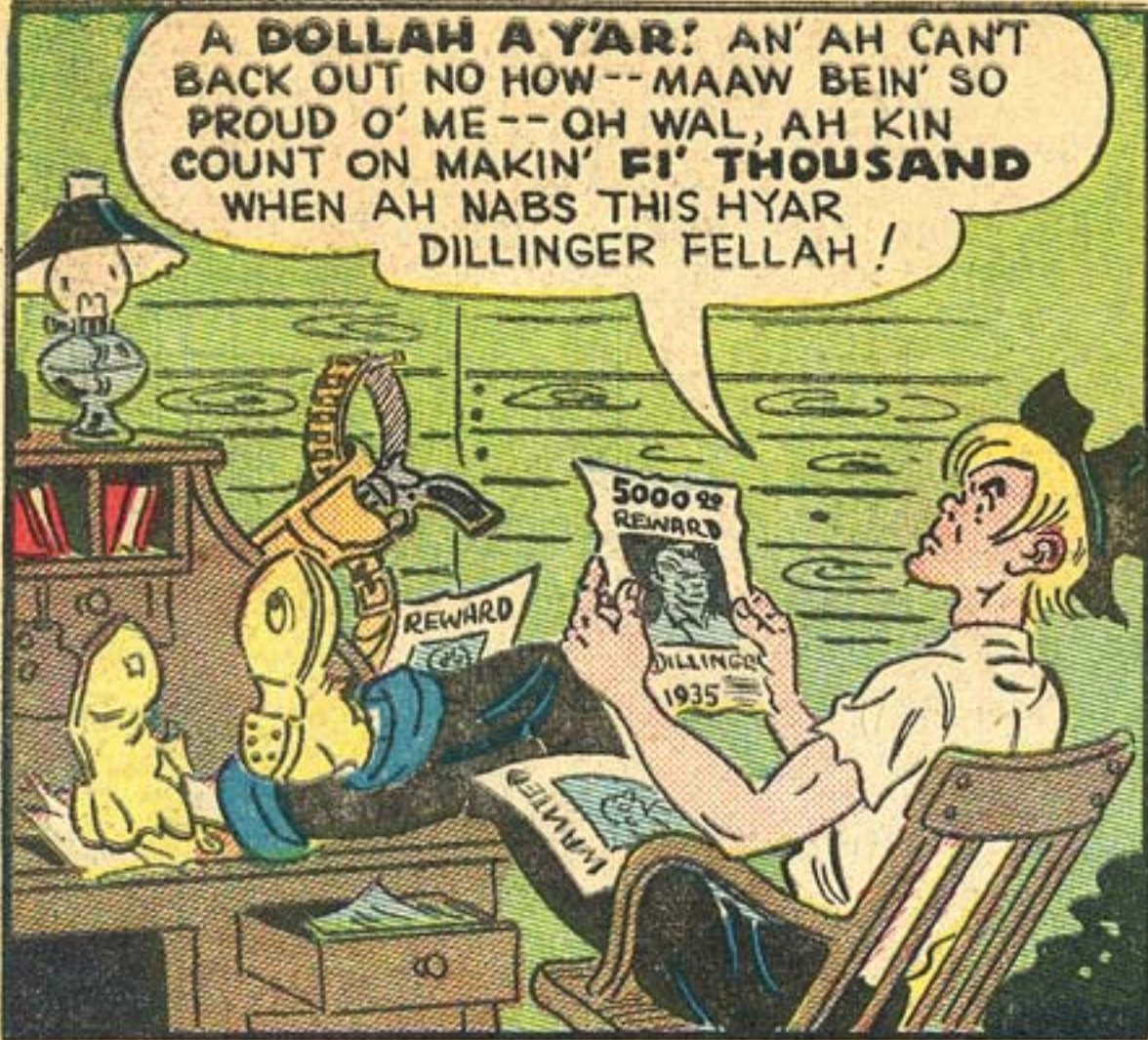


WHY, DON'T YO' KNOWS-- YORE A **DOLLAR** A Y'AR MAN!

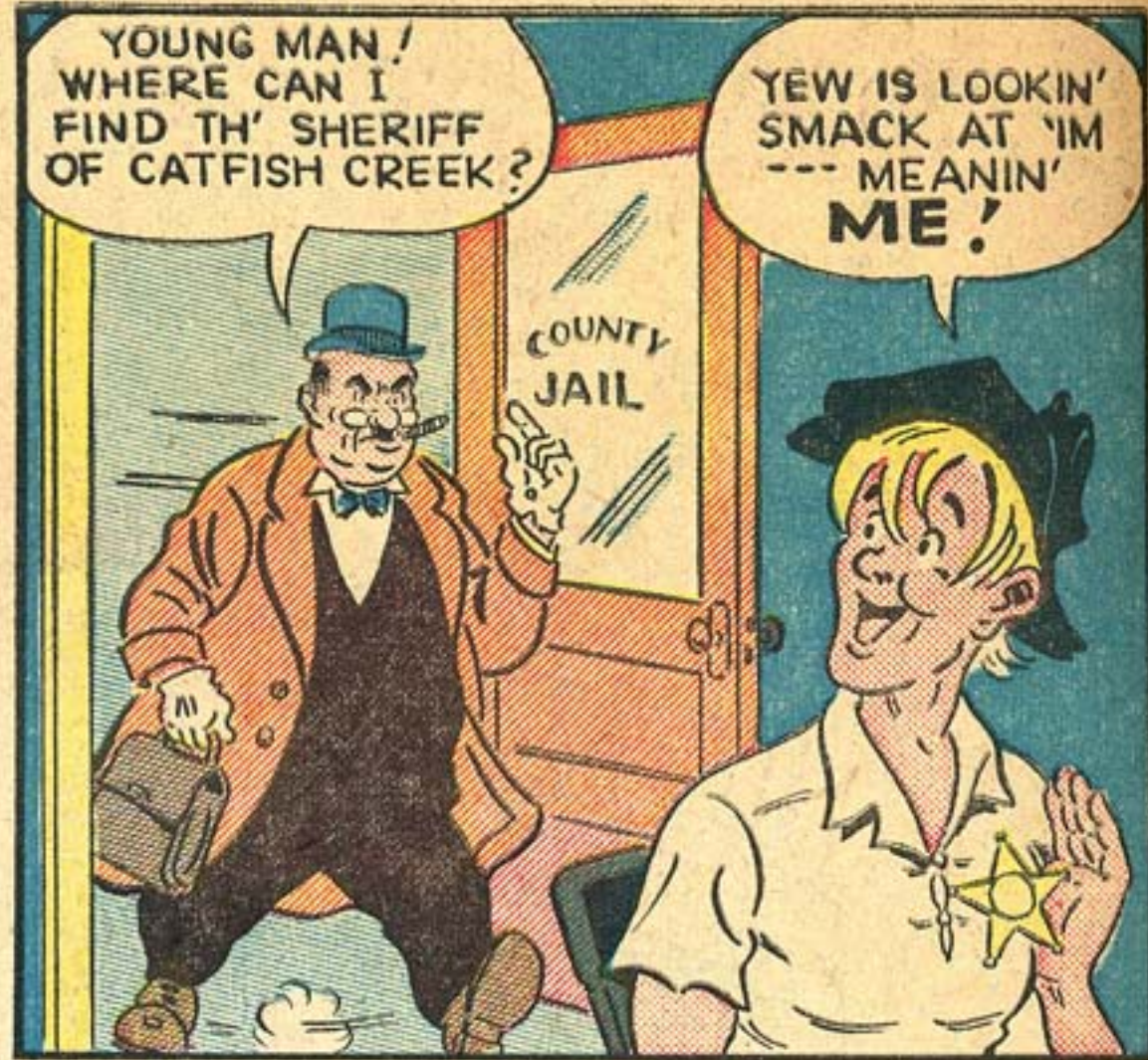
A--A--**DOLLAR** A Y'AR!! (CHOKE!)



SHECKS! AH FO'GOT T' ASK HIM WHETHER THET **DOLLAR** IS A'GOIN' T' BE **CONFEDERATE** OR **YOONITED STATES MONEY!**

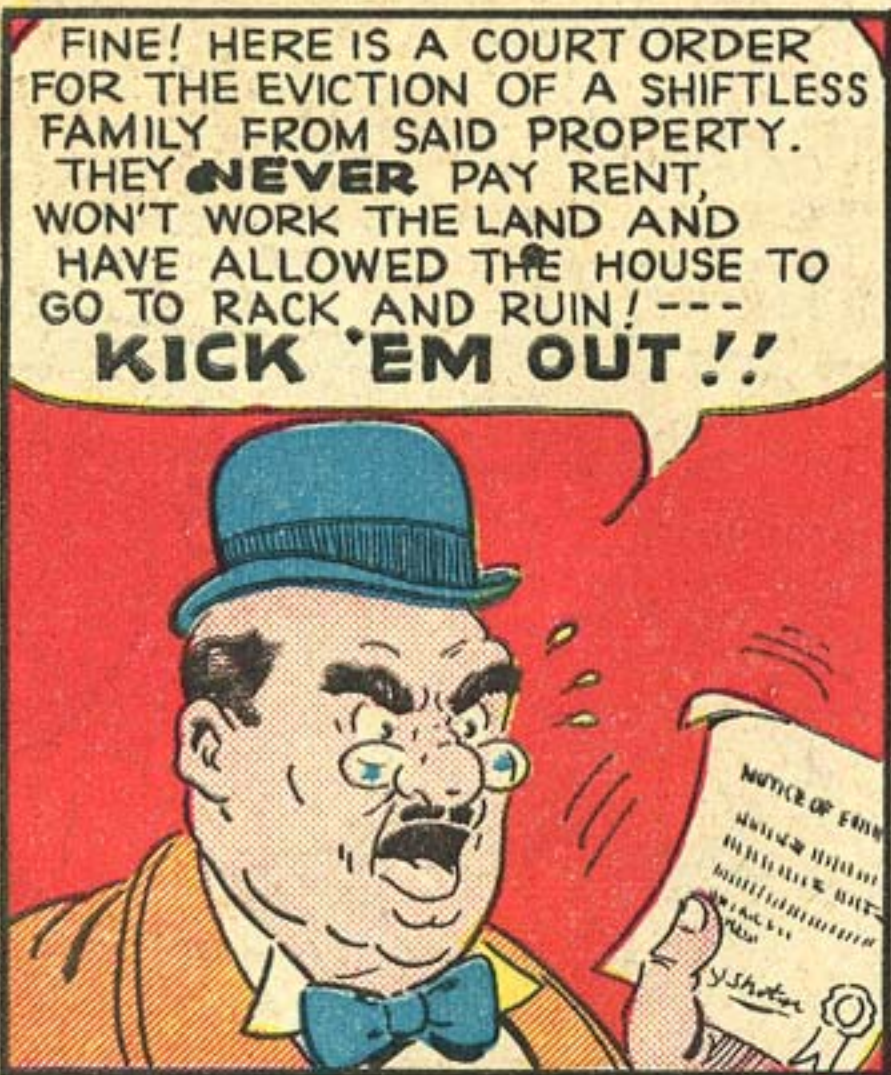


A DOLLAR A Y'AR! AN' AH CANT BACK OUT NO HOW--MAAW BEIN' SO PROUD O' ME--OH WAL, AH KIN COUNT ON MAKIN' FI' THOUSAND WHEN AH NABS THIS HYAR DILLINGER FELLAH!



YOUNG MAN! WHERE CAN I FIND TH' SHERIFF OF CATFISH CREEK?

YEW IS LOOKIN' SMACK AT 'IM --- MEANIN' ME!



FINE! HERE IS A COURT ORDER FOR THE EVICTION OF A SHIFTLESS FAMILY FROM SAID PROPERTY. THEY **NEVER** PAY RENT, WON'T WORK THE LAND AND HAVE ALLOWED THE HOUSE TO GO TO RACK AND RUIN! --- **KICK 'EM OUT!!**



WHY TH' WORTHLESS CHEATIN' SKONKS! AH'LL DEAL WIFF THEM RIGHT NOW **WHO** IS THEY??



THE OAKEYS!



HYAR COME POKEY, MAAW, WIFF HIS FACE LOOKIN' LONG ENUFF T' LICK BUTTER OUTA TH' BOTTOM OF A CHURN!

BUT WAIT TILL HE SEES TH' MESS O' CATFISH AH FIXED **S'PESHLY** FO' HIM!



AH (SOB) GOTTA DO MAH D-DOOTY!

WILL POKEY KICK HIS OWN FAMILY OUT ON A NIGHT LIKE THIS? SEE NEXT ISSUE FOR THRILLS AND LAUGHS!!



BOY, LOOKS LIKE OUR NEW TOP NOTCH LAUGH COMICS HAS CAUSED QUITE A COMMOTION, POKEY OAKY!

BUS MAH BRITCHES, BLACK HOOD, IT SHORE DO SEEM THAT WAY!



HI, KIDS! LOOK WHAT I GOT! IT JUST CAME OUT TODAY!



HAW, HAW! THAT POKEY OAKY'S A RIOT!

TEE HEE! I LIKE SUZIE THE BEST!



THE BLACK HOOD'S THE BEST IN THE BOOK, I TELL YA!

SURE HE'S GOOD BUT KARDAK'S BETTER!



3 MONKEY-TEERS!

CUT THAT OUT, KIDS!

SUZIE!

PERCY



LOOK! I'VE GOT AN IDEA HOW YOU CAN EXPRESS YOUR OPINIONS - AND NOT FIGHT. WE'LL RIP A PAGE OUT OF MY NEWEST BOOK - - - THERE!



AND THIS'LL BE YOUR PAGE, YOU GO ON HOME AND WRITE LETTERS TELLING US WHICH CHARACTER YOU LIKE BEST - AND MAKE ANY SUGGESTIONS YOU WANT!



ALSO SEND A SMALL SNAPSHOT OF YOURSELVES ALONG WITH IT. THE BEST LETTER WRITERS WILL GET THEIR PICTURES PUBLISHED IN TOP NOTCH LAUGH COMICS!

WHEE!

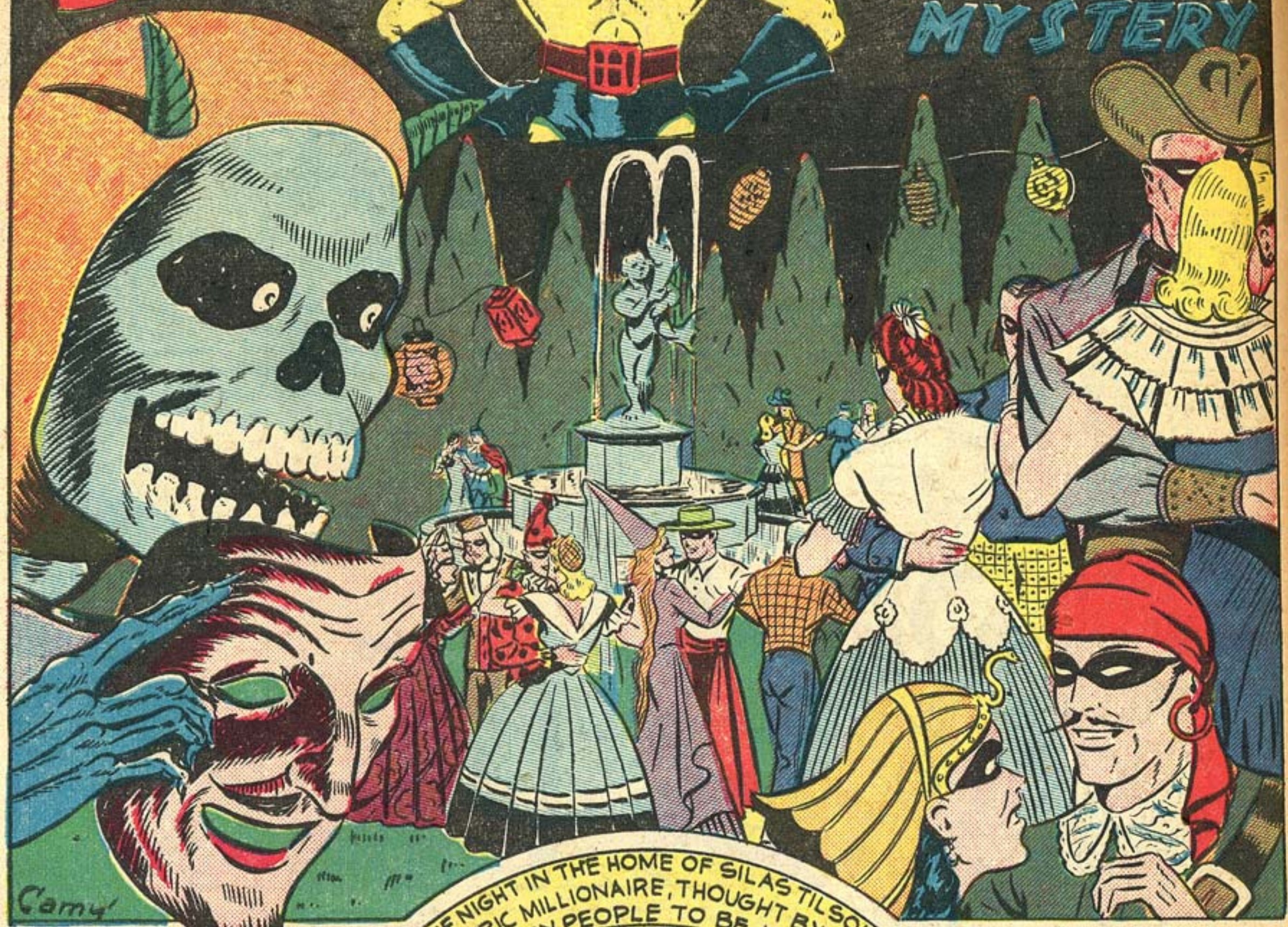


AND THAT'S NOT ALL. WE'LL HAVE YOUR FAVORITE ARTIST DRAW A PORTRAIT OF YOU AND SEND IT TO YOU! NOW HURRY HOME AND WRITE TO.....TOP NOTCH LAUGH COMICS, 60 HUDSON ST., NEW YORK CITY, ROOM 315 - RIGHT NOW!

REGISTERED UNITED STATES PATENT OFFICE

THE BLACK HOOD

MAN OF MYSTERY



Camy

THIS IS A STORY ABOUT DEATH. NOT MURDER NOR SUICIDE NOR THE ETERNAL CURTAIN THAT DROPS WHEN A MAN'S SPAN OF LIFE IS DONE. NO, IT IS THE GRAY-GARBED FIGURE, THE MASTER OF ETERNITY HIMSELF, STEPPING ONTO OUR MORTAL TERRAIN. YES, THIS IS INDEED A STORY OF DEATH AND HOW ONE SINGLE FIGURE DEFIED HIM UNFLINCHINGLY, CAME FACE TO FACE WITH DEATH AND ACCEPTED HIS CHALLENGE, UNAFRAID, AND THAT FIGURE..... THE BLACK HOOD,

ONE NIGHT IN THE HOME OF SILAS TILSON ECCENTRIC MILLIONAIRE, THOUGHT BY A GOOD MANY PEOPLE TO BE INSANE.



BAH! YOU'RE A FOOL, DOCTOR!

BUT I ASSURE YOU, MR. TILSON, THERE IS NOTHING WRONG WITH YOUR HEALTH!

I'M GOING TO DIE, I TELL YOU. GO ON, CALL ME CRAZY LIKE EVERYBODY ELSE DOES - BUT MARK MY WORDS, MY TIME IS UP, I KNOW, I.....



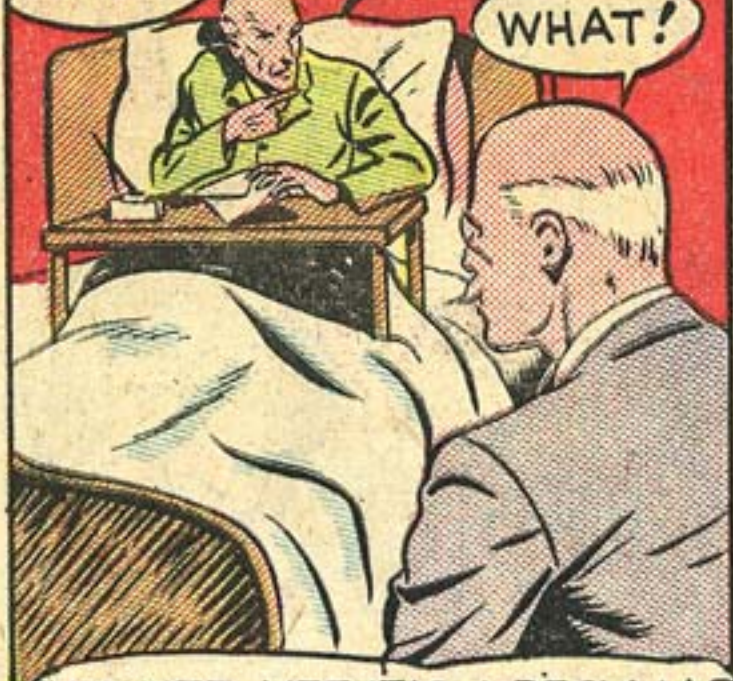
KNOW... HEH, HEH!

YOU, LAWYER MASON, WILL DRAW UP MY WILL AT ONCE! I WANT YOU TO ACT AS WITNESS, DR. SIMON!



VERY WELL, IF YOU INSIST, MR. TILSON!

A GOOD MANY PEOPLE ARE GOING TO REJOICE AT MY DEATH, SO I'M GOING TO MAKE IT A VERY APPROPRIATE AFFAIR. I WANT A PARTY HELD THE NIGHT I'M GOING TO DIE - A MASQUERADE PARTY!



WHAT!

MR. TILSON! IS THIS... A JOKE? YES... BUT NOT ON ME!... NOW EITHER YOU DO AS I SAY - OR I'LL GET SOMEBODY WHO WILL!



HE IS MAD, LAWYER MASON.. THAT MAN IS NO MORE SICK THAN I AM.. EXCEPT THAT HE'S A CRIPPLE!



I AGREE WITH YOU - THAT'S WHY I THINK IT BEST TO HUMOR HIM!

AND YET... YET IT'S A PECULIAR KIND OF INSANITY.. HE'S SO CERTAIN OF HIS RENDEZ-VOUS WITH DEATH IT FRIGHTENS ME!



A LOVELY THOUGHT.. CELEBRATING MY DEATH WITH A MASQUERADE PARTY. AND ALL THOSE PEOPLE WHO ARE WAITING FOR ME TO DIE SHALL BE MY GUESTS OF HONOR!



NEXT DAY, JAMES TILSON, SILAS'S SON RECEIVES A WEIRD INVITATION..



WHAT'S THIS? I'M TO APPEAR AS ROMEO IN A MASQUERADE PARTY CELEBRATING MY FATHER'S DEATH!

AND HIS DAUGHTER-IN-LAW, RITA...

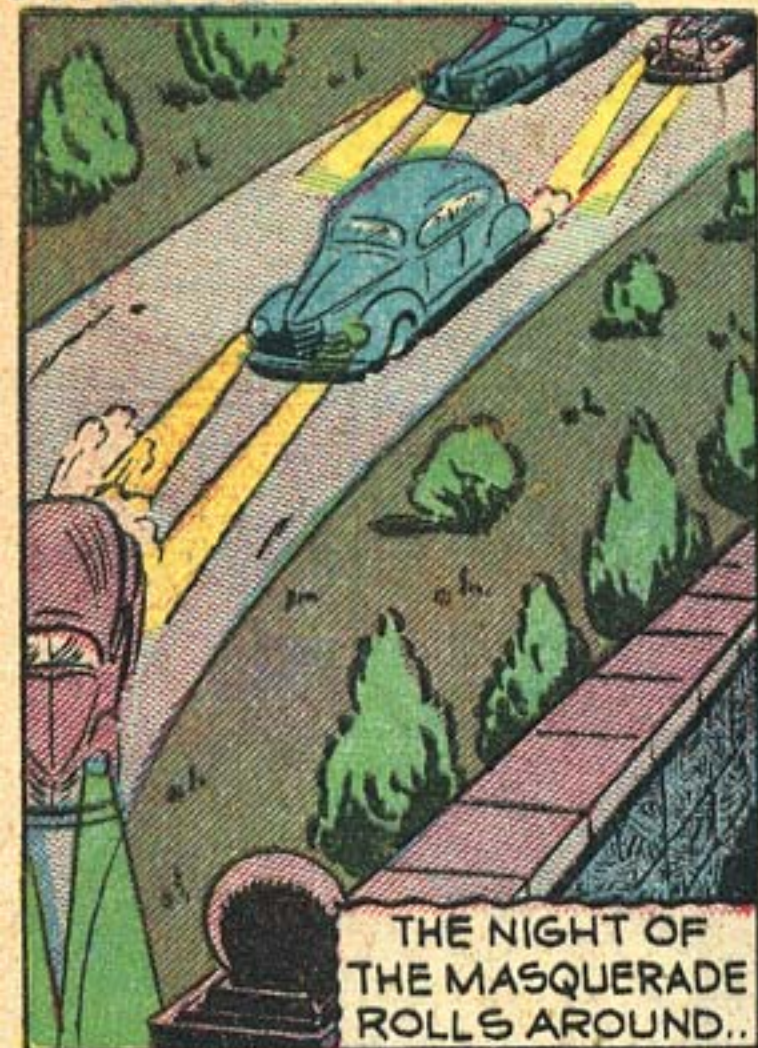


I ALWAYS KNEW HE WAS INSANE.. THIS PROVES IT. I'M TO BE JULIET AT HIS PARTY!

SILAS'S BROTHER, EDWARD...



HMM.. I'M TO DRESS AS THE POET, SHELLEY. THAT MAD MISER'S DEATH WOULD BE SOMETHING TO CELEBRATE.





MR. TILSON, THE GUESTS ARE ALL ARRIVED, SIR!

GOOD!.. NOW I'LL PAY MY RESPECTS TO THEM!



MR. TILSON DON'T YOU THINK IT UNWISE?

GET YOUR HANDS OFF ME, YOU FOOL!



I HAVEN'T MUCH TIME LEFT, AND I WOULDN'T THINK OF LEAVING THIS WORLD WITHOUT MY PARTING MESSAGE. NOW GET ME MY WHEEL CHAIR!



HA, ENJOYING THEMSELVES, EH? ALL GLAD TO CELEBRATE SILAS TILSON'S DEATH, AREN'T THEY?



LISTEN TO ME, EVERYBODY. YOU'RE ALL WAITING FOR ME TO DIE - AND YOU SHAN'T BE DISAPPOINTED. BUT THERE ARE SOME AMONG YOU WHO ARE GOING WITH ME!



DEATH IS GOING TO VISIT THEM JUST AS IT DID THE FAMOUS CHARACTERS THEY ARE IMPERSONATING!



SUDDENLY, A THICK FOG DESCENDS ON THE THRONG.. A COLD SHIVER RUNS ALONG EVERY SPINE...



THIS THING IS BECOMING MORE THAN CRAZY... IT'S TERRIFYING! I'M GOING UP ON THAT BALCONY!



WHEN THE FOG CLEARS..

HE'S.. HE'S DEAD!

THEN THE HOOD NOTICES THE GRAY-GARBED FIGURE HOVERING IN THE BACKGROUND. SILENTLY, INTENTLY, THE TWO GAZE AT EACH OTHER...



AND AT THAT MOMENT, THEIR GAYETY COMPLETELY DISSIPATED,.... THE FRIGHTENED GUESTS BREAK UP THEIR PARTY...



JAMES TILSON SCURRIES FOR HIS CAR...



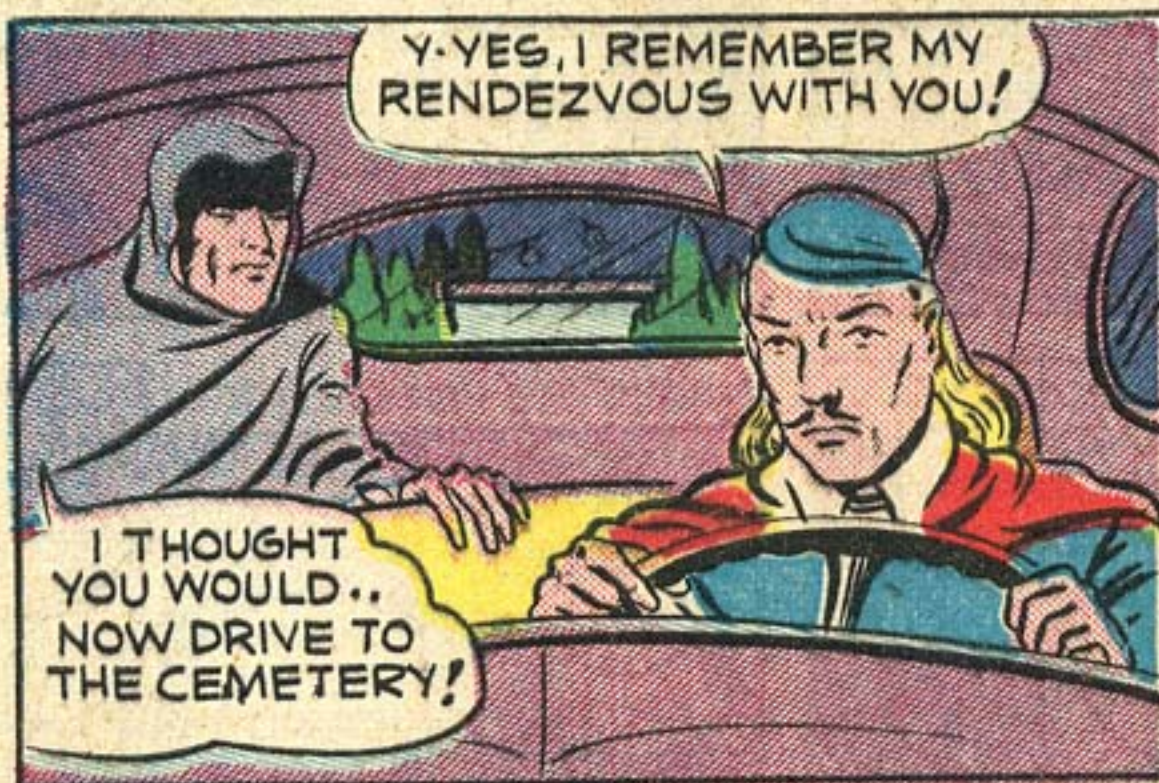
WH..WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN MY CAR?

YOU HAVE A RENDEZVOUS WITH ME, JAMES TILSON... YOU REMEMBER ME, DON'T YOU!



Y-YES, I REMEMBER MY RENDEZVOUS WITH YOU!

I THOUGHT YOU WOULD.. NOW DRIVE TO THE CEMETERY!



LATER, IN BARBARA'S APARTMENT...

CONFESS, NOW, KIP! IT WAS REALLY THE BLACK HOOD I SPOKE TO AT TILSON'S PARTY!

YES, BABS, I THOUGHT I'D HAVE FUN WITH YOU!



BUT THE FUN WAS SHORT LIVED. I HOPE I'M WRONG, BARBARA, BUT I SUSPECT THERE'S GOING TO BE TRAGEDY. WEIRD, UNBELIEVABLE TRAGEDY THAT NO REPORTER CAN WRITE ABOUT!



WHY, KIP, YOU SOUND POSITIVELY MORBID.. OH, EXCUSE ME THE PHONE!



HELLO! OH, EDITOR BROWN, WHAT! SAY, YOU'RE NOT KIDDING ME? JAMES TILSON, EH! SOUNDS KIND OF CRAZY, BUT I'LL GO DOWN TO THE CEMETERY AND GET A STORY FOR YOU!

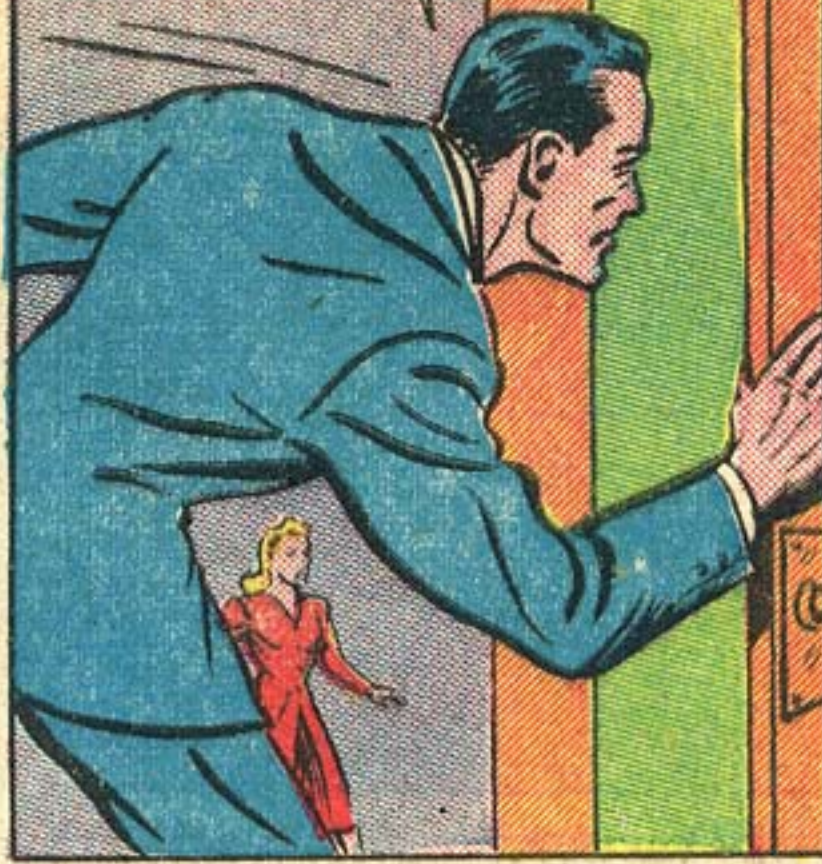


TILSON WAS FOUND DEAD IN THE MAUSOLEUM... STILL IN HIS ROMEO OUTFIT AND THE QUEER PART IS THAT HE DIED JUST LIKE ROMEO DID. ALMOST LIKE A RE-ENACTMENT OF SHAKESPEARE'S GREAT SCENE!



WHAT!

MY HUNCH CAME TRUE QUICKER THAN I ANTICIPATED. THERE'S WORK FOR THE BLACK HOOD.. PLENTY OF IT!



MEANWHILE, AT THE CEMETERY...



NOTHIN' DOIN'!.. YOU REPORTERS DON'T GET IN UNTIL THE CORONER VIEWS THE BODY!



NOW, DON'T FORGET, MEN... YOUR ORDERS ARE TO KEEP EVERYBODY OUT... EVERYBODY... GET IT?

DON'T WORRY, SERGEANT MCGINTY, A FLY COULDN'T GET BY US!



IT'S ALL SO FANTASTIC! MAD! AND YET I CAN'T BELIEVE IT'S COINCIDENCE. AT ANY RATE I'M GOING TO MAKE SURE!



A PAGE OUT OF SHAKESPEARE'S DRAMA, BARBARA SAID. IN THAT CASE JULIET IS DUE TO DIE SOON!

GREAT LORD! IT'S SILAS TILSON'S DAUGHTER IN LAW!



SORRY, MRS. TILSON. BUT HISTORY ISN'T GOING TO REPEAT ITSELF THIS TIME!

WHA-LET ME GO-I MUST KILL MYSELF! I MUST!



FIGHTING, BITING, GOUGING, MRS. TILSON STRUGGLES LIKE A WILDCAT TO KEEP HER RENDEZVOUS WITH DEATH...



..AT LAST FALLS EXHAUSTED...

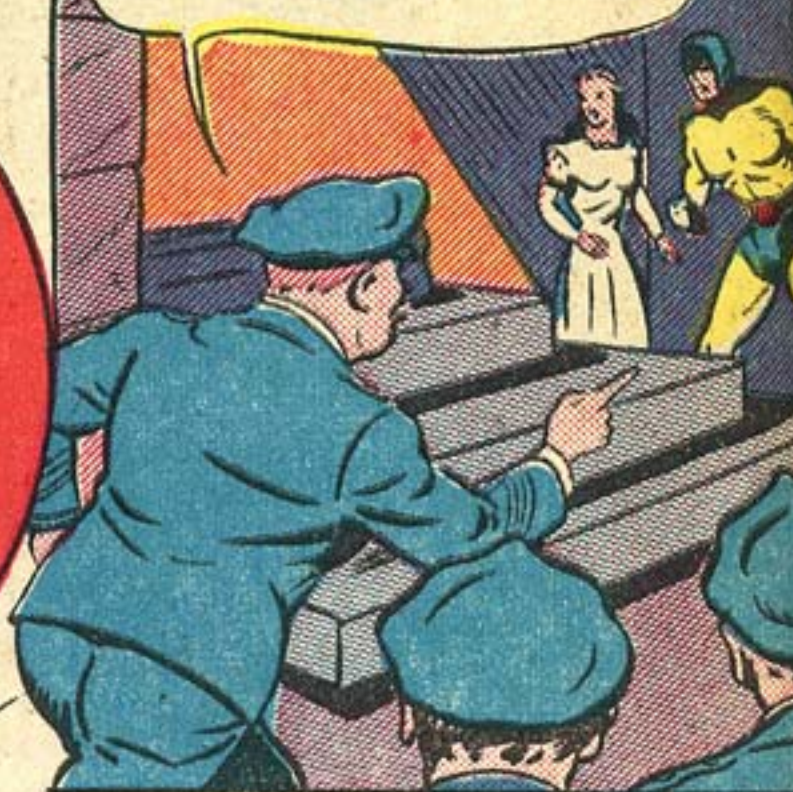
NOW CALM YOURSELF MRS. TILSON... WHY ARE YOU TRYING TO KILL YOURSELF?



I...I DON'T KNOW...I ONLY KNOW I HAD TO! THE MAN IN GRAY TOLD ME TO!



I THOUGHT I HEARD HOLLERING... HOW'D YOU GET IN HERE, HOOD? AND WHO'S THAT GIRL?



STICKIN' YER NOSE INTO MY BUSINESS AGAIN, EH HOOD? THIS TIME I'LL ...OOF!



SORRY MCGINTY! AS USUAL I HAVE NO TIME TO EXPLAIN.. NOT THAT YOU'D UNDERSTAND EVEN IF I DID!



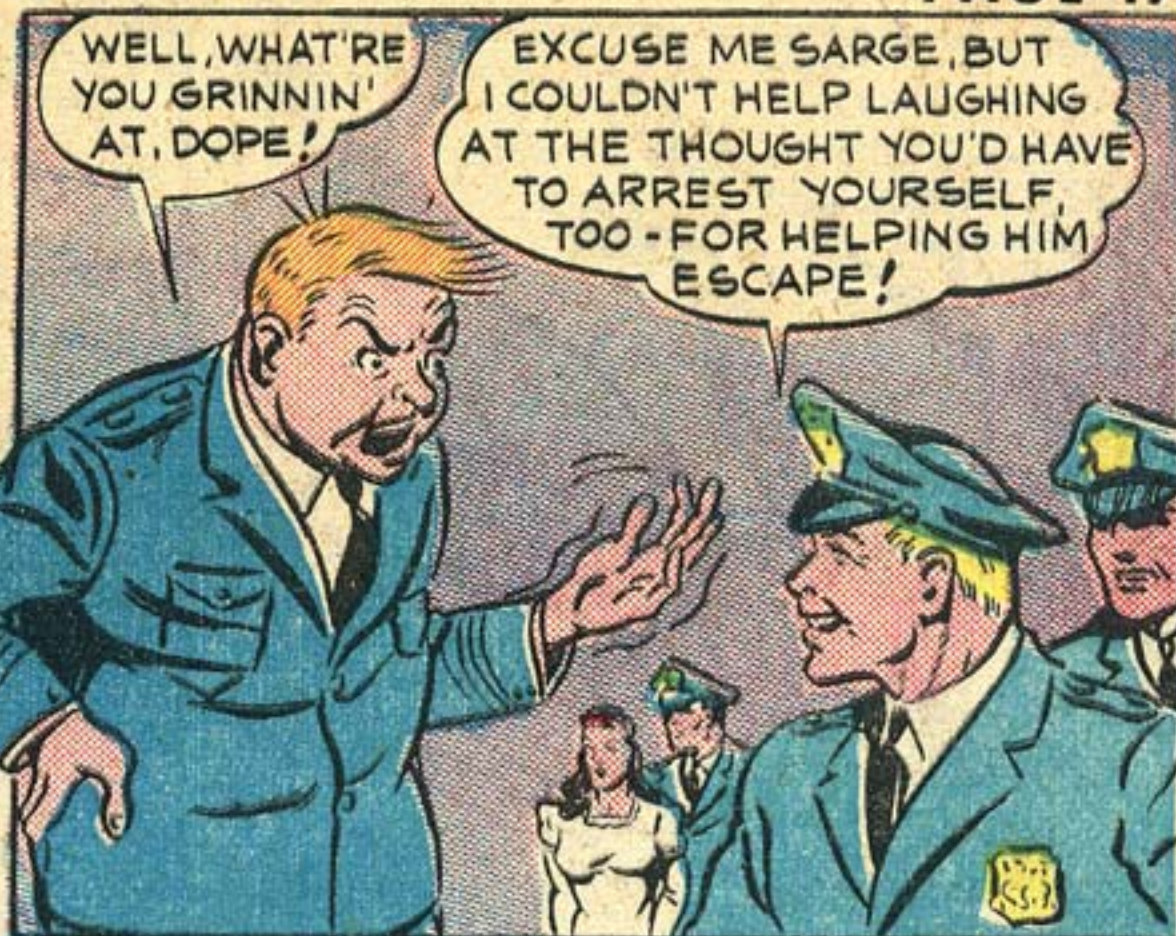
THANKS FOR THE BOOST, MCGINTY, SO LONG!





HOOD.. BLANKETY BLANK, COME BACK HERE I TELL YA!

YER UNDER ARREST!



WELL, WHAT'RE YOU GRINNIN' AT, DOPE!

EXCUSE ME SARGE, BUT I COULDN'T HELP LAUGHING AT THE THOUGHT YOU'D HAVE TO ARREST YOURSELF, TOO - FOR HELPING HIM ESCAPE!



HE'S STOLEN OUR CAR... WAIT'LL I GET MY HANDS ON HIM!



SWIFTLY, THE HOOD MAKES FOR THE HOME OF THE DEAD SILAS TILSON'S BROTHER, EDWARD..

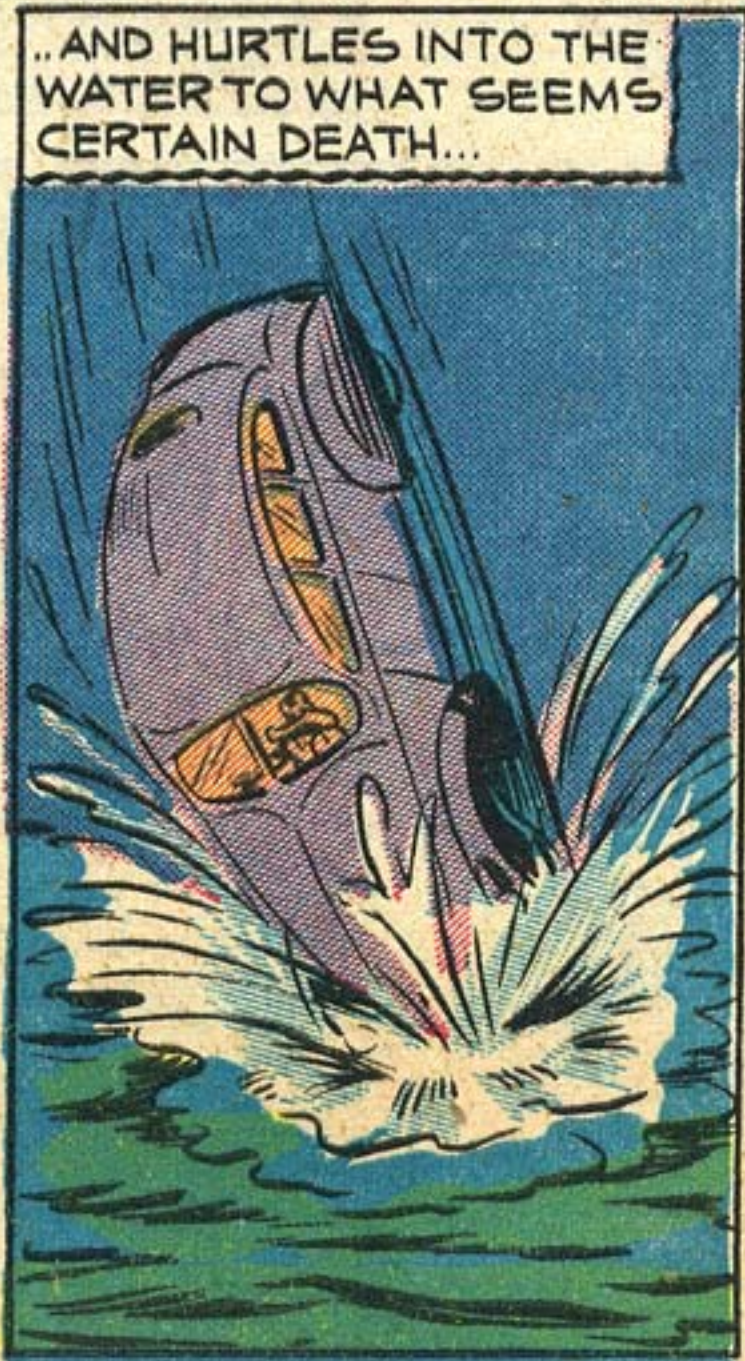
THERE HE GOES, I'M JUST IN TIME!



I REMEMBER SEEING HIM AS SHELLEY, THE POET, AT THE MASQUE-RADE - AND SHELLEY DIED BY DROWNING!



THE HOOD CLOSES THE GAP AND ALMOST OVERTAKES THE FLEEING MASQUERADER WHEN TILSON SUDDENLY VEERS HIS CAR...



.. AND HURTTLES INTO THE WATER TO WHAT SEEMS CERTAIN DEATH...



I WAS RIGHT... THAT'S JUST WHAT HE'S TRYING TO DO NOW - DROWN HIMSELF!



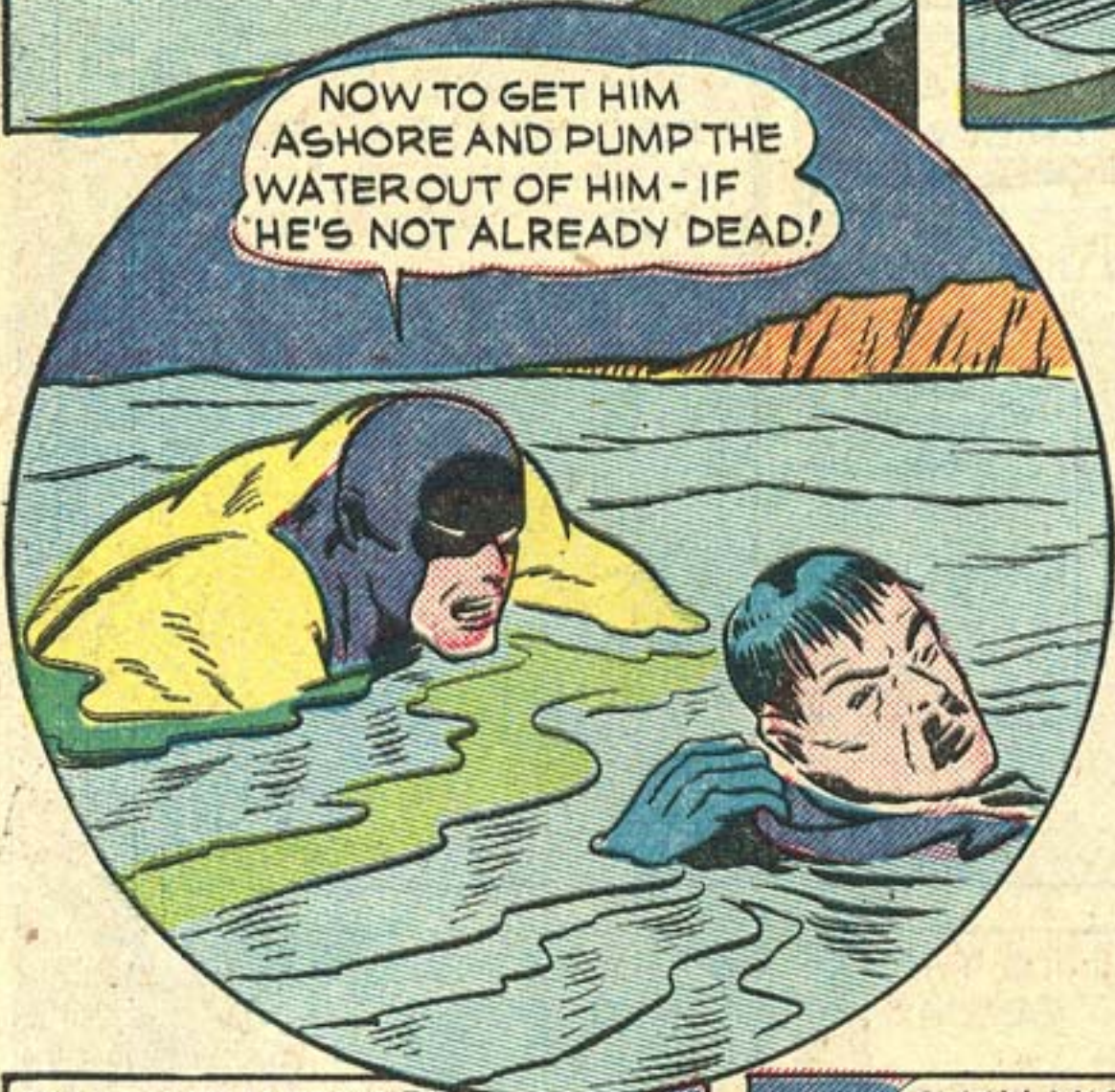
THERE HE IS!
PINNED BEHIND
THE WHEEL
OF HIS
CAR!



OUT YOU
COME!



AND
UP WE
GO!



NOW TO GET HIM
ASHORE AND PUMP THE
WATER OUT OF HIM - IF
HE'S NOT ALREADY DEAD!



TILSON SUDDENLY PROVES HE IS FAR FROM DEAD

LET
GO OF
ME!

OOOO!



TIGERISHLY EDWARD
TILSON BATTLES THE HOOD -
DESPERATELY TRYING TO
LOOSEN THE GRIP OF THE
DARK KNIGHT OF JUSTICE..



OKAY, MISTER! YOU
ASKED FOR IT!



WHEW! I NEVER
HAD SO MUCH TROUBLE
TRYING TO KEEP PEOPLE
FROM KILLING THEM-
SELVES!

ONCE AGAIN, THE THICK, DAMP FOG SUDDENLY DESCENDING UNCANNILY, CLAMMILY...



BLACK HOOD... THIS IS TWICE YOU HAVE INTERFERED WITH ME!

YES...AND TWICE MORE IF NECESSARY



DO YOU KNOW WHO I AM?

YES! I KNOW WHO YOU ARE, KNEW IT THE FIRST TIME I SAW YOU... YOU ARE DEATH!



YES, DEATH! YOU ARE A BRAVE MAN.. NOT MANY COULD MEET ME FACE TO FACE AS YOU HAVE -AND BE UNAFRAID. YOU HAVE CHEATED ME, HOOD! CHEATED DEATH!



I COULD EASILY TAKE YOU WITH ME, HOOD, BUT I SHAN'T.. I ADMIRE BRAVERY. IF MORE MORTALS WERE LIKE YOU, THEY WOULD NOT DREAD MY COMING AS THEY DO. I AM A PEACEFUL INDIVIDUAL, HOOD! VERY PEACEFUL.. HA, HA, HA!



YOU SEE, I ALSO HAVE A SENSE OF HUMOR. THAT'S WHY I CAME DOWN AT SILAS TILSON'S CALL.. IT STRUCK ME AS A SPLENDID JOKE.. FAREWELL, HOOD, WE SHALL MEET EVENTUALLY!



LATER, IN BARBARA'S OFFICE...

YES, BARBARA, THE TILSON CASE IS A CLOSED ONE, THANK HEAVEN!

HOOD, YOU'VE BEEN TALKING IN RIDDLES LONG ENOUGH! WON'T YOU PLEASE TELL ME ALL ABOUT IT?



NO, BARBARA, LET'S KEEP IT THAT WAY, BECAUSE THAT'S WHAT IT IS AND ALWAYS WILL BE. AN ETERNAL RIDDLE. A STORY BEST LEFT UNTOLD!



IF YOU HAVEN'T YET GOT YOUR COPY OF JACKPOT NO. 5 DON'T WASTE ANOTHER MOMENT THE BLACK HOOD'S GOT A YARN THAT'LL RAISE THE HAIR ON YOUR HEAD!

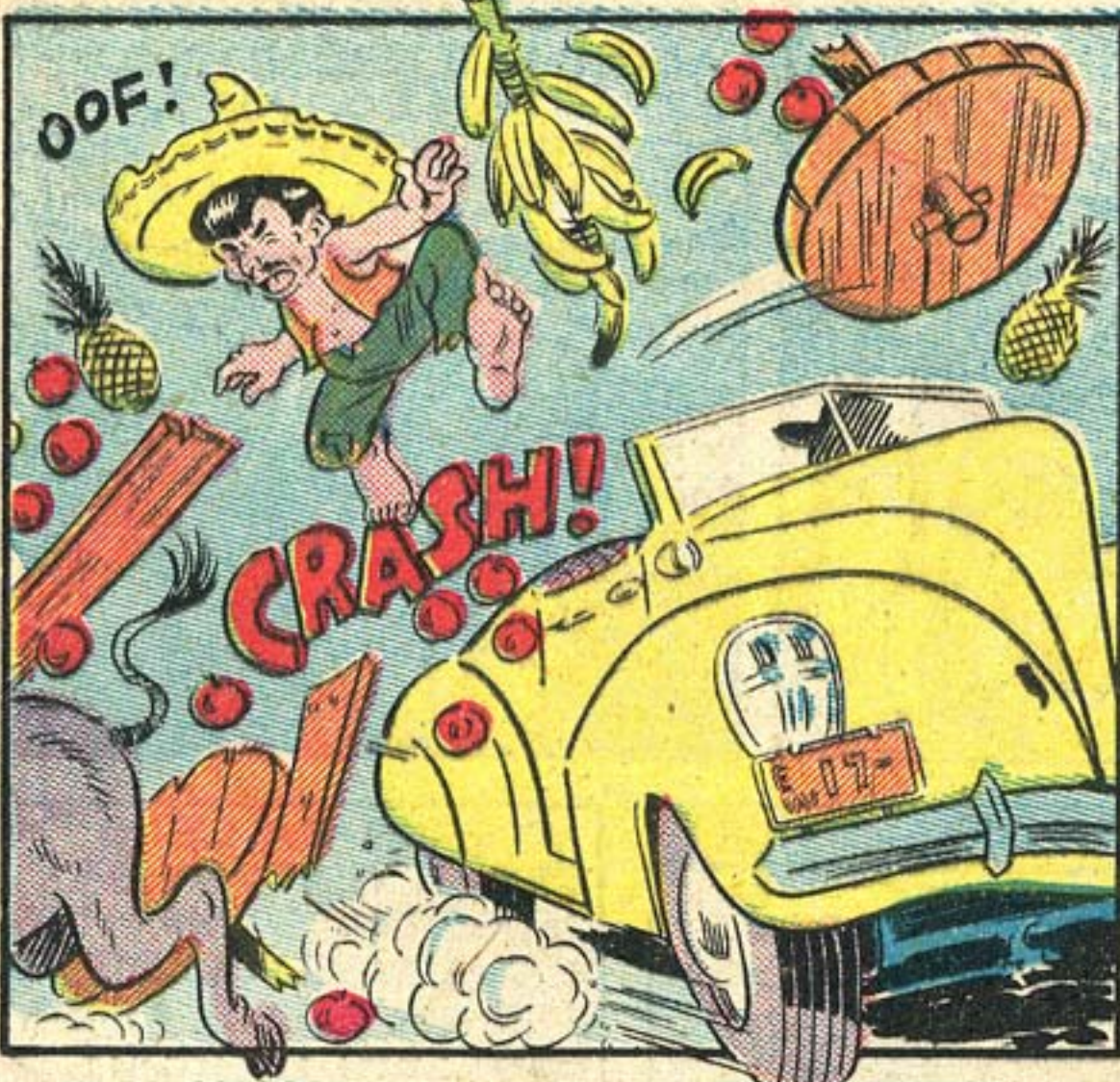
OF ALL THE COLORFUL CHARACTERS THAT EKE OUT AN EXISTENCE IN THE CASABA MARKET PLACE, WE PREFER TO ACQUAINT YOU WITH BUT ONE--A TINY GENTLEMAN KNOWN ONLY AS

Señor SIESTA

BY Don Dean



AH-H! THE GREAT SEÑORITA LA TAMALES! HOW MY HEART DOES THE FLEEF FLOP FOR HER, EEF ONLY I WERE REECH AND BUT COULD SEE HER DANCE!



OOF! WHY, WHEN I AM ABOUT TO MEET THE FIRING SQUAD, MUST YOU SPOIL MY NAP! CARAMBA !!

PARDON, AMIGO, A THOUSAND PARDONS-- BUT WHY MUST YOU, TOO, DIE ?

OOH! FOONY LAWS, SEÑOR! I, SATCHO, EES THE GOOD FAMILY MAN, SI! AND A GOOD PROVIDER TOO, BUT THE POLICE KETCH ME AT EET !!

COME, SATCHO! YOUR TIME EES OOP!

ADIOS, MY LEETLE FRAN! HERE I GEEVE YOU MY VER' COSTLY REENG--I WEEL NOT NEED EET WHERE I AM GOING !!

YOU ARE AFRAID EET WEEL MELT, SI?

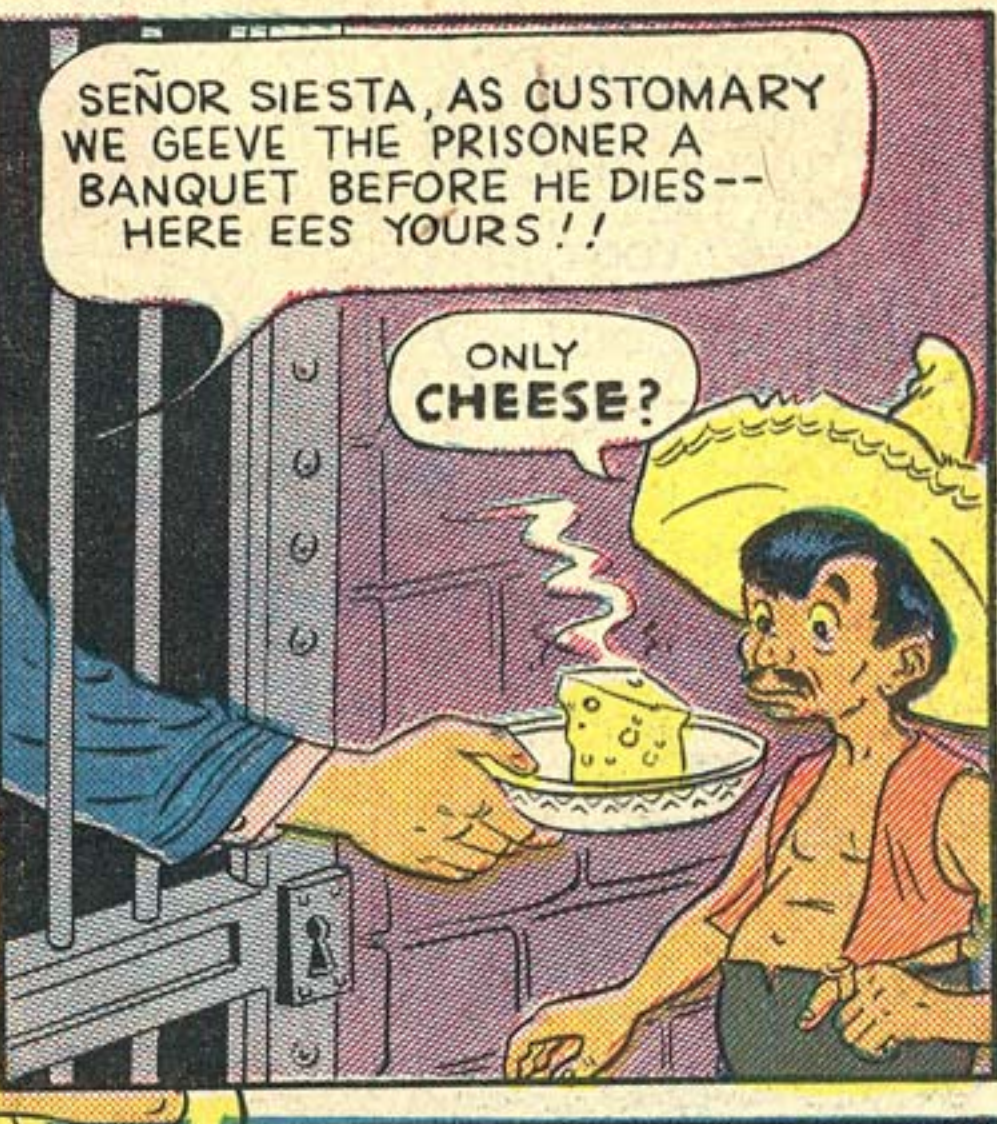
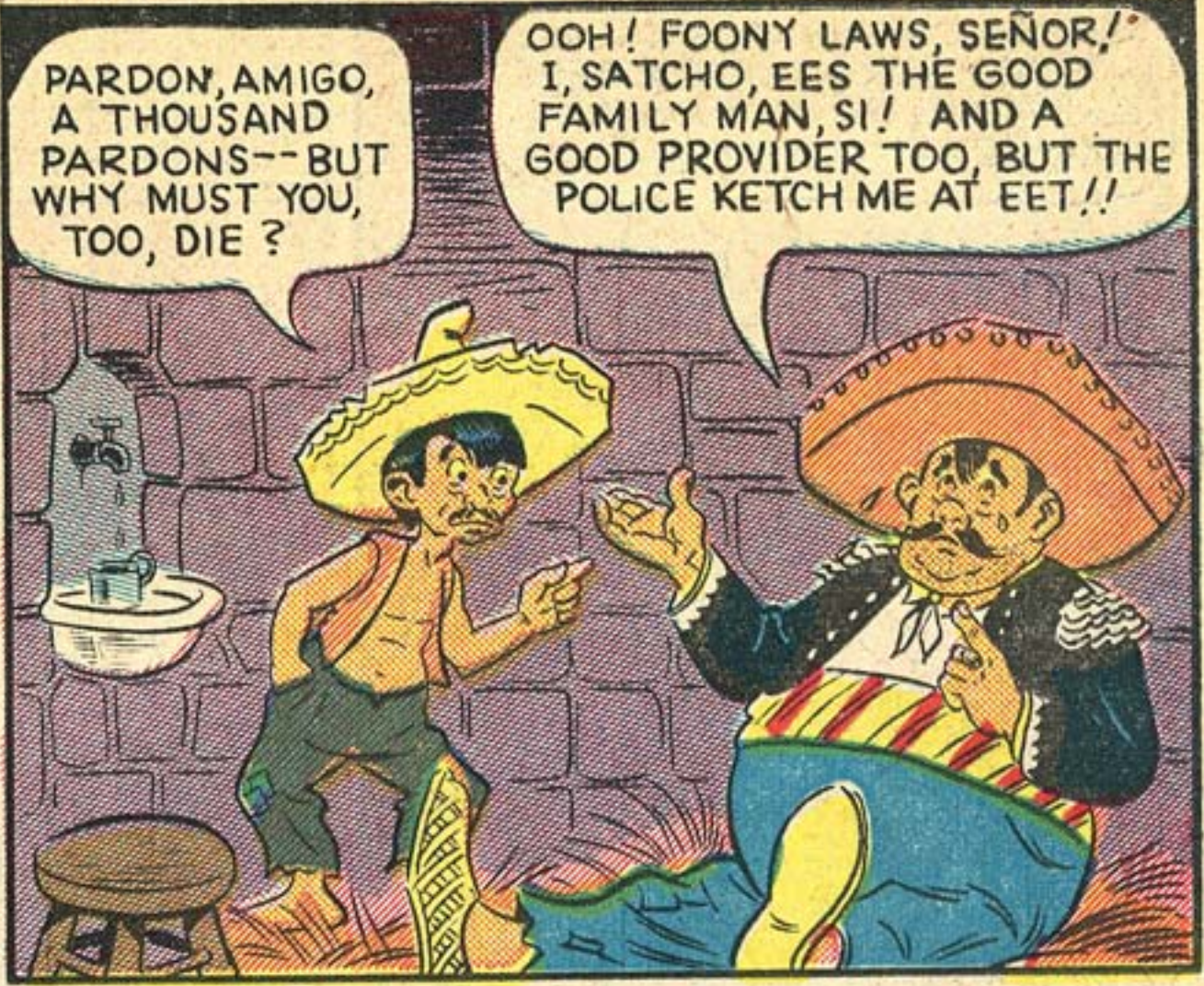
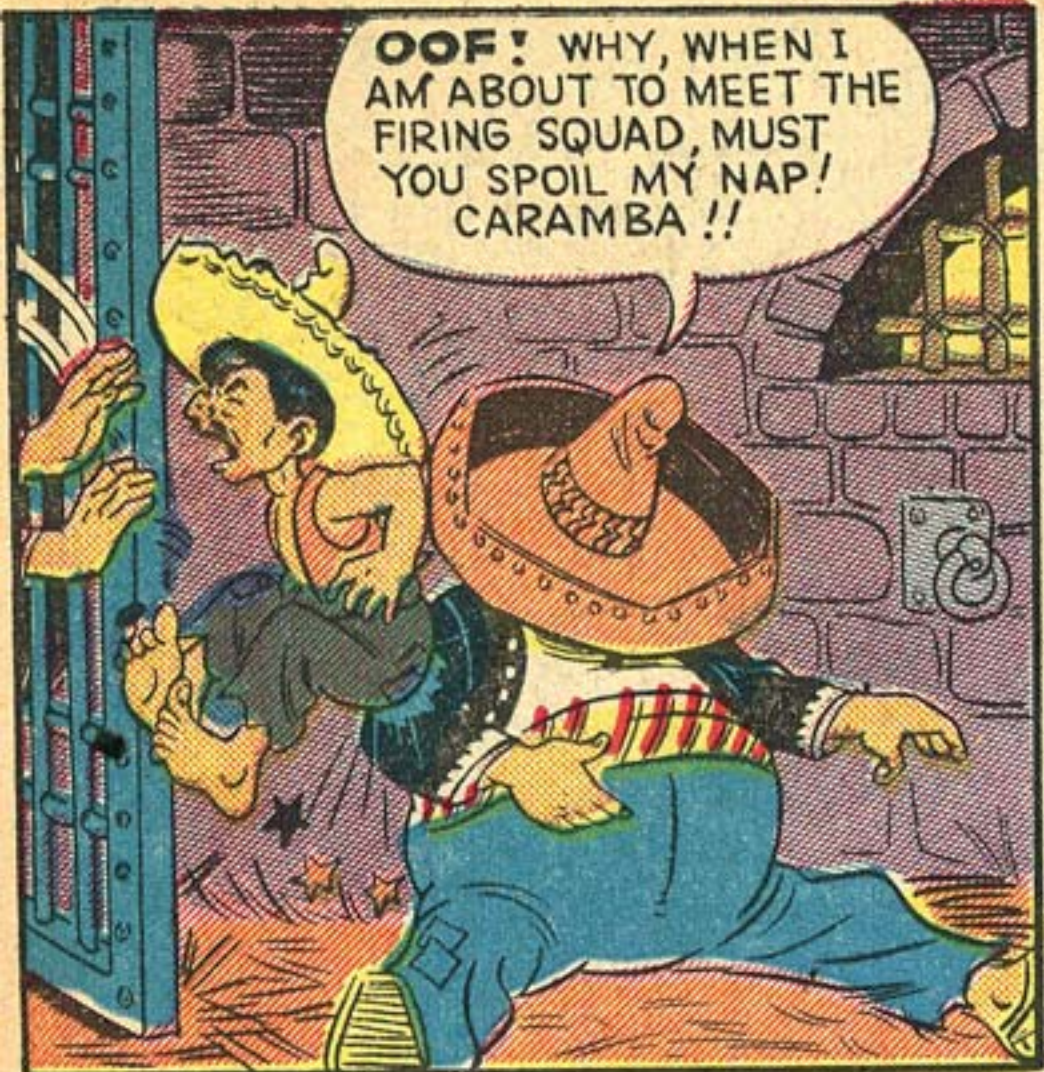
SEÑOR SIESTA, AS CUSTOMARY WE GEEVE THE PRISONER A BANQUET BEFORE HE DIES-- HERE EES YOURS !!

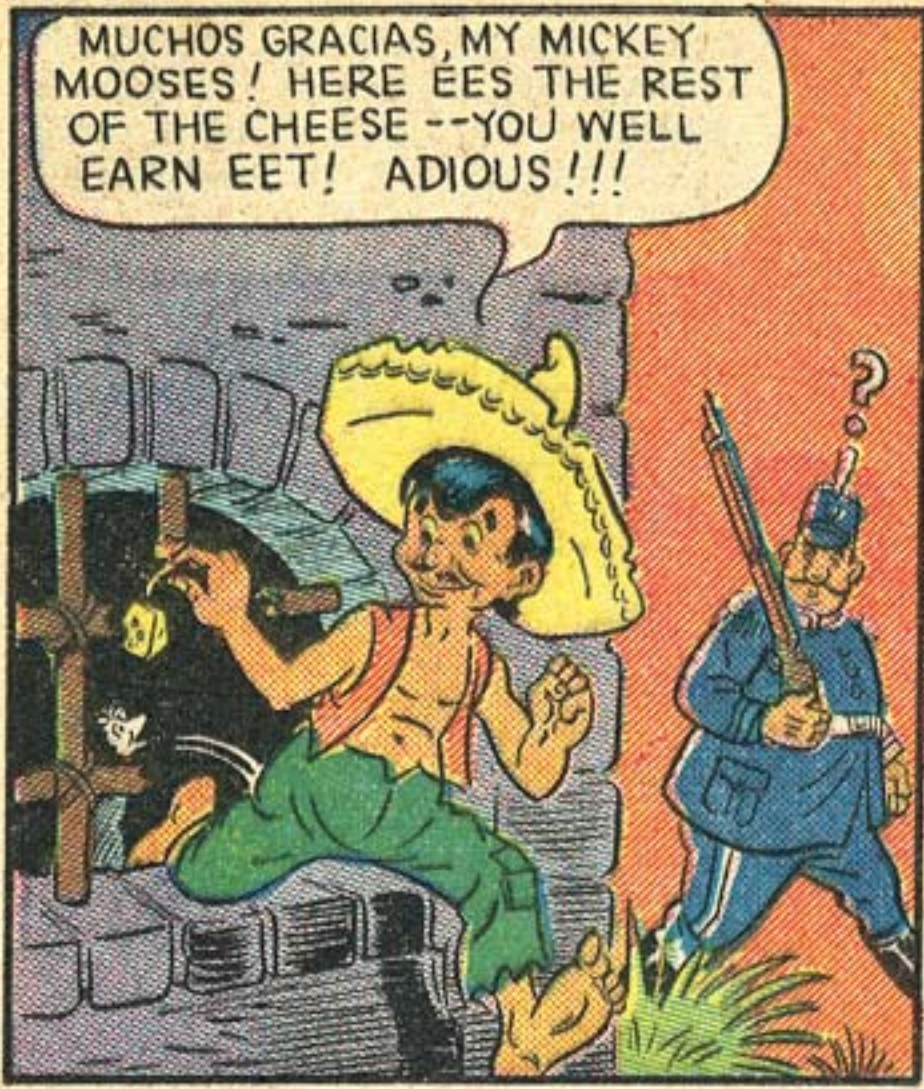
ONLY CHEESE?

POOR LEETLE FELLOWS THEY ARE HUNGRY--HMM THAT GEEVES SIESTA THE BEEG IDEA !!

I WEEL RUB THEES CHEESE ON THEES WOOD BARS AND--

GNAW! GNAW!

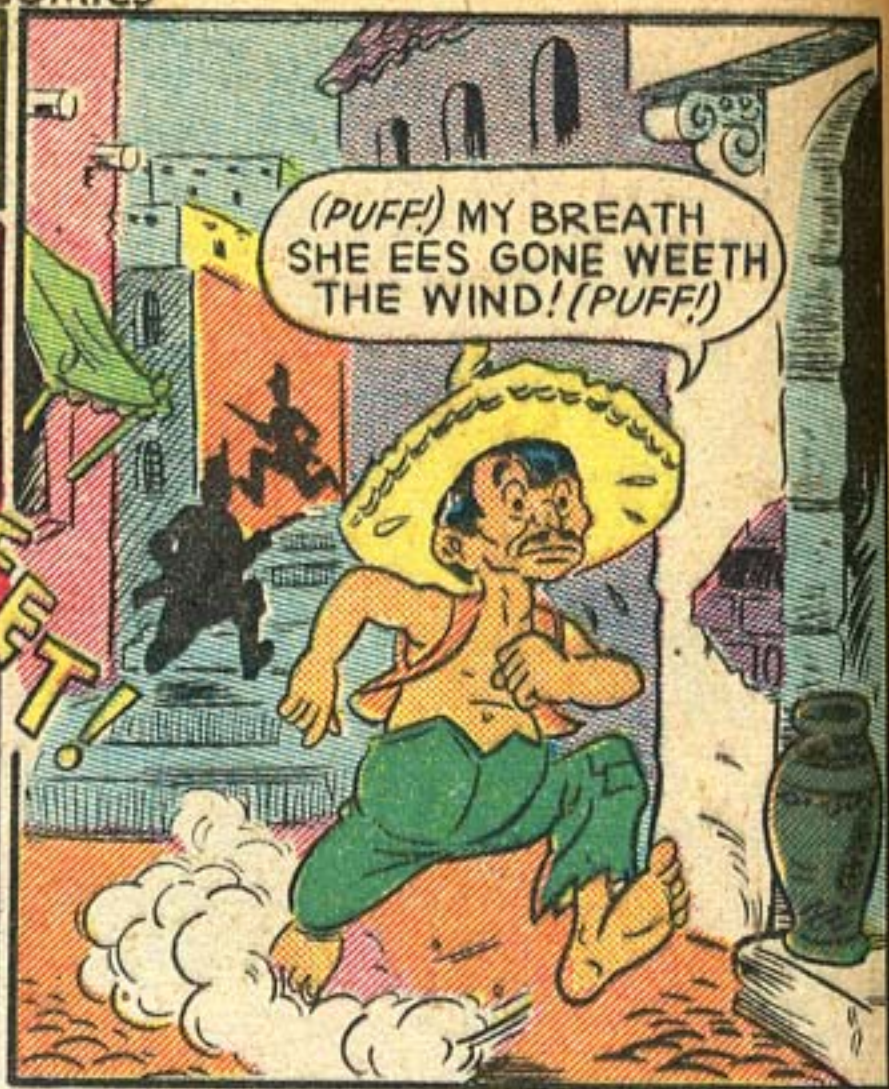




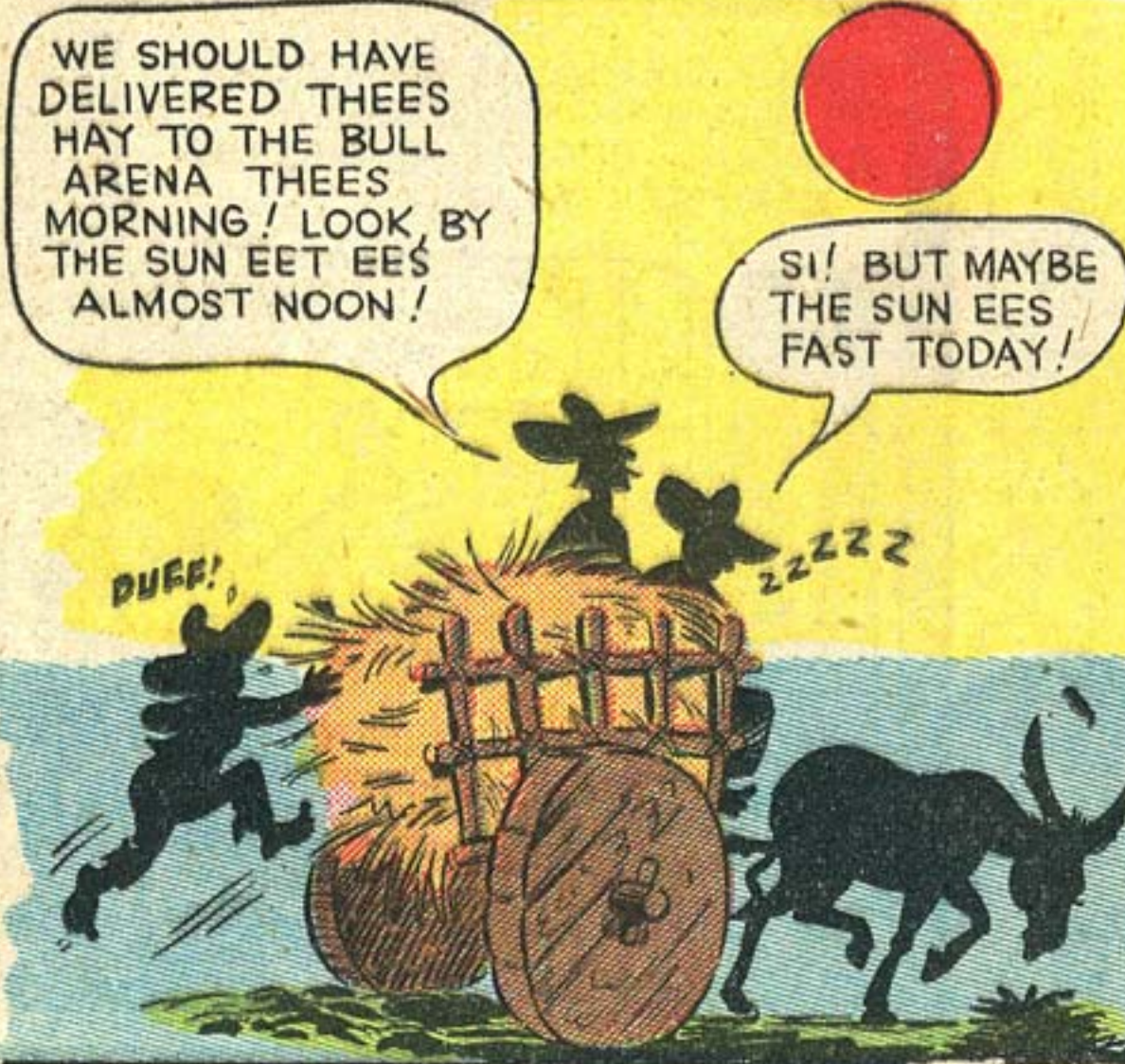
MUCHOS GRACIAS, MY MICKEY MOOSSES! HERE EES THE REST OF THE CHEESE --YOU WELL EARN EET! ADIOUS!!!



BUT SEÑOR SIESTA'S ESCAPE DOES NOT GO UNDETECTED!



(PUFF!) MY BREATH SHE EES GONE WEETH THE WIND! (PUFF!)



WE SHOULD HAVE DELIVERED THEES HAY TO THE BULL ARENA THEES MORNING! LOOK, BY THE SUN EET EES ALMOST NOON!

SI! BUT MAYBE THE SUN EES FAST TODAY!



WAKE OOP, PEDRO! ALREADY WE ARE AT THE ARENA! GRAB YOUR PEECH FORK AND HELP UNLOAD!!



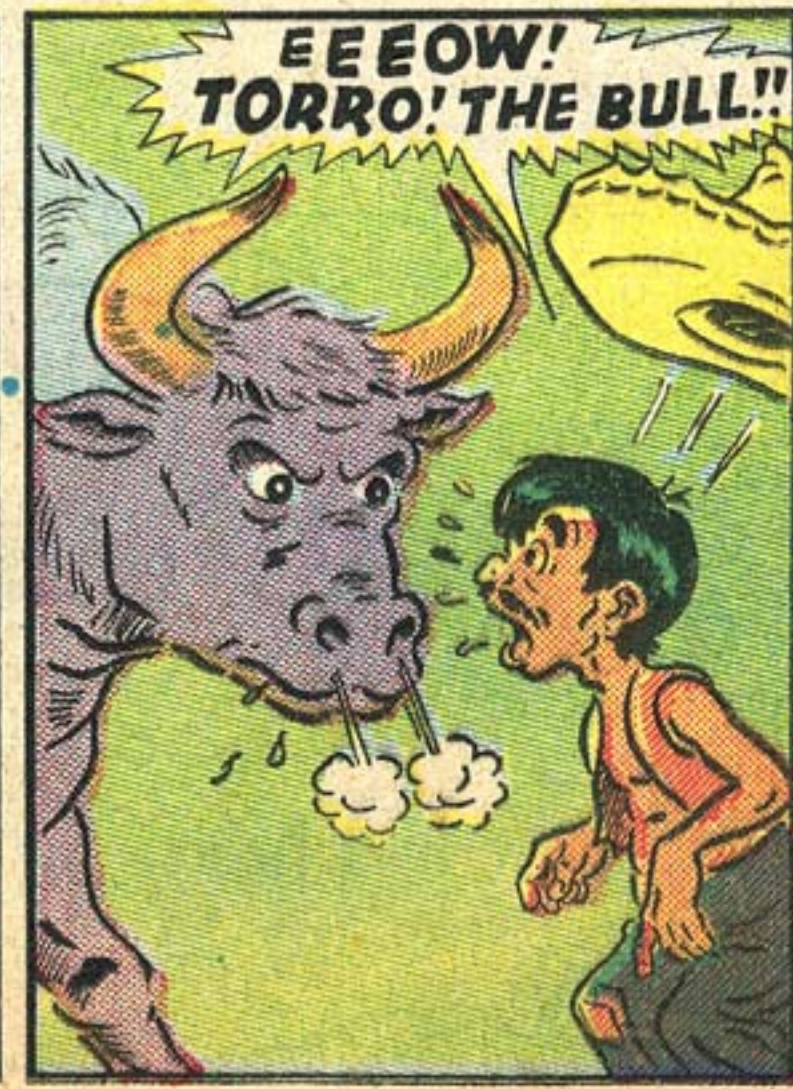
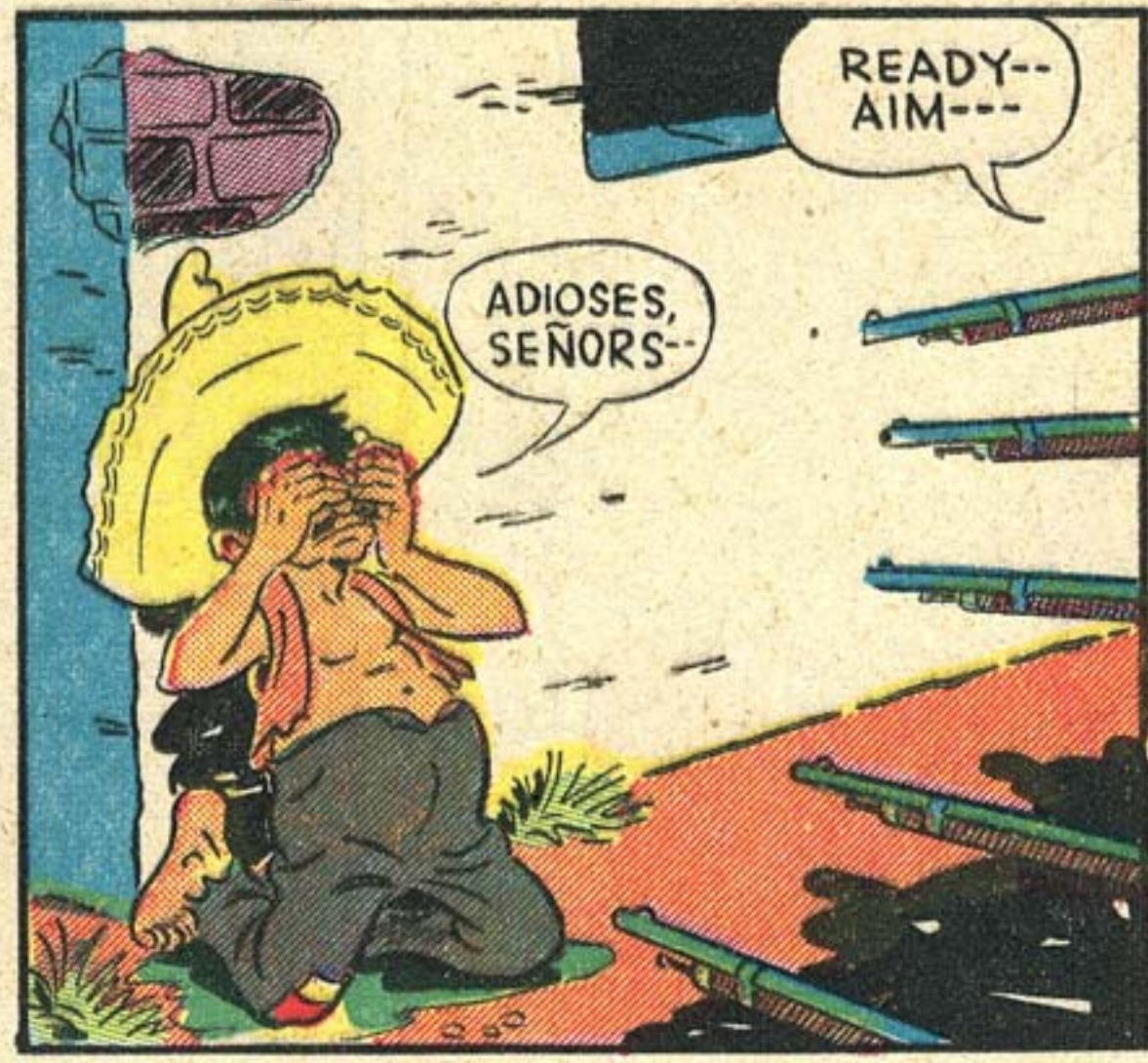
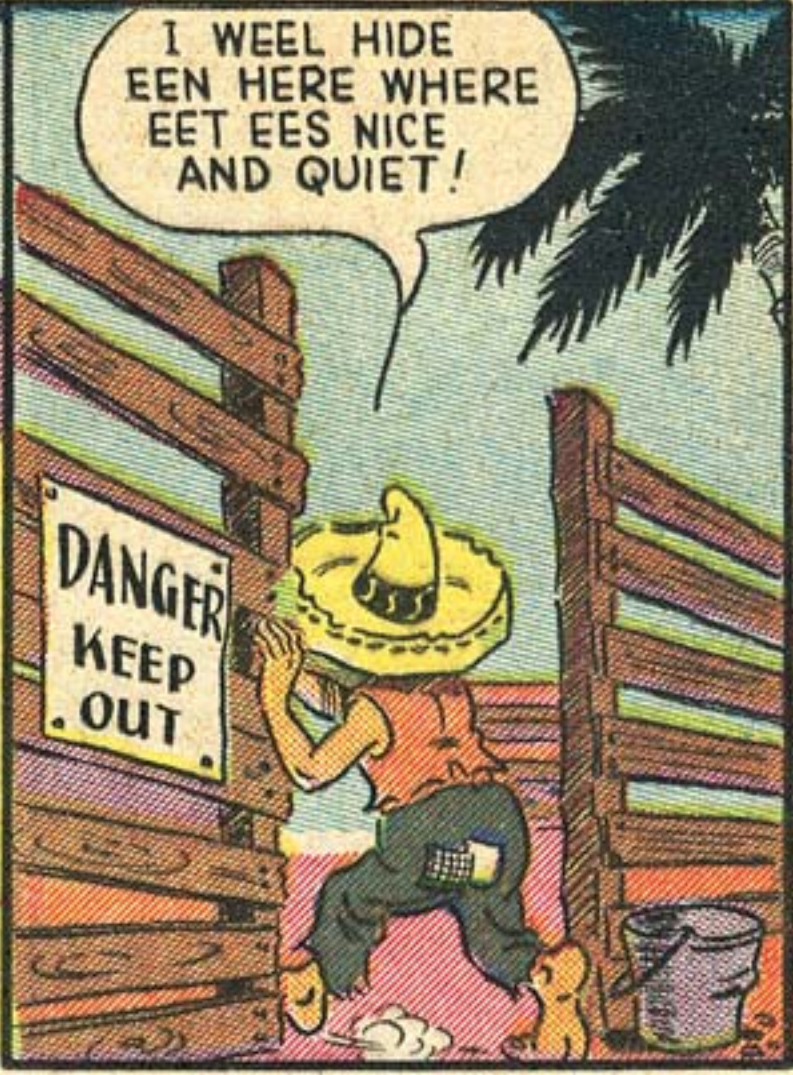
LOOK AT THE LUCKY STABLEMAN WEETH HEES HAN'SOME UNIFORM! I WEESH I HAD HEES UNIFORM-- I WEESH I HAD HEES **BROOM!** GRRR!

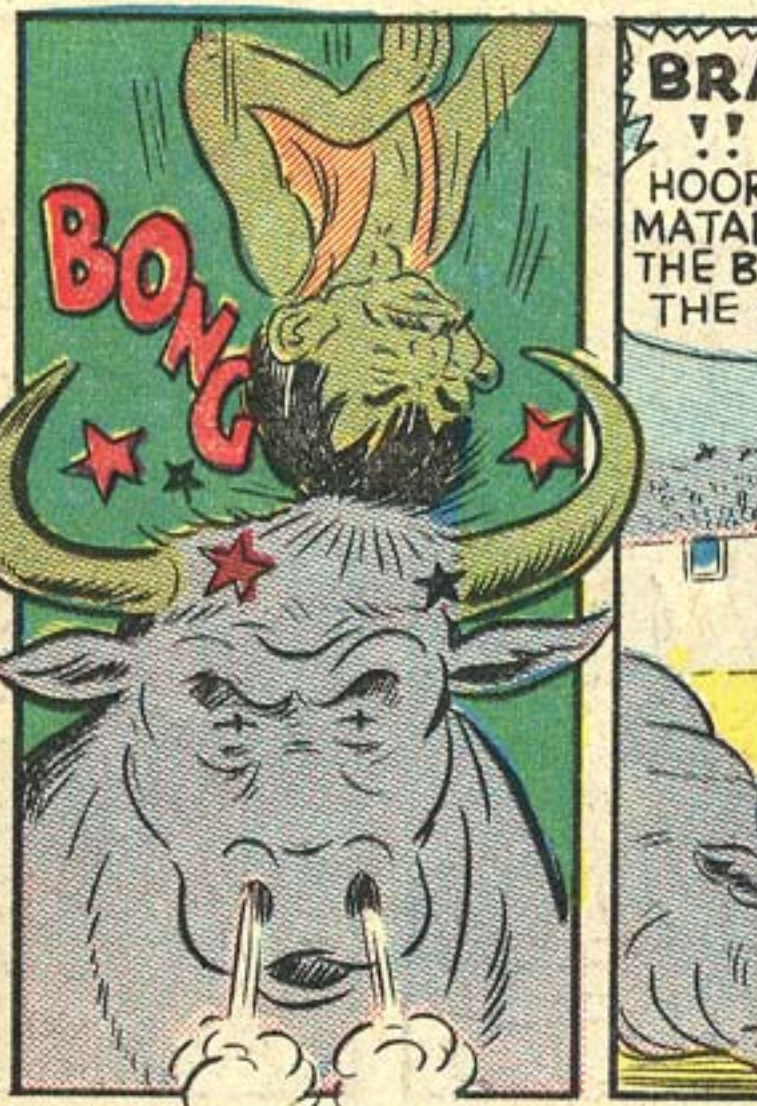
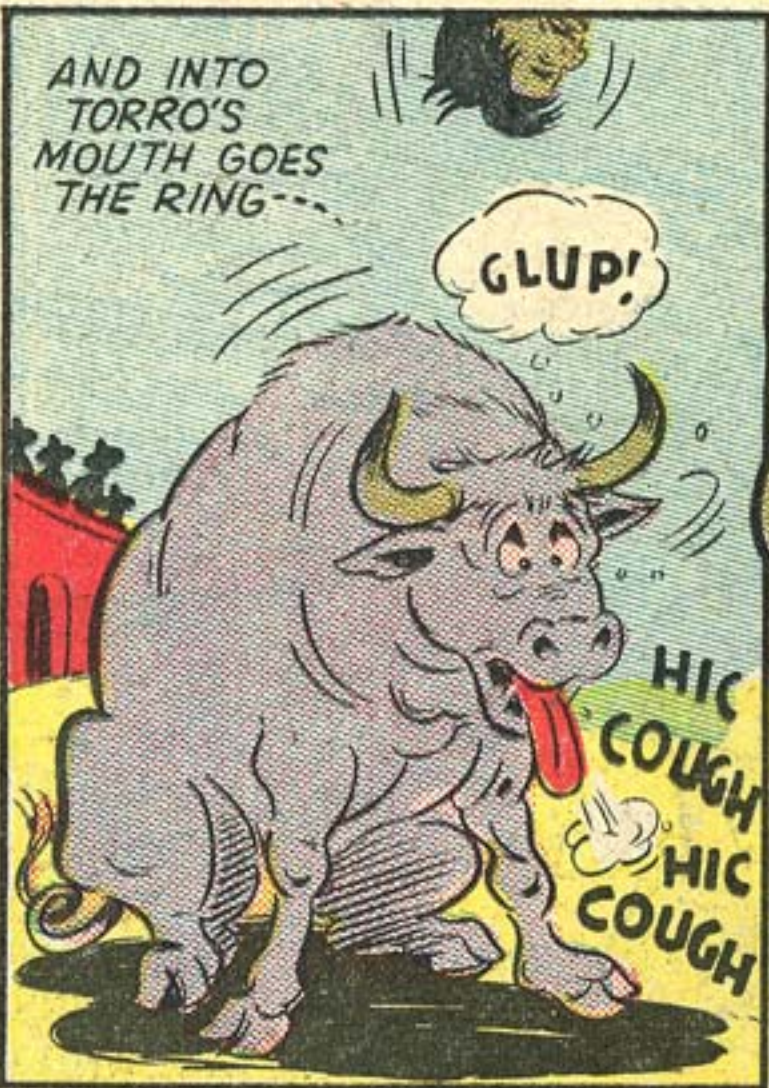


EEEOW!



NOW **TWO** OF US WEESH THE SAME THEENG, SEÑOR!!!

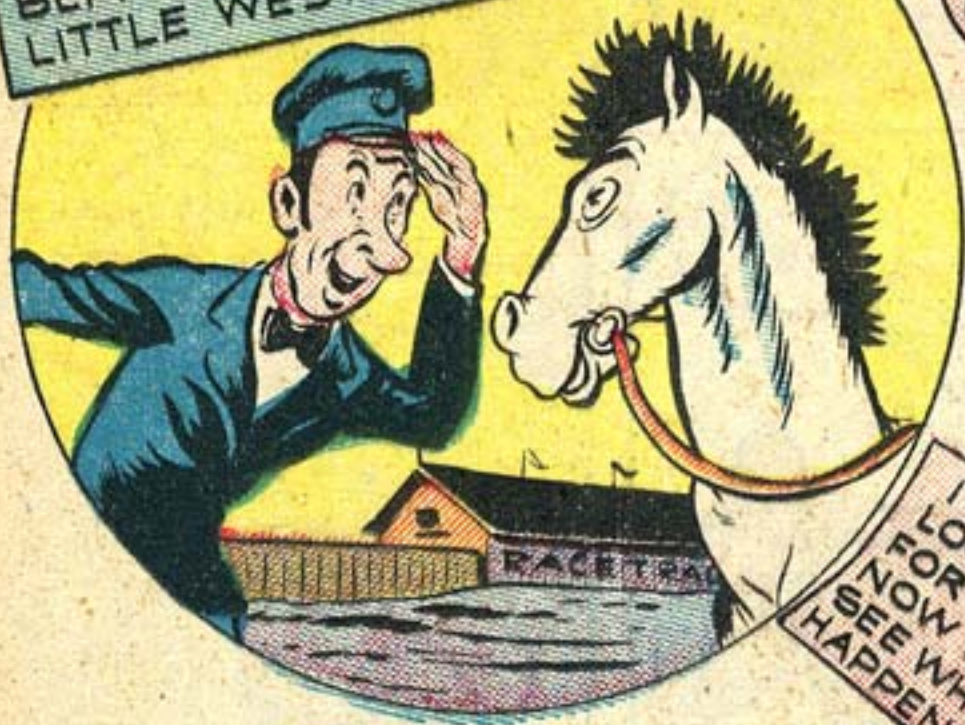




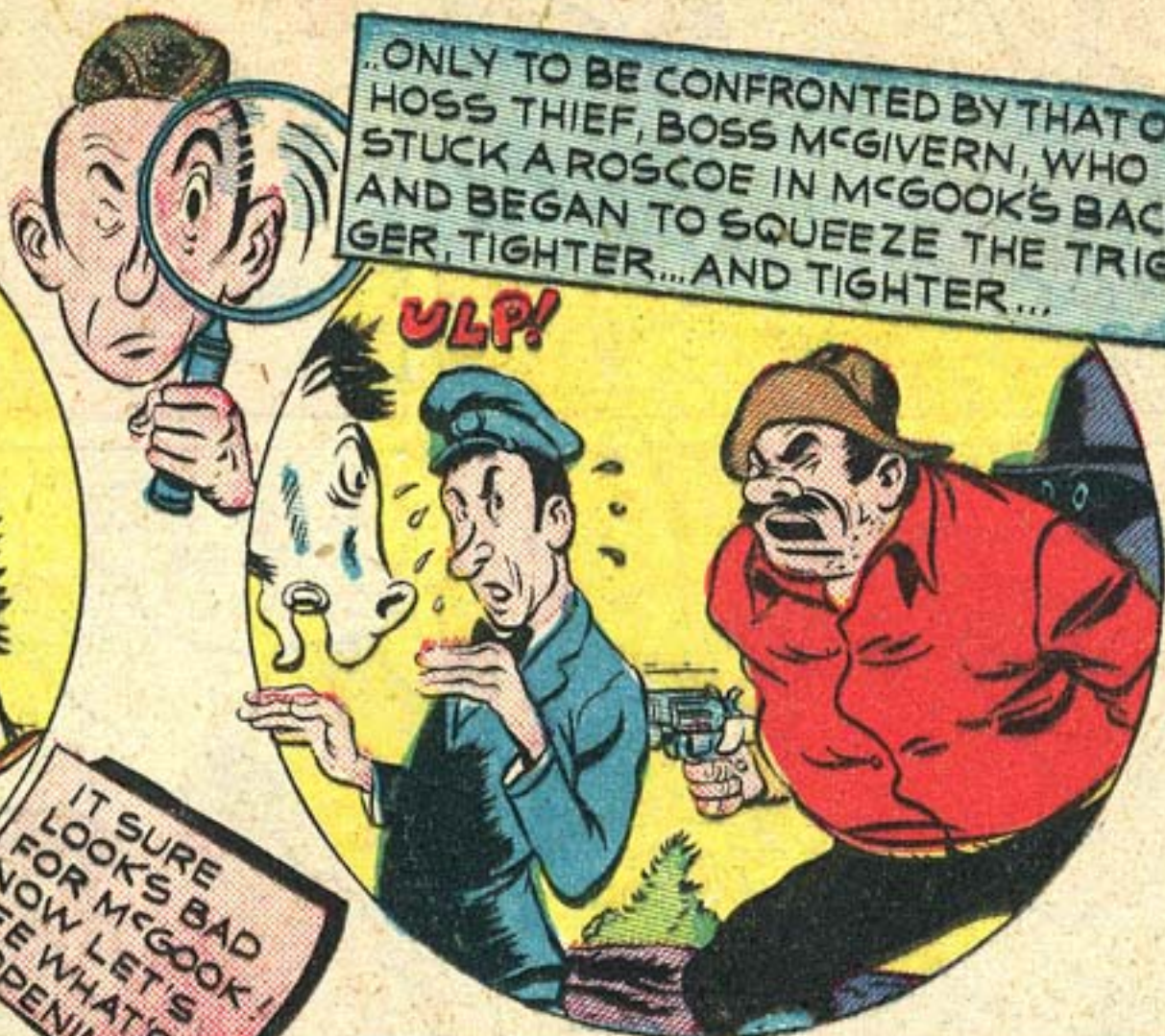
SNOOP MCGOOK

The SOUPY SLEUTH.....

IF YOU REMEMBER, SNOOP MCGOOK HAD LOCATED THE MISSING HORSE, BEPPO, AT A RACE TRACK IN A LITTLE WESTERN TOWN...



... ONLY TO BE CONFRONTED BY THAT OLD HOSS THIEF, BOSS MCGIVERN, WHO STUCK A ROSCOE IN MCGOOK'S BACK AND BEGAN TO SQUEEZE THE TRIGGER, TIGHTER... AND TIGHTER...



IT SURE LOOKS BAD FOR MCGOOK! NOW LET'S SEE WHAT'S HAPPENING

REMEMBER THIS GUY? IT'S JOE SHLUMP, BOSS MCGIVERN'S MYSTERIOUS GO-BETWEEN...



DON'T SHOOT THE DOPE HERE! THERE'S TOO MANY PEOPLE AROUND. BESIDES, THAT'S THE ONLY TROLLEY UNIFORM IN TOWN!



MAYBE YOU'RE RIGHT! OK, STUPID! GET MOVIN' INTO THEM WOODS!



THAT'S FAR ENOUGH! GIT OUTTA THAT UNIFORM!

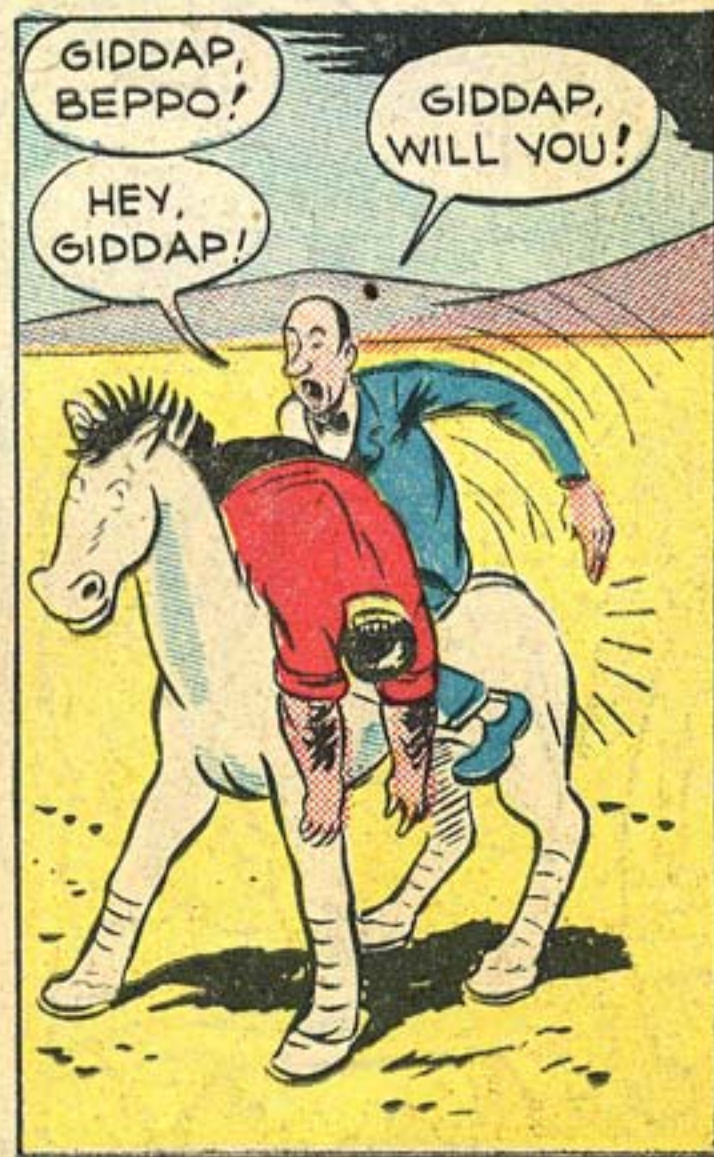


D-DON'T THINK YOU'LL GET AWAY WITH T-THIS!



WHEN I REACH THREE YOU'RE GONNA GET IT!... ONE...



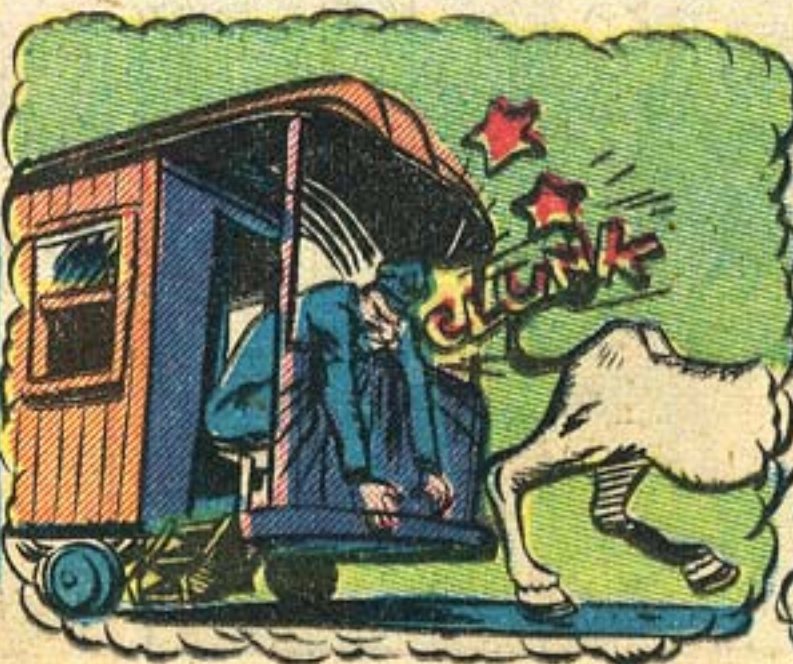






EVERY TIME I OR THE PASSENGERS GOT SETTLED COMFORTABLY IN THE CAR, BEPPO WOULD START MOVING AN' WAKE US ALL UP...

MANY'S THE COLD NIGHT I HAD TO TEAR MYSELF AWAY FROM A FRIENDLY GAME WITH THE BOYS TO GO THROW ANOTHER BLANKET ON THAT HAY BURNER...



BEPPPO INSISTED ON BREAKFAST EVERY MORNING AT 6 A.M. SHARP. IT FINALLY GOT SO I COULDN'T STAND IT ANY MORE--



HO-HUM! AM I G-GROGGY!

BESIDES, I FIGURED IF BEPPPO DIS-APPEARED THE TOWN MIGHT PUT IN AN ELECTRIC LINE!



CAN'T SAY I BLAME YOU.. WELL, I'LL SPEAK TO THE MAYOR AND SEE WHAT I CAN DO!

SOME TIME LATER THE TRAIN ARRIVES IN NOPEOPLE...



WE MUST HAVE VISITORS, SHE'S STOPPIN'!



LOOK, IT'S MCGOOK!

HE'S GOT BEPPPO!

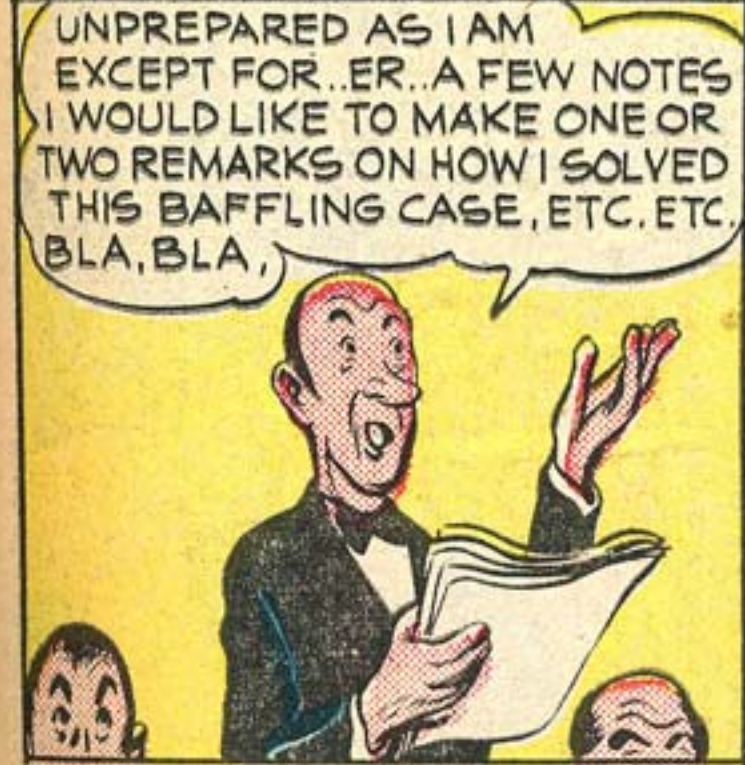
RAY FOR MCGOOK!

THAT NIGHT A BIG BANQUET IS HELD TO CELEBRATE THE RETURN OF NOPEOPLE'S ONLY HORSE...



AND IN THIS CORNER..ER..AH.. I MEAN ON MY LEFT IS THE MAN WHO IS RESPONSIBLE FOR THE SAFE RETURN OF BEPPPO!

WON'T YOU SAY A FEW WORDS MR. MCGOOK? A VERY FEW?



UNPREPARED AS I AM EXCEPT FOR..ER.. A FEW NOTES I WOULD LIKE TO MAKE ONE OR TWO REMARKS ON HOW I SOLVED THIS BAFFLING CASE, ETC. ETC. BLA, BLA,



SMART BOY, THAT MCGOOK! YES SIREEE, HE'S A SHREWD...

HALP! POLICE! HALP!



WHY, MR. MCGOOK WHAT'S ALL THE HOLLERING ABOUT?

MY WATCH! SOMEBODY SWIPED IT AT DINNER... OF ALL THE \$*%\$&



WONDER WHERE WALDO DISAPPEARED TO! THEY MUST HAVE SWIPED HIM, TOO!

WHAT'S THAT SCRATCHING?



WALDO! SO YOU STOLE MY WATCH! WHY YOU...!



HMM...I SEE YOU'RE DETERMINED TO STICK AROUND. WELL, OKAY, I CAN USE AN ASSISTANT-ESPECIALLY FOR THE CASE I GOT LINED UP IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF TOP NOTCH LAUGH COMICS!

AKK AKK

COMING AT YOU LIKE MACHINE GUN FIRE IN THE NEW
JACKPOT NO. 5



THRILLS WITH
STEEL STERLING AND
SERGEANT BOYLE!
CHILLS WITH
THE BLACK HOOD
AND MR. JUSTICE!
GIGGLES WITH
ARCHIE AND
CLANCY AND LOONEY!
THE MAGAZINE THAT'S
GOT EVERYTHING!

BIGGER AND
BETTER THAN EVER
ON SALE
AT ALL NEWS-
STANDS
**RIGHT
NOW!**

**SERGEANT
BOYLE**

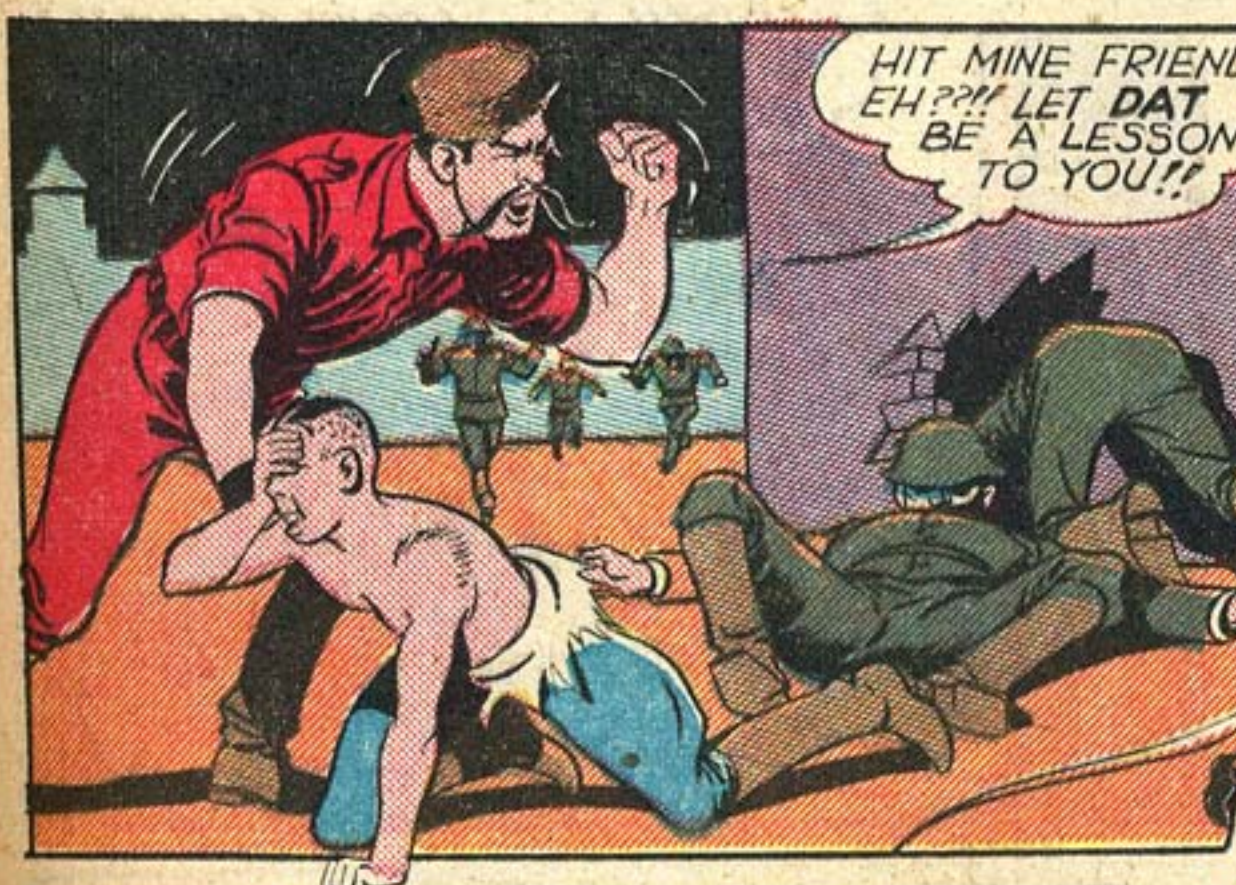


DAT RUSSIAN!!
HE'S BEATIN' UP
TH' GUARD!!

THE LOST LEGION

SLAM POW
WHACKO

SOMEWHERE IN A CON-
CENTRATION CAMP IN THE
VAST DESERTS OF LYBIA A
HUGE RUSSIAN SOLDIER
WATCHES HIS CLOSEST
FRIEND, AN ENGLISHMAN,
NAMED, LIMEY, BEING
WHIPPED MERCILESSLY..
SUDDENLY, THE RUSSIAN,
UNABLE TO STAND BY
ANY LONGER, RUSHES
FORTH AND....

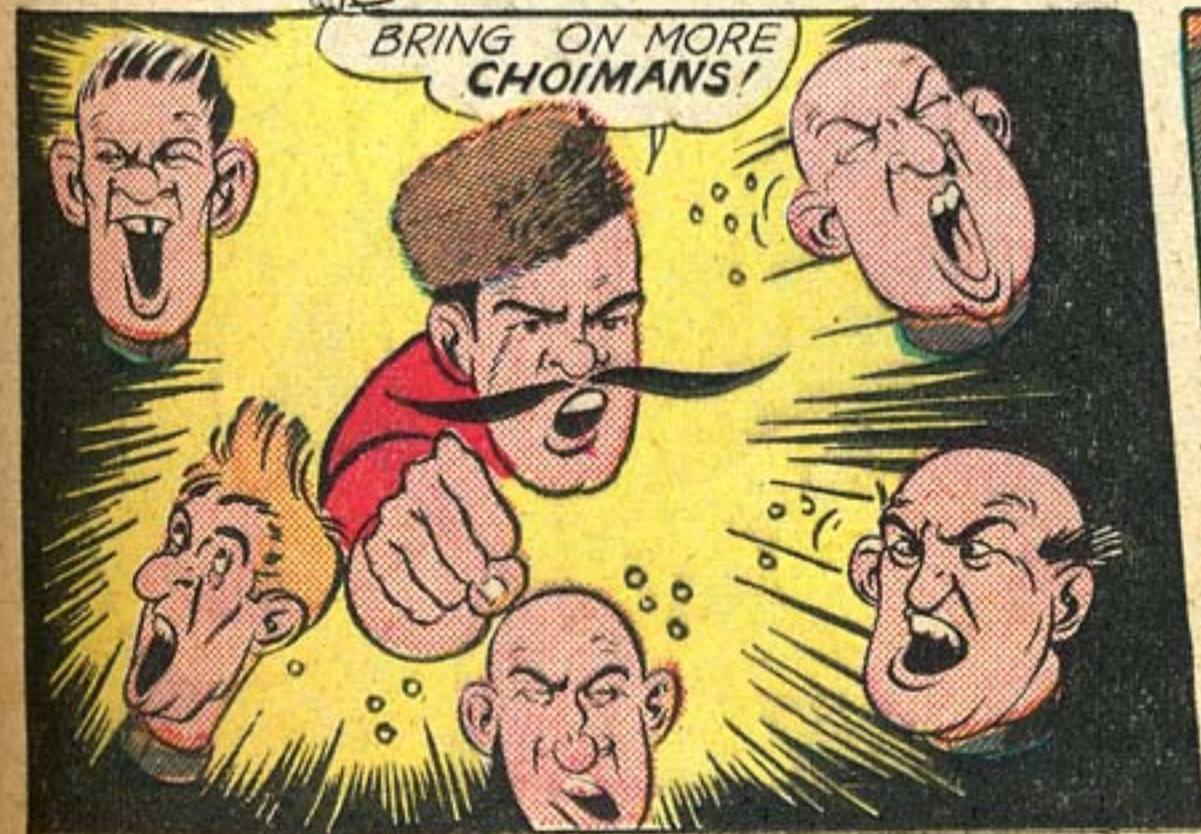


HIT MINE FRIEND,
EH??? LET DAT
BE A LESSON
TO YOU!!

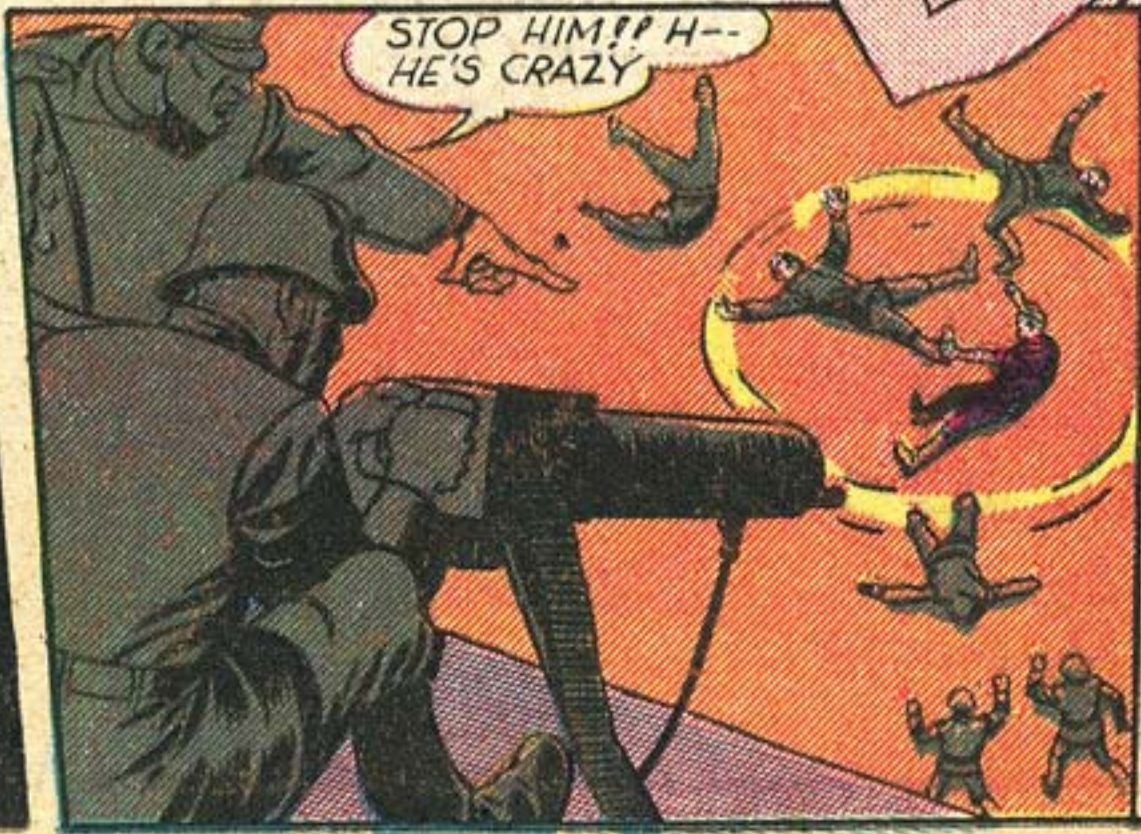


STAND ONE,
SIDE LIMEY,
I GOT MORE
VOIK TO DO!!

TIKE IT
EASY
MOSCOW



BRING ON MORE
CHOIMANS!



STOP HIM!! H--
HE'S CRAZY



SUDDENLY ANOTHER FIGURE COMES HURTLING AT MOSCOW.



SHHH. KEEP QUIET... IF I HADN'T KNOCKED YOU DOWN THOSE BULLETS WOULD HAVE GOT YOU!!

DANKS, BUT WHO ARE YOU??

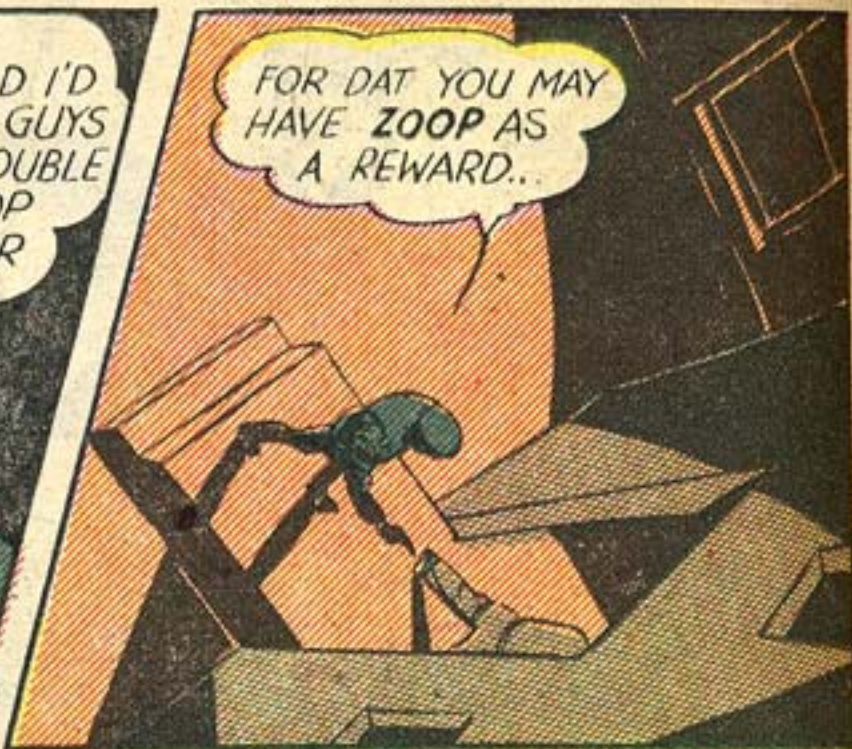


VOT'S DE BIG IDEA OF STICKIN' YOUR NOSE INTO DIS, YOU YANKEE PIG!!

OHH... WELL YOU SEE... ER...



I JUST FIGURED I'D SAVE YOU GUYS SOME TROUBLE AND STOP HIM FOR YOU!!



FOR DAT YOU MAY HAVE ZOOP AS A REWARD..



HEY, FRITZ!! THIS SOUP STINKS!!

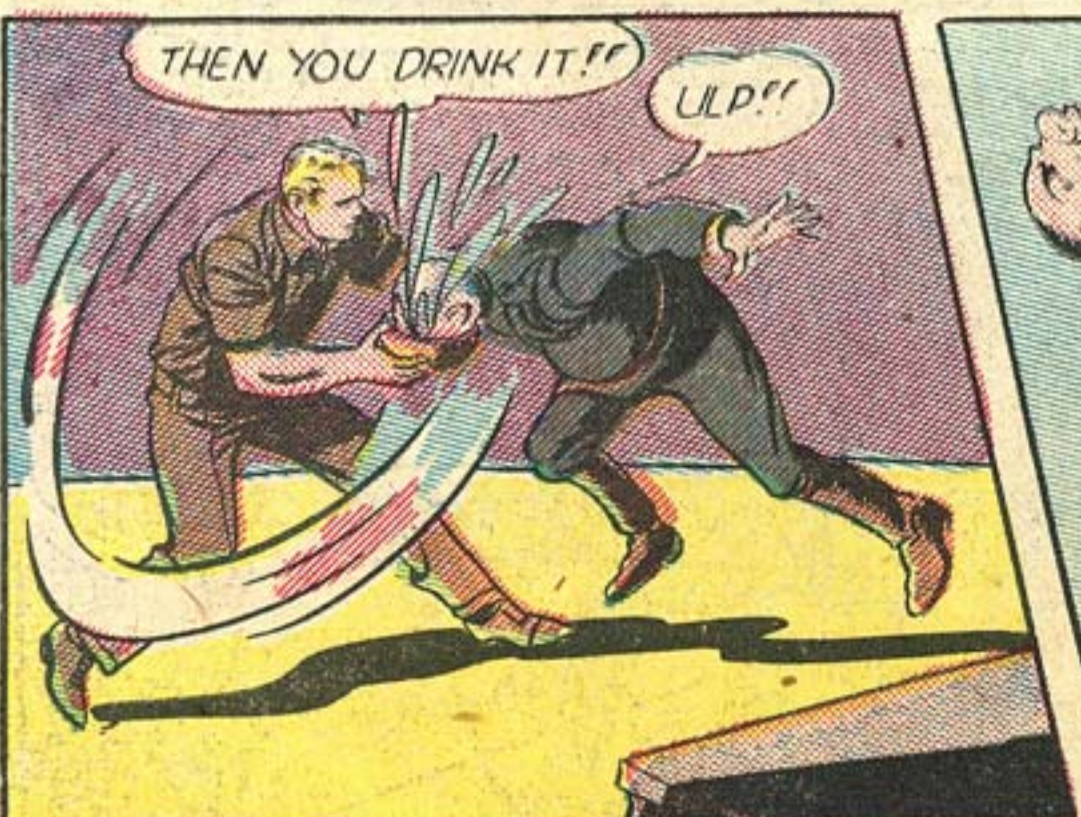
VOT!

LATER THAT DAY THE AMERICAN PRISONER IS SERVED HIS SOUP...



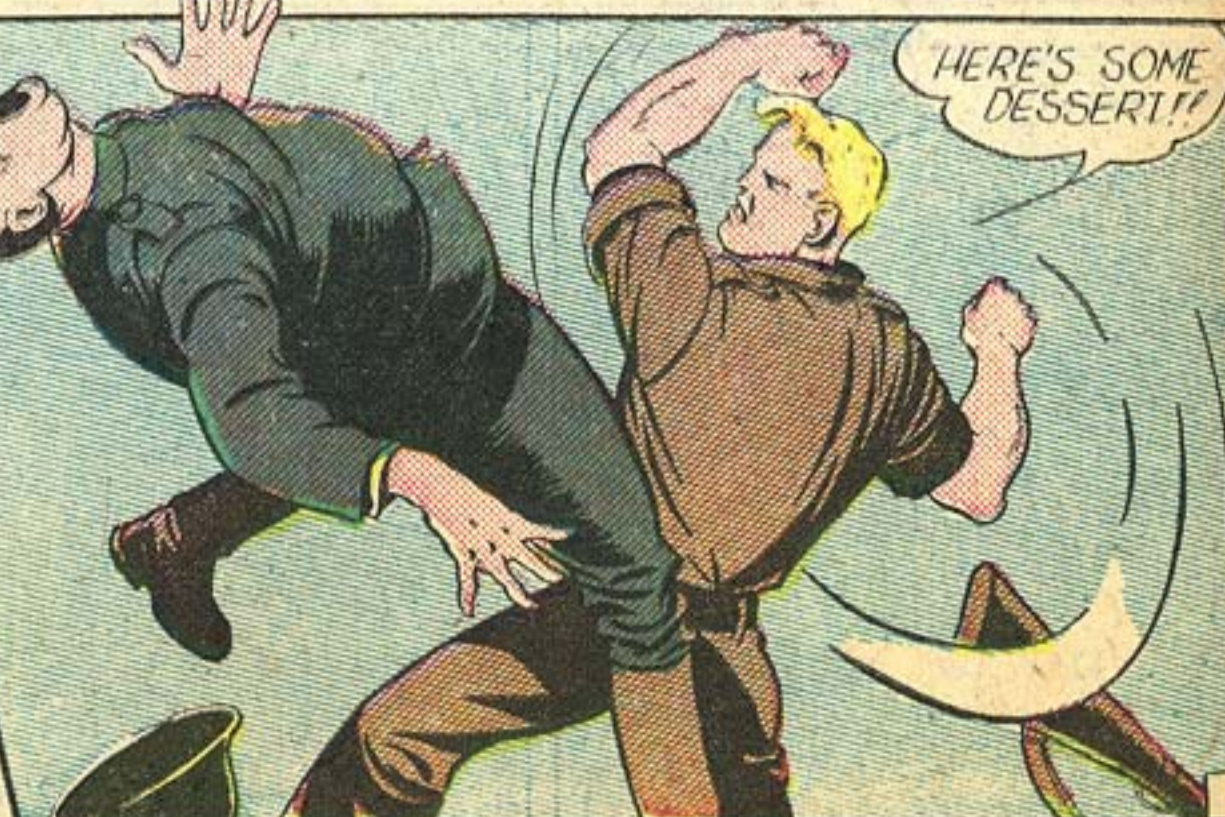
LOOK!! IT'S LIKE MUD!!

DON'T SAY DAT!! CHOIMAN ZOOP IS DE BEST IN DE YOILD!!



THEN YOU DRINK IT!!

ULP!!



HERE'S SOME DESSERT!!

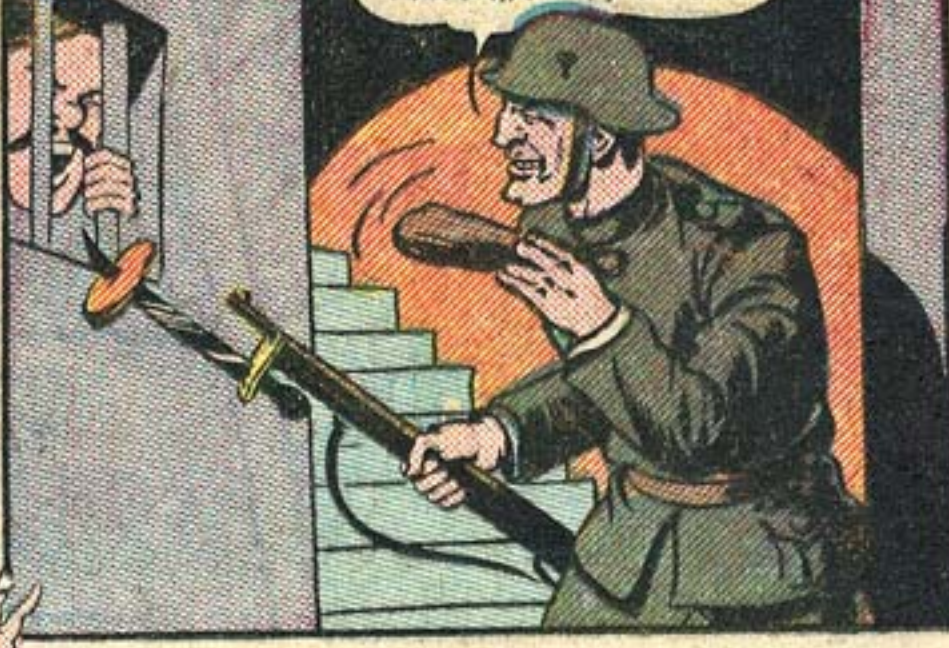
THE AMERICAN LEAVES THE NAZI IN HIS STEAD..



HERE'S YOUR FOOD.. YOU DOG..



SEE... I HAVE CHICKEN AND YOU GET DOG'S MEAT... HA! HA! HA!



HMM! GOOT!



ULP!

VOT'S DOT!!



OKAY, BIG BOY YOU CAN COME OUT

OH... YOU AGAIN?? TELL ME.. VOT'S YOUR NAME??



JUST CALL ME ME, BROOKLYN

BROOKLYN?? HA! HA! JUST CALL ME MOSCOW

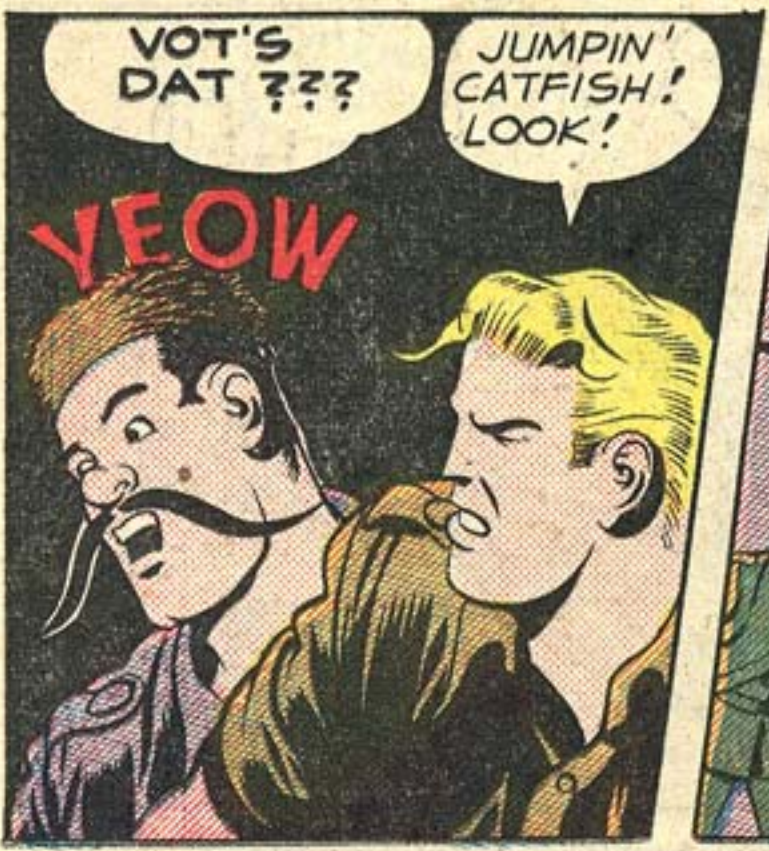


HMM.. DIS CHICKEN IS GOOT!! SAY.. HOW ARE DE DODGERS BUMKINS, EH?? OH... I FORGET!! VE MUST VISIT MY FRIEND LIMEY,, COME WID ME !!



YOHOO YUF NEIGH YOHOO YUF NEIGH



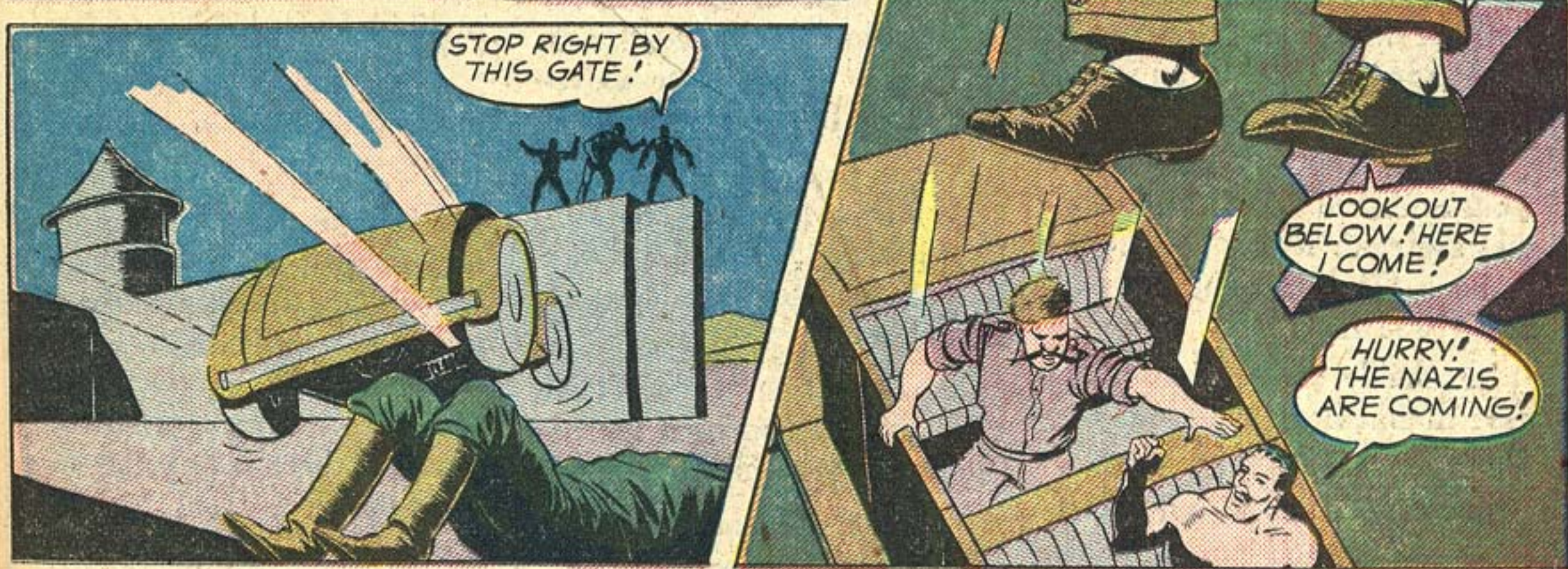




SACRE BLEU SOMEBODY SHOOT MY CHAINS OFF!

HEY, DOWN THERE. GET IN THAT CAR AND DRIVE TO THE GATE!

AH! WHAT SERVICE!



STOP RIGHT BY THIS GATE!

LOOK OUT BELOW! HERE I COME!

HURRY! THE NAZIS ARE COMING!



LET'S GO



DIS IS LIMEY AND DIS IS BROOKLYN AND MY NAME IS MOSCOW!

SACRE! HOW ARE THE DODGERS, BROOKLYN?

ER-

THAT'S WHAT I THOUGHT... JUST CALL ME FRENCHY!

AFTER DRIVING FOR MANY HOURS, THE ESCAPED PRISONERS STOP SOMEWHERE IN THE VAST DESERT... MOSCOW INTRODUCES HIS TWO COMPANIONS TO THE FRENCHMAN...



FOUR MEN! EACH FROM A DIFFERENT LAND, UNITE AND PROMISE TO GIVE THEIR LIVES IF NECESSARY THAT DEMOCRACY MAY LIVE...

SINCE WE ARE ALL GIVEN UP FOR DEAD BY OUR COUNTRIES WE WILL SERVE THE DEMOCRACIES AS THE LOST LEGION!

BOYS AND GIRLS! WE, THE LOST LEGION, PLEDGE OURSELVES TO FIGHT THE DICTATORSHIP UNTIL IT IS WIPED OFF THIS EARTH, AND PEACE AND FREEDOM MAY AGAIN PREVAIL ALL OVER THE WORLD!

BLOOD ON THE MOON

A BLACK HOOD STORY

KIP BURLAND stopped outside the entrance to the wax museum.

"Barbara, this is silly," he said for what must have been the hundredth time. "You were just imagining things."

Barbara's lovely face was white and strained. "Kip, I saw that skeleton. It was supposed to be a fake, like the others, but it was real!"

"Probably some exhibit for use in medical class-rooms. There are hundreds of them."

Barbara turned to him. Her voice was low and tense. "Then what was it doing with a bullet hole right through the center of its forehead? . . . I tell you, they didn't want me to see that skeleton. If I hadn't forgotten my purse, and had to go back for it after the place was closed, I never *would* have seen it. They'd probably have disposed of it by now."

Kip shrugged. "All right. We'll probably be arrested for breaking into the place at this hour. But you won't be satisfied unless we do."

Inside the wax museum utter darkness reigned. The figures loomed up ghost-like as they felt their way among them. Kip began to get the strangest feeling, as though these waxen images were really alive and were watching them with cold, baleful eyes as they groped their way in the darkness.

"It's over here," Barbara

whispered. "Behind this next group of statuary."

At that moment Kip saw a glint of light in the darkness ahead of him. He yelled, "Look out!" and in the same movement flung Barbara to the floor.

A gun cracked, spitting an ugly blue-red flame. The bullet whizzed past the spot where Barbara had been standing an instant before.

Kip had been right. That glint of light had been the reflection from a gun barrel!

Barbara was calling, "Kip, Kip! Where are you?"

Abruptly the lights went on. In the far corner of the room, near the figure of a skeleton loosely mounted on a pedestal, two men were standing with drawn guns.

One of the men was raising his gun to fire again, when a choked cry from his companion stayed him.

Like an avenging fury, the Black Hood crashed into their midst!

The Black Hood's fist met the first man's jaw with crunching power. The man went back, flopped limply, lay sprawling on the floor.

The other man had time to fire once.

His shot went over The Black Hood's head as that mantled man of justice ducked and came in to the attack. His

fist bounced off the gunman's jaw, the gun flew wild. Then the Black Hood brought up his right with all the momentum of his body behind it.

The gunman went down and out. He didn't move a muscle from the time he hit the floor.

Later, as Kip Burland, the hero of that evening's encounter sat on a divan in Barbara's apartment while she read him the newspaper accounts of the smashing of the murder ring that had been using the wax museum as a front for their activities.

"But why should they have gone to so much trouble just to dispose of the bodies of the men they murdered?" Barbara asked.

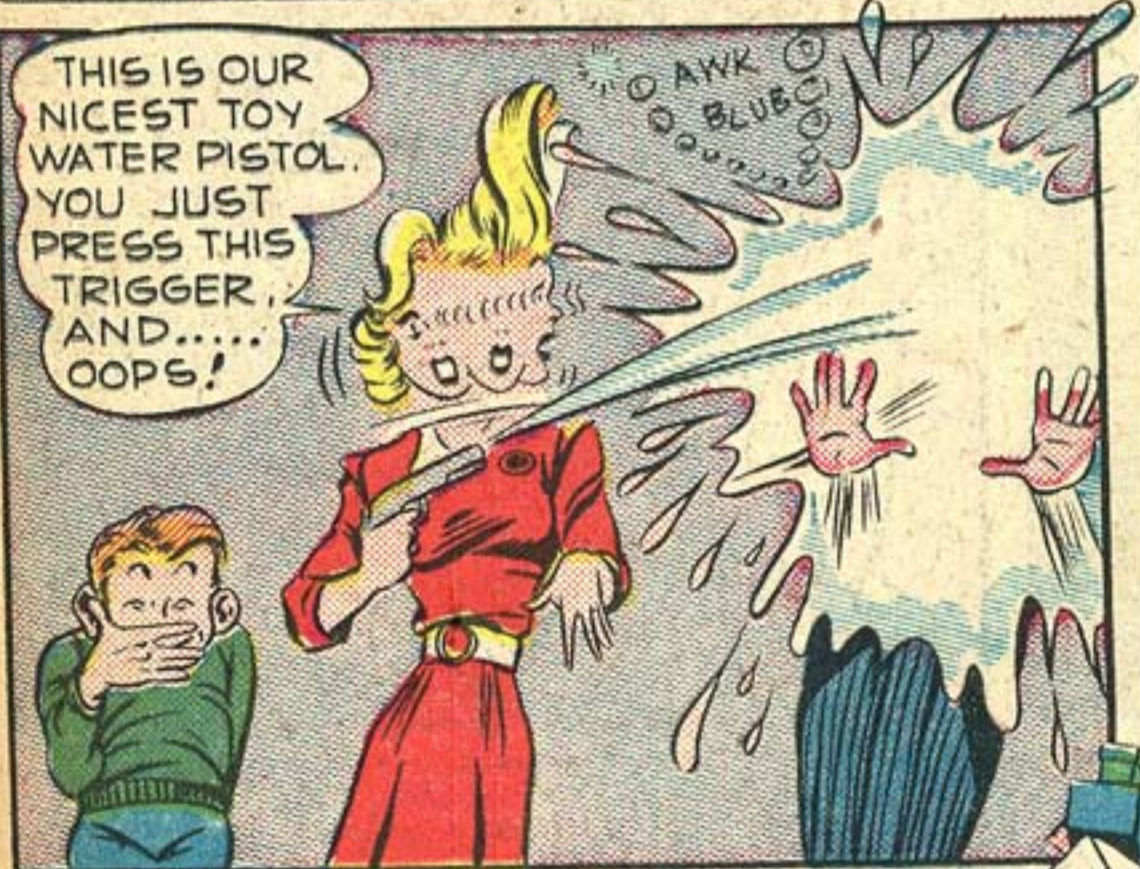
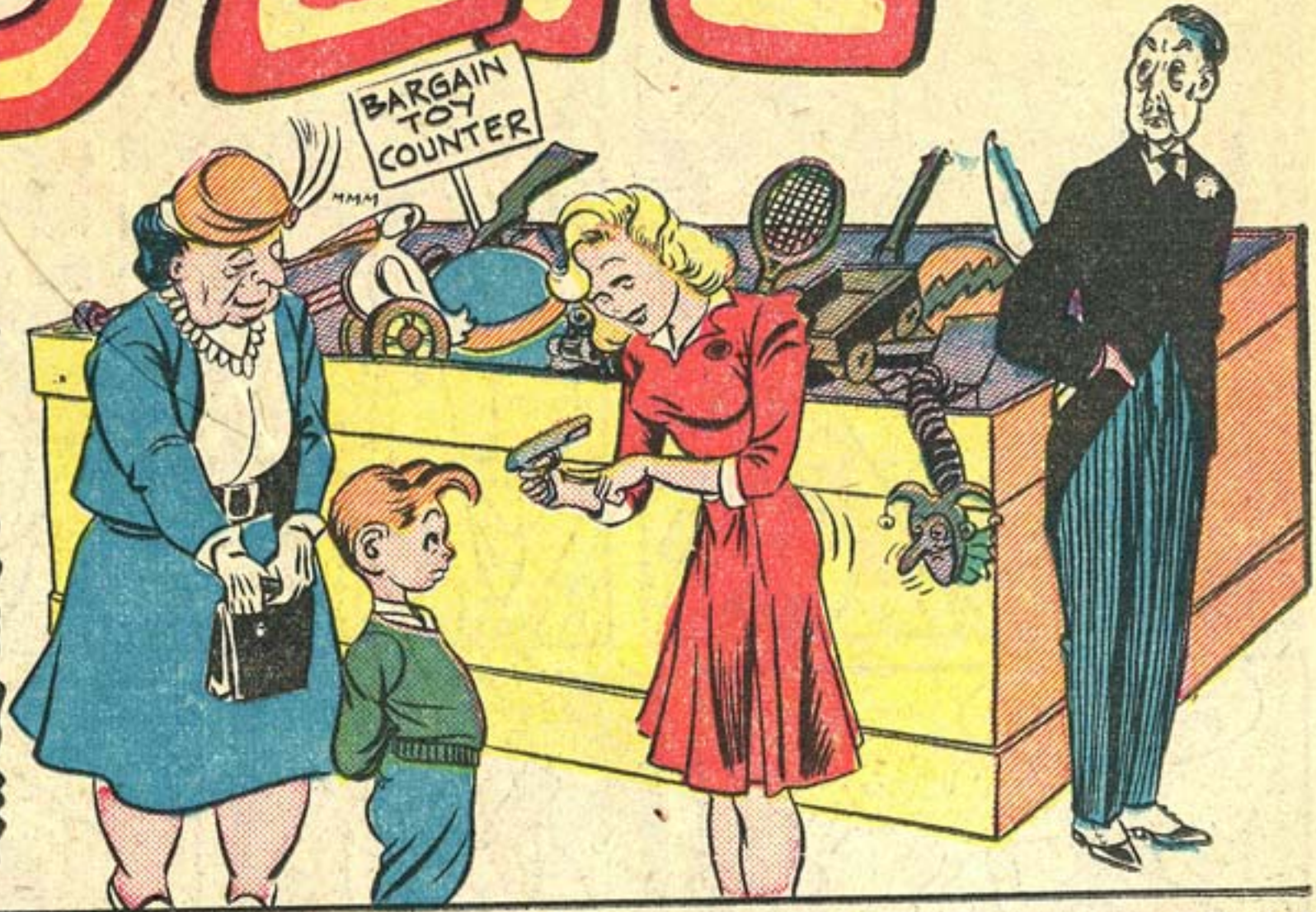
"For a very good reason," Kip replied. "The law says that unless there is a body, what they call the *corpus delicti*, there can't be a conviction for murder. So, by getting rid of the bodies of their victims, the murder ring was making sure that there never could be any future indictments against them."

"And they'd have gotten away with it, too," Barbara murmured, "if it hadn't been for The Black Hood!"

Kip laughed. "And for a woman's curiosity," he said. "Don't forget that, Barbara. And the next time, be careful where you lose your purse!"

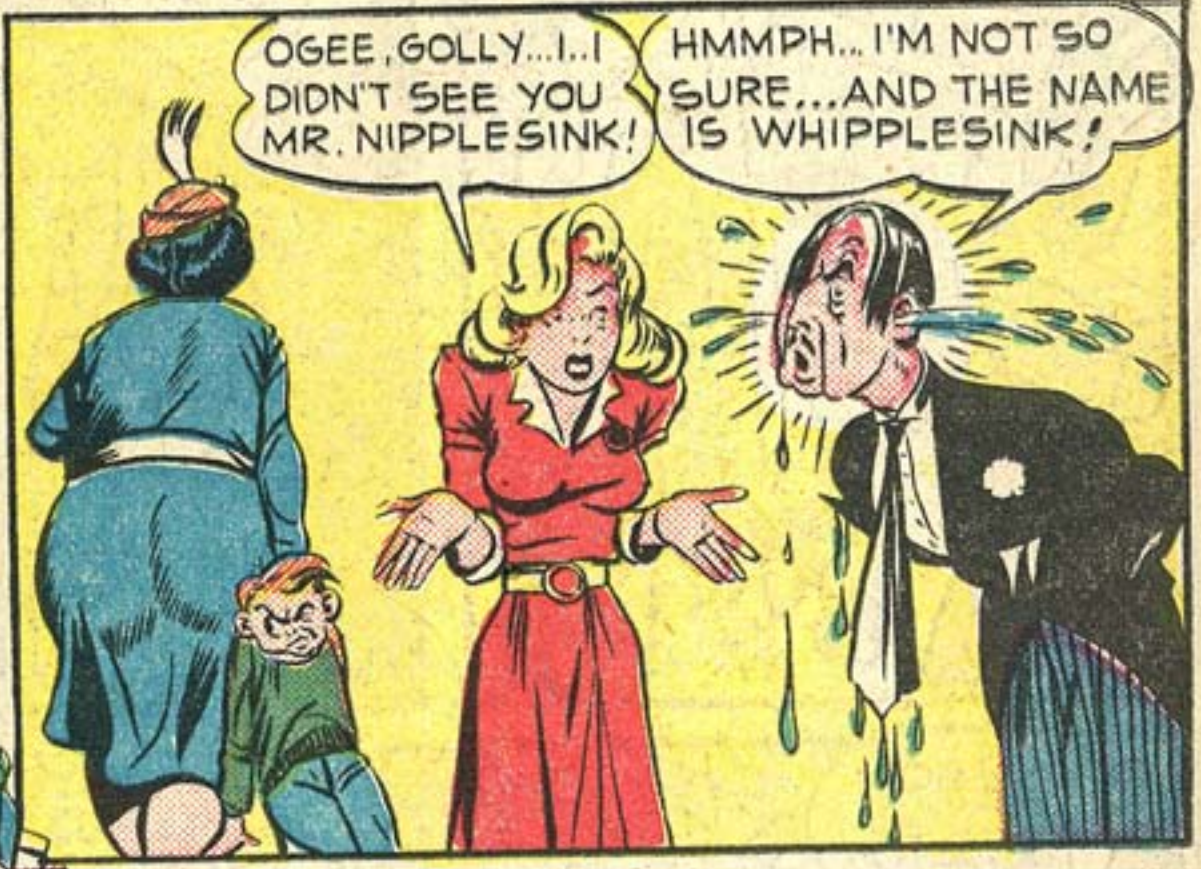
SUZIE

IF YOU SHOULD HAPPEN TO BE SHOPPING IN MOOCHER'S DEPARTMENT STORE, AND YOU FIND YOURSELF THREE AISLES OVER, TO THE REAR, RIGHT BY THE TOY COUNTER... LOOK FOR THE NEAREST EXIT.. THEN RUN-DO NOT WALK, BEFORE SUZIE SEES YOU.. OR MAYBE YOU LIKE LOTS OF TROUBLE.. THEN ASK SUZIE TO WAIT ON YOU!



THIS IS OUR NICEST TOY WATER PISTOL. YOU JUST PRESS THIS TRIGGER, AND.... OOPS!

AWK
BLUBB



OGEE, GOLLY... I DIDN'T SEE YOU MR. NIPPLESINK!

HMMPH... I'M NOT SO SURE... AND THE NAME IS WHIPPLESINK!



WELL, NEVER MIND. TAKE THESE PARCELS TO THE WRAPPING DEPARTMENT!

YES, MR. WHIPPLE-STINK!

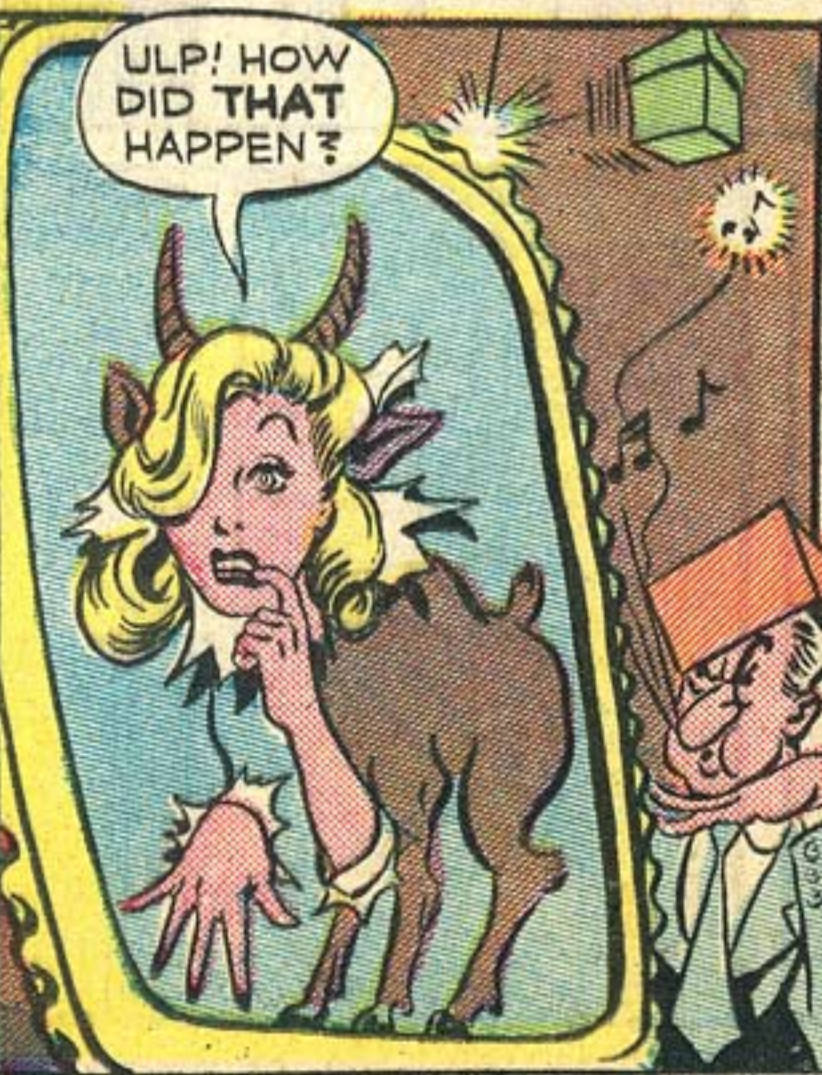
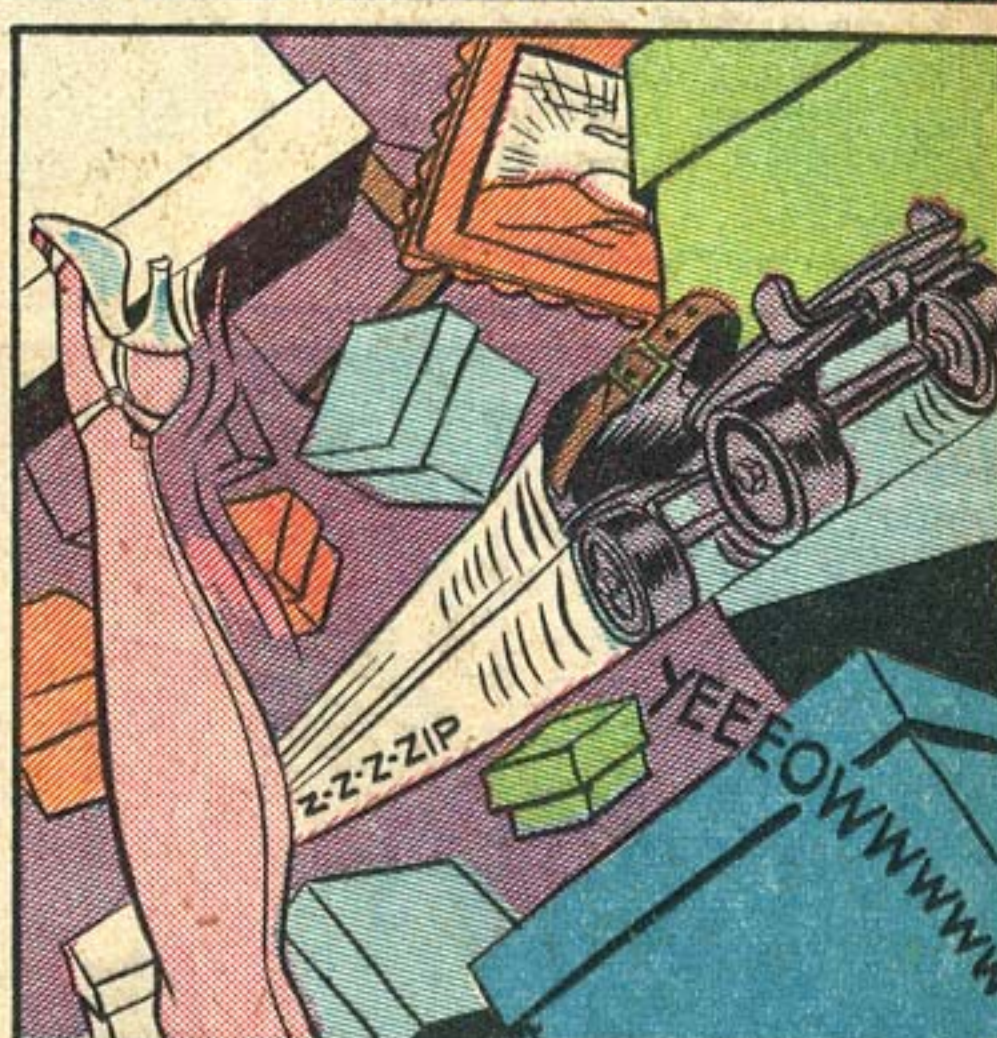
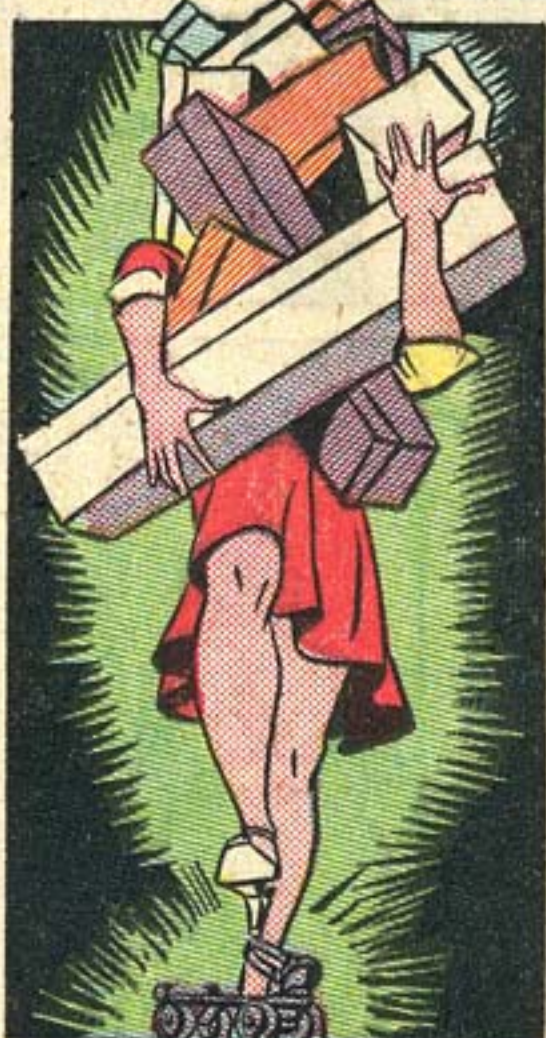
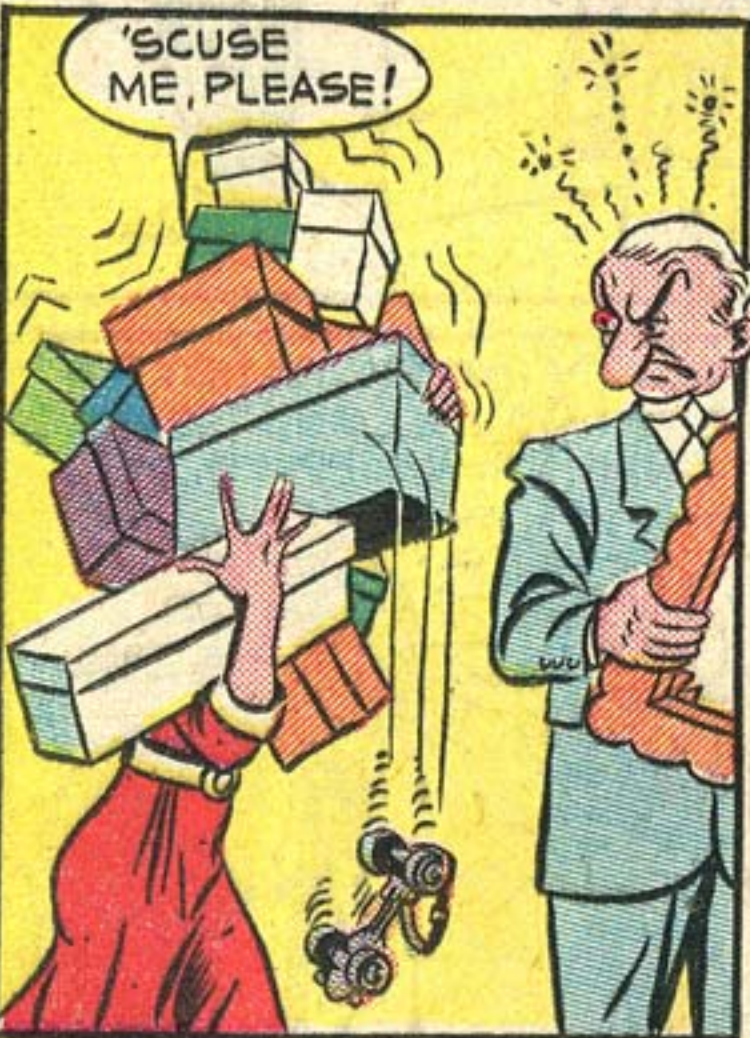


I DON'T THINK THAT FLOOR-WALKER LIKES ME!



OUCH!
ART DEPT.

OH, OH... SUZIE'S DOING IT AGAIN.... SHE'S GOING INTO THE WRONG DEPARTMENT...







YOO HOO, SUZIE! HAVE I GOT DIRT FOR YOU? ABOUT THAT SNOOTY LUCILLE DAME!

WHAT HAPPENED, MYRA?



TIME MARCHES ON

BLA HE...HEE HE? SO HE...HEE HE? SO OH, YES F BLA CLUCK AND I BLA BIG NO? REALLY HE DID? WHY REALLY? I KNEW I THOUGHT I'D DIE OF COURSE YES HE BZZ BLA



GREAT CAESAR! WHAT'S KEEPING THAT GIRL? THE BOARD'LL BE HERE ANY MINUTE!



MR. MOOCHER, THE DIRECTORS ARE HERE..I'LL BRING THEM RIGHT IN!

YIPE... I GOTTA DUCK- BUT WHERE?



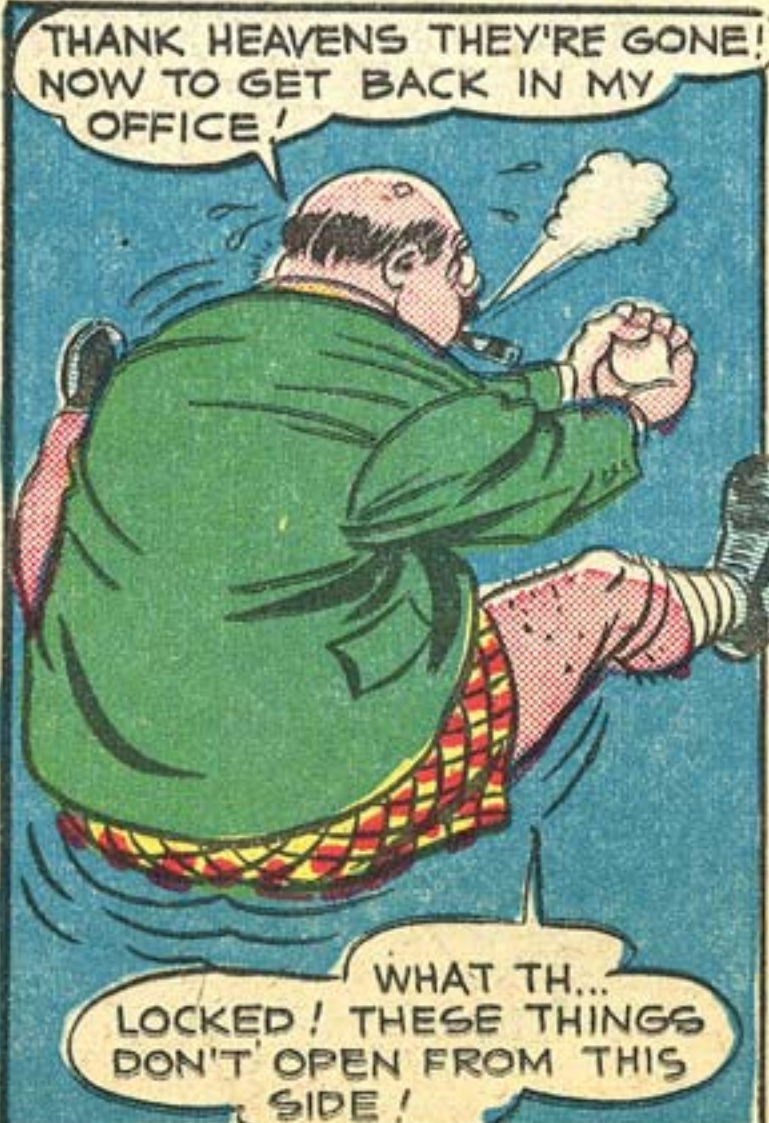
THIS WAY, GENTLEMEN!

FIRE EXIT



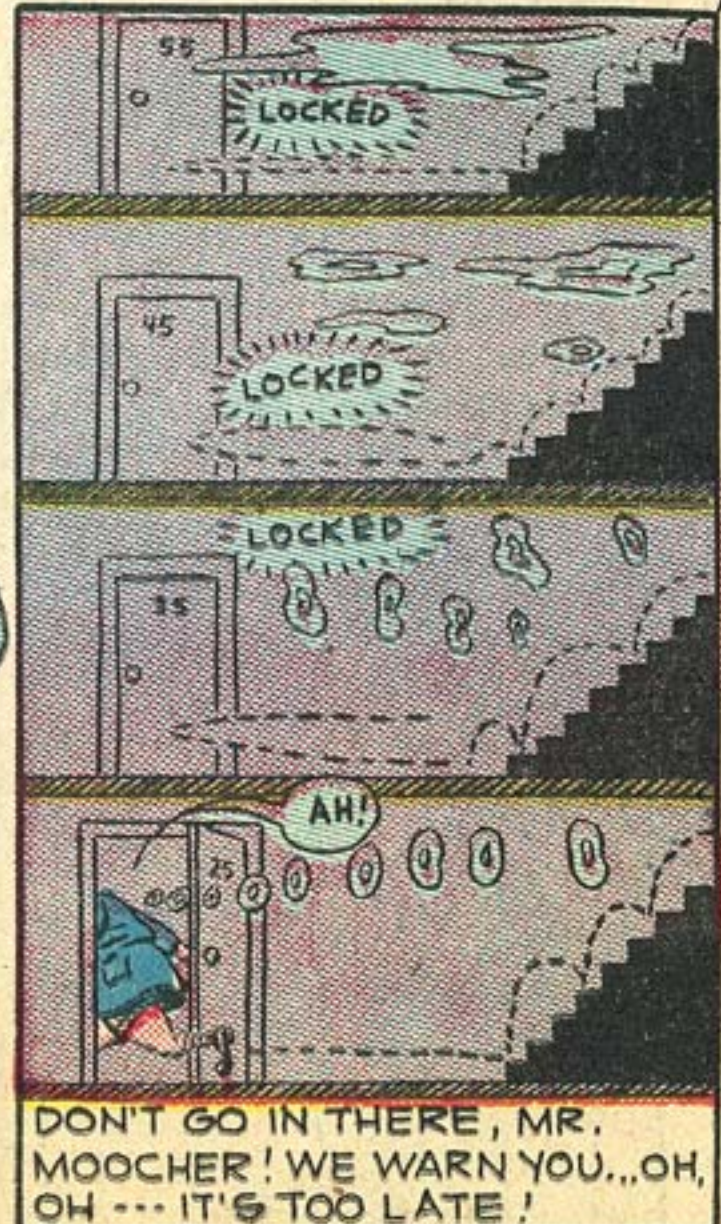
WELL, WHERE IS HE?

HOW? WHERE? BUT I NEVER SAW HIM LEAVE!



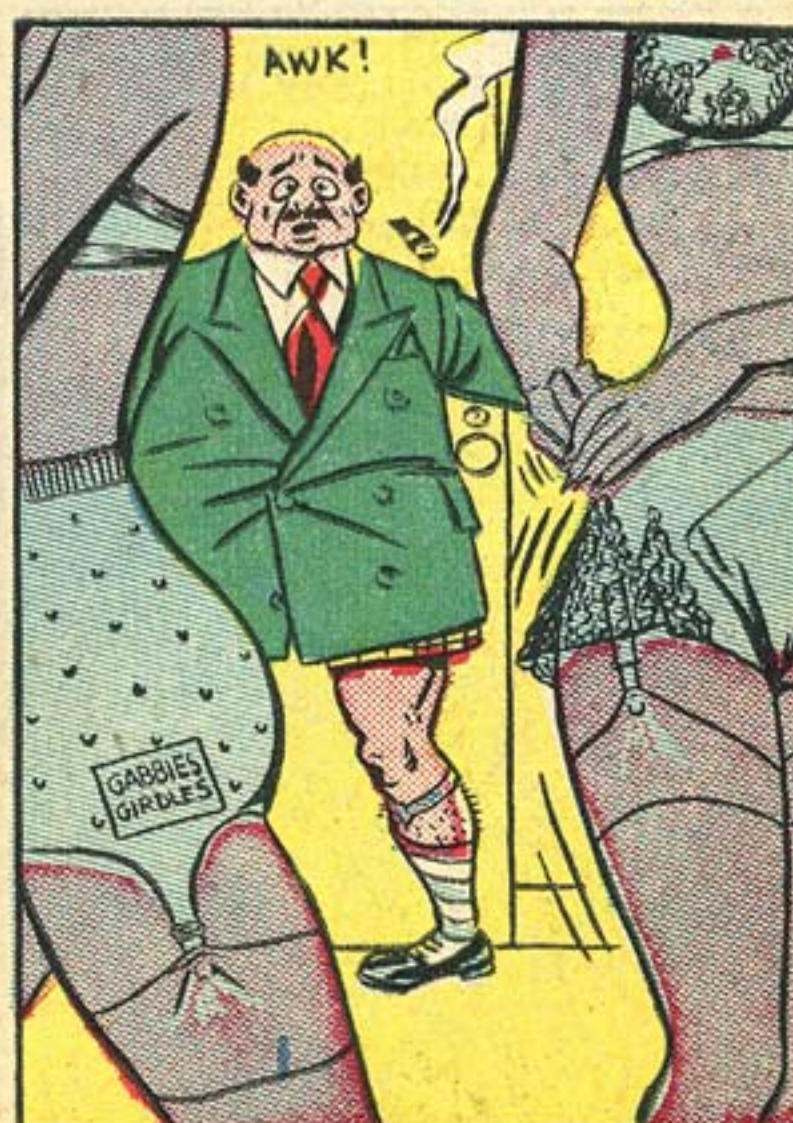
THANK HEAVENS THEY'RE GONE! NOW TO GET BACK IN MY OFFICE!

WHAT TH... LOCKED! THESE THINGS DON'T OPEN FROM THIS SIDE!



AH!

DON'T GO IN THERE, MR. MOOCHER! WE WARN YOU...OH, OH...IT'S TOO LATE!



AWK!

GABBIES GIRDLES



BLANKETY-BLANK-BLANK I WOULD DUCK INTO THE REAR OF THE FASHION SHOP!



MODELS! (GROAN) EVERYWHERE I TURN - MODELS!

WHOOSH!

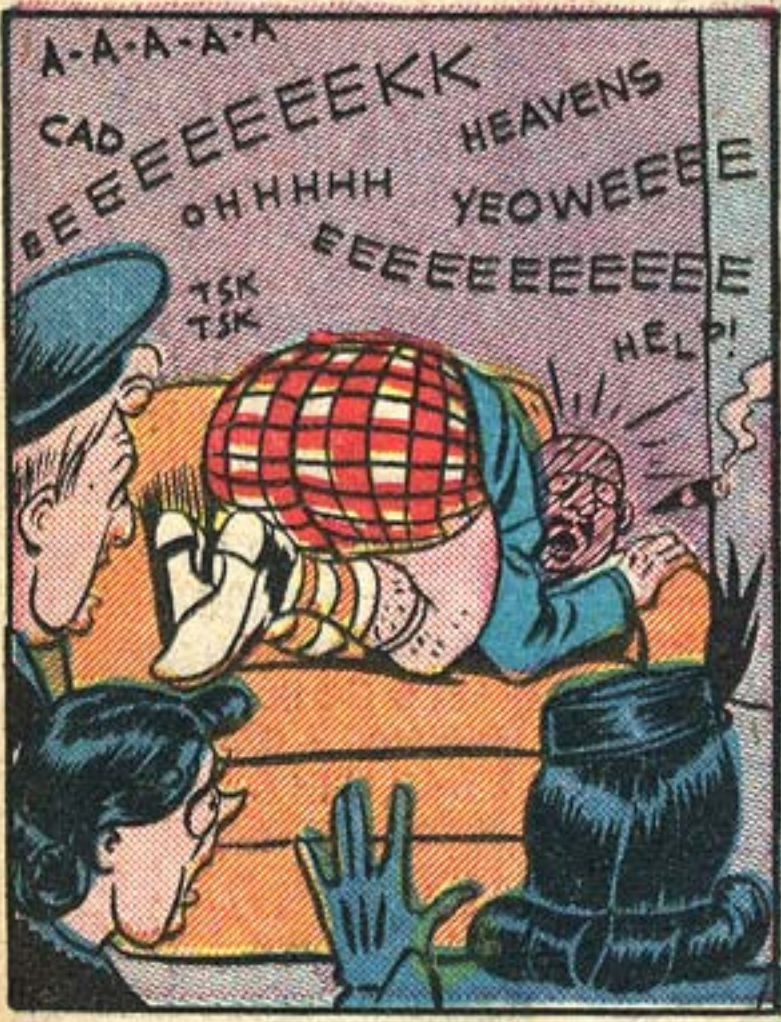
PLOP



BUT MR. MOOCHER IS ON A REVOLVING STAGE, WHILE ON THE OTHER SIDE...

WHEW!

AND NOW, MRS. DROOPJOWLS, THIS NEXT IS AN EXCLUSIVE MODEL!



A-A-A-A-A
CAD
BEEEEEEKK
OHHHHH HEAVENS
TSK TSK
YEWEEEEE
EEEEEEEEEEEEE
HELP!



BUT, MR. MOOCHER.. WH--

GIMME THAT DRESS... SHUT UP!

YOU CAD!

YEEOW

EKK

EEEEEEEEEEEEE



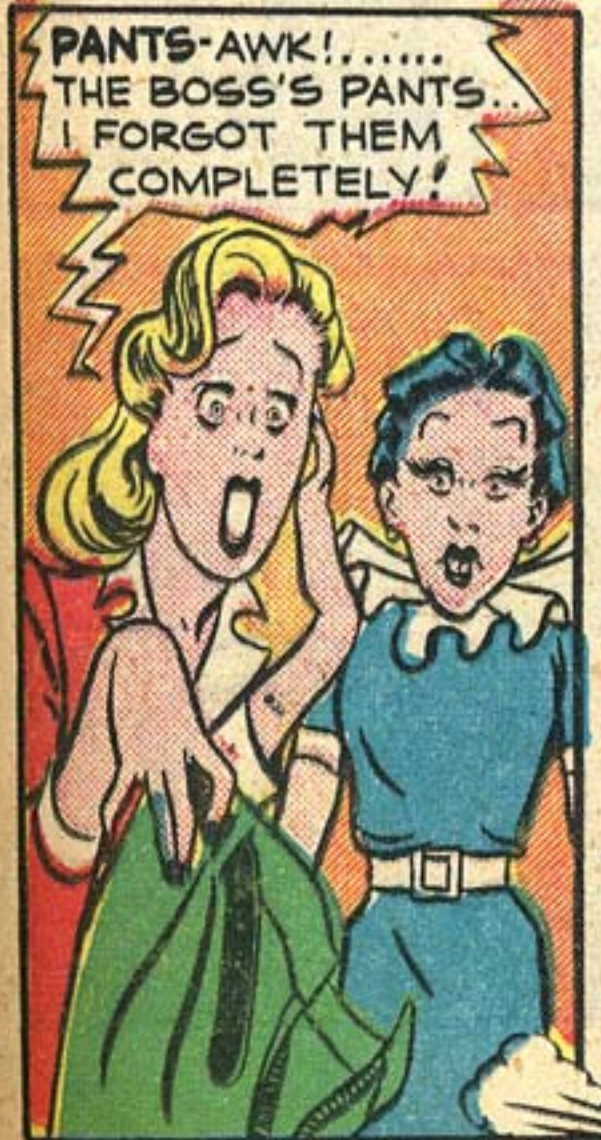
MEANWHILE...

AND THEN SOMEBODY CALLED HER A PANTS CHASER, AND...

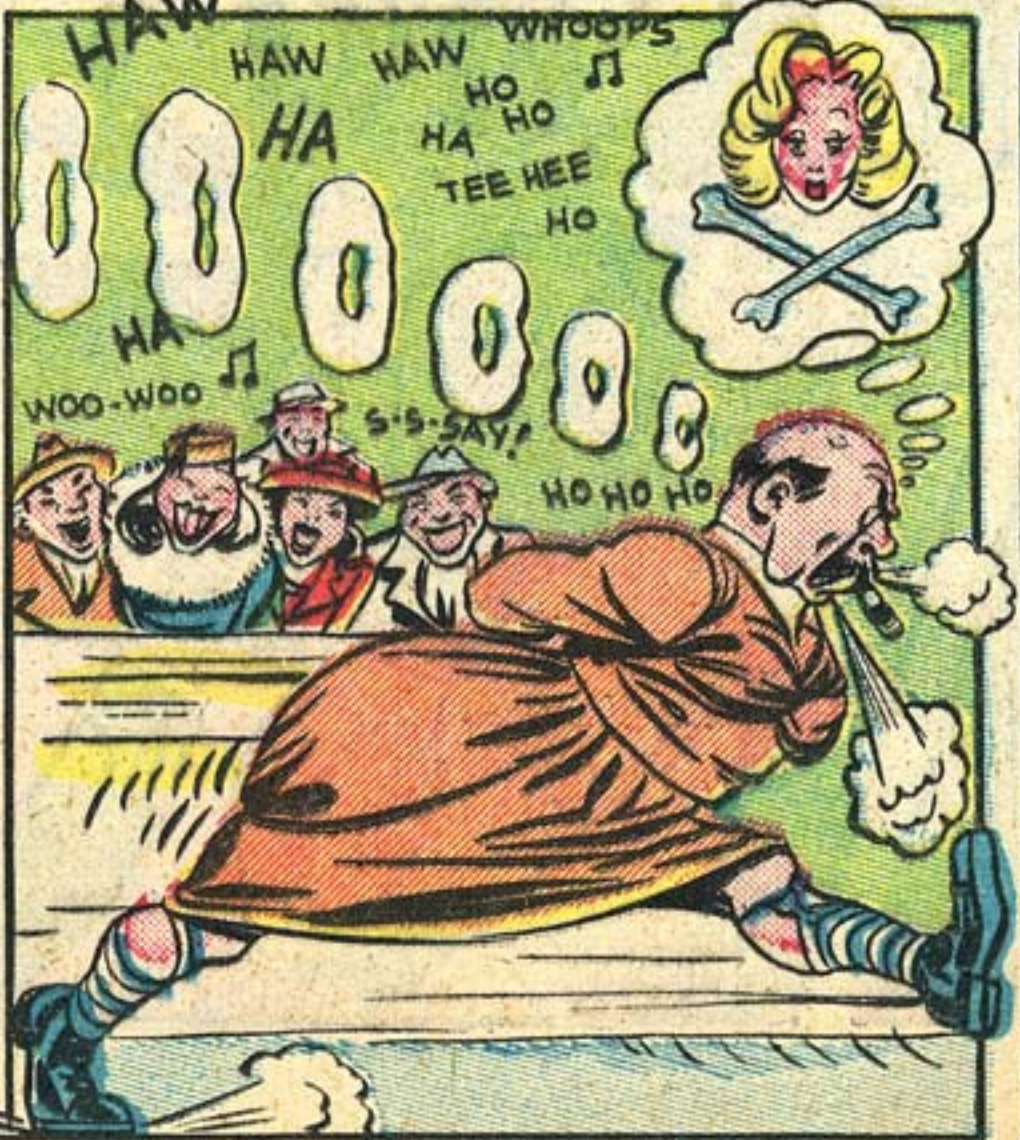
OH YES MHHM.

BLA BLA CHATTER BZZZZZZZ

HOT AIR



PANTS-AWK!..... THE BOSS'S PANTS... I FORGOT THEM COMPLETELY!

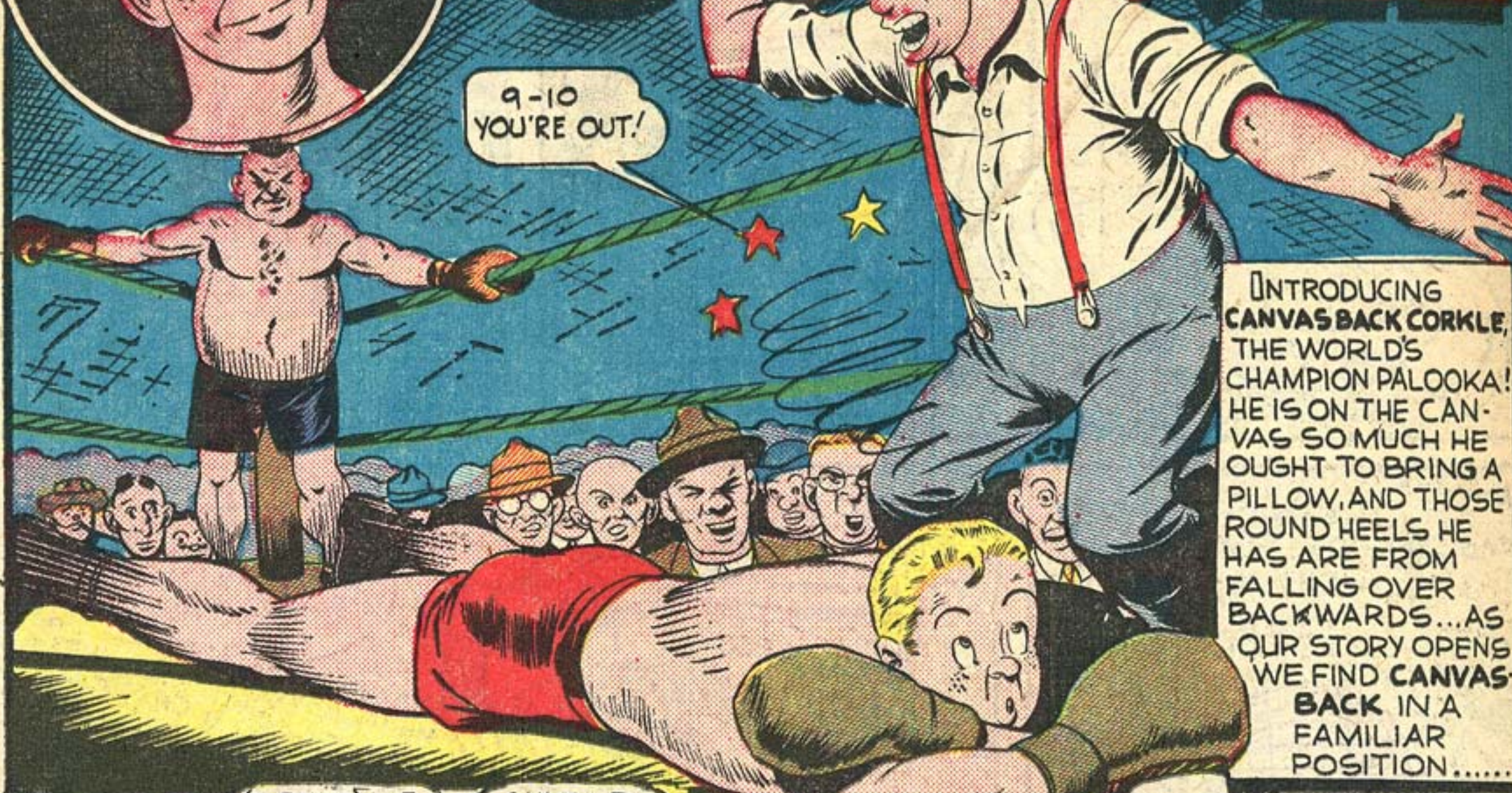


HAW HAW HAW WHOOPS
HA HA HO
WOO-WOO
S-S-SAY!
TEE HEE HO
HO HO HO



OH WELL, THAT NIGHT... I WAS GETTING TIRED OF THAT JOB ANYWAY. LET'S SEE NOW.. WAITRESS, COOK, MAID...

CANVAS BACK CORKLE



9-10
YOU'RE OUT!

INTRODUCING CANVAS BACK CORKLE, THE WORLD'S CHAMPION PALOOKA! HE IS ON THE CANVAS SO MUCH HE OUGHT TO BRING A PILLOW, AND THOSE ROUND HEELS HE HAS ARE FROM FALLING OVER BACKWARDS...AS OUR STORY OPENS WE FIND CANVAS BACK IN A FAMILIAR POSITION.....



(GRUNT) WE OUGHTA PUT ROLLER SKATES ON HIS BACK BOSS!

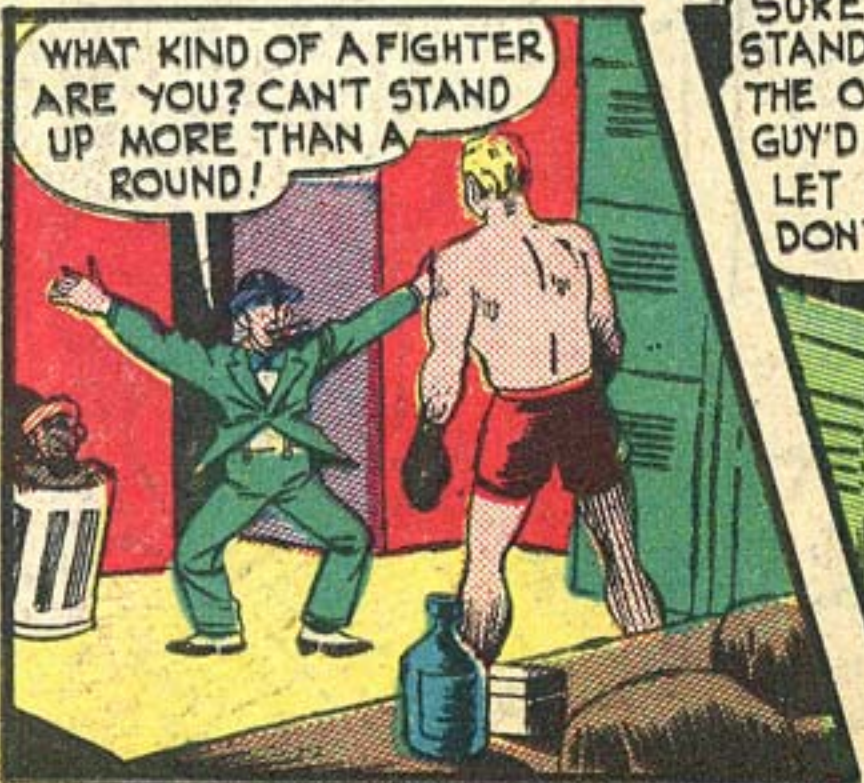
SHUT UP AND GET TO HIS CORNER, EIGHT-BALL!

GEE, IT'S A SHAME TO WAKE HIM, BOSS - HE'S SO PEACEFUL!

COME ON WAKE UP YOU CHAMP CHUMP!

HELP! BLUB BLUB!... MAN OVERBOARD!

LET'S GO IN, I WANT A TALK WITH YOU.



WHAT KIND OF A FIGHTER ARE YOU? CAN'T STAND UP MORE THAN A ROUND!

SURE I KIN STAND UP... IF THE OTHER GUY'D ONLY LET ME! GEE DON'T SHOUT!



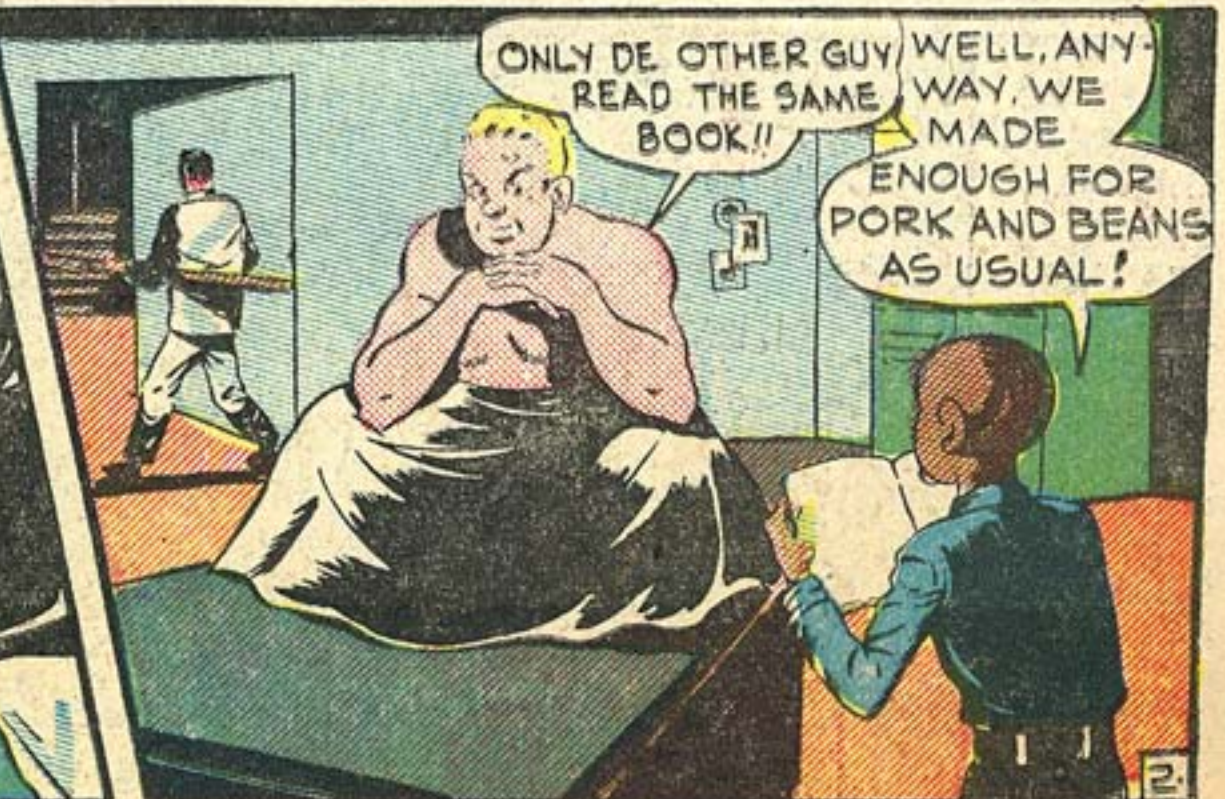
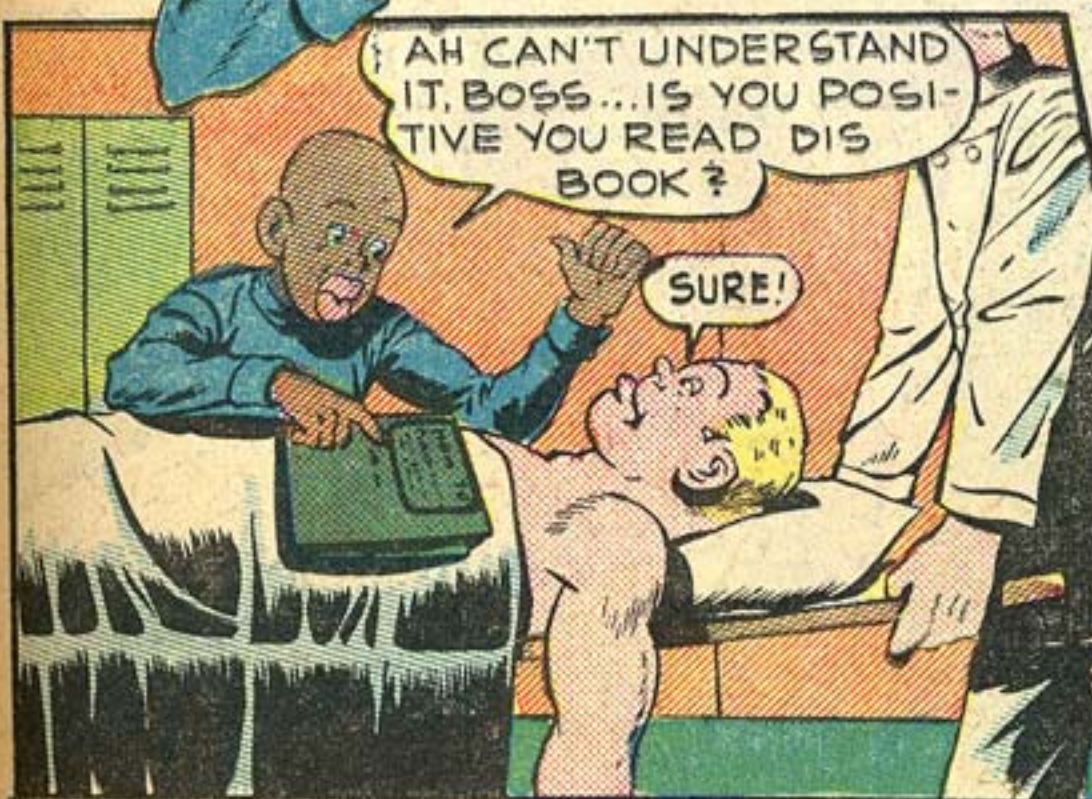
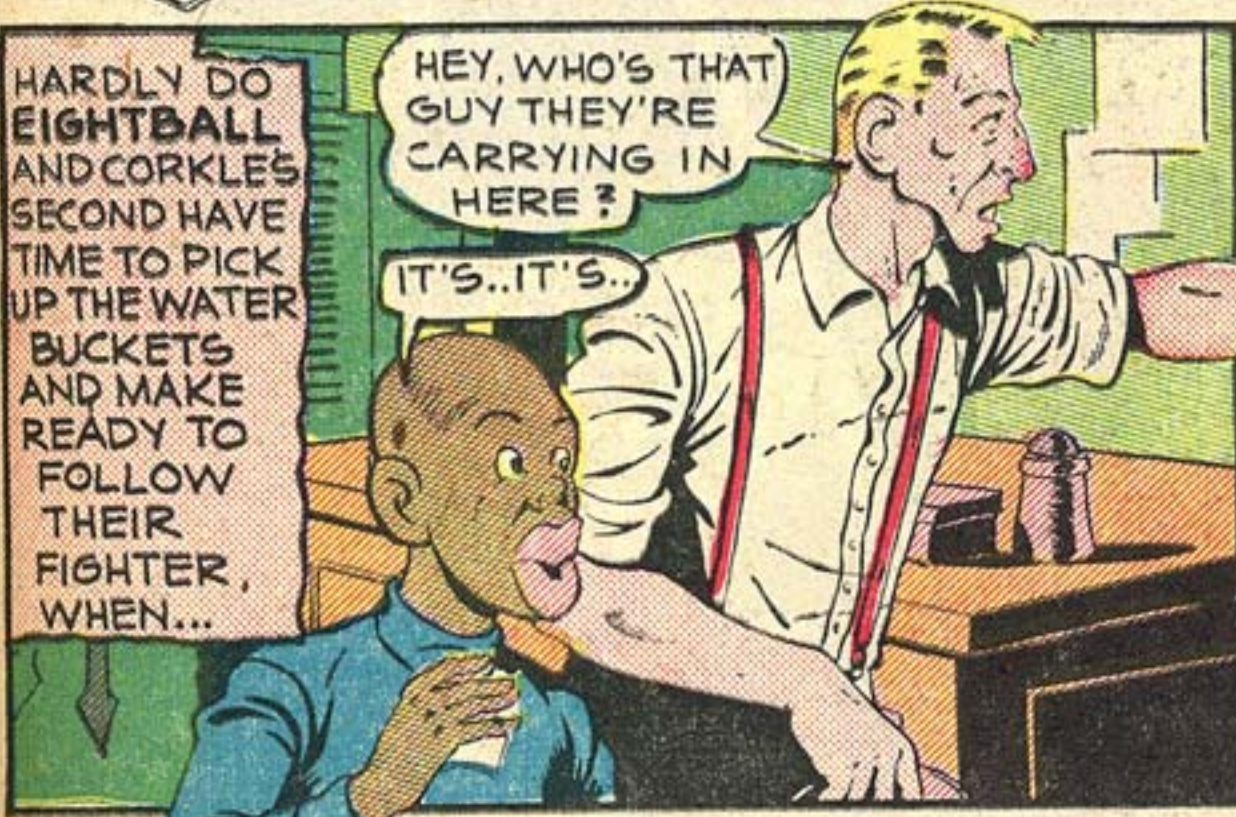
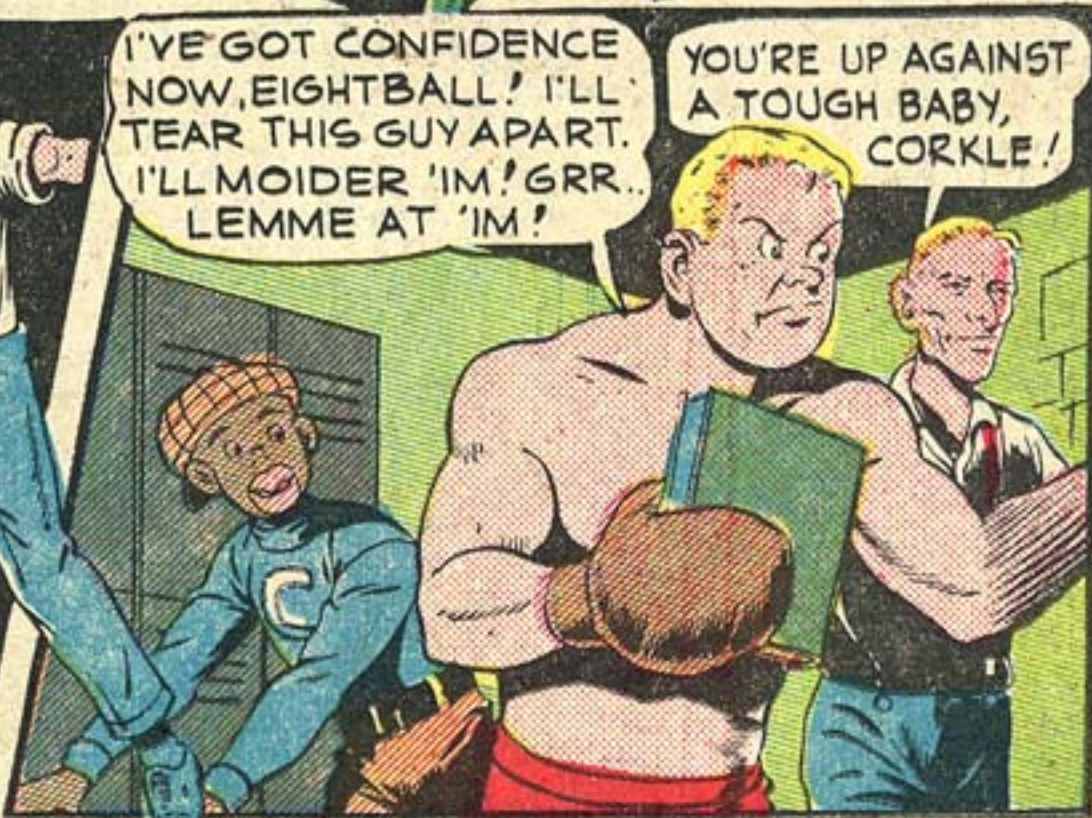
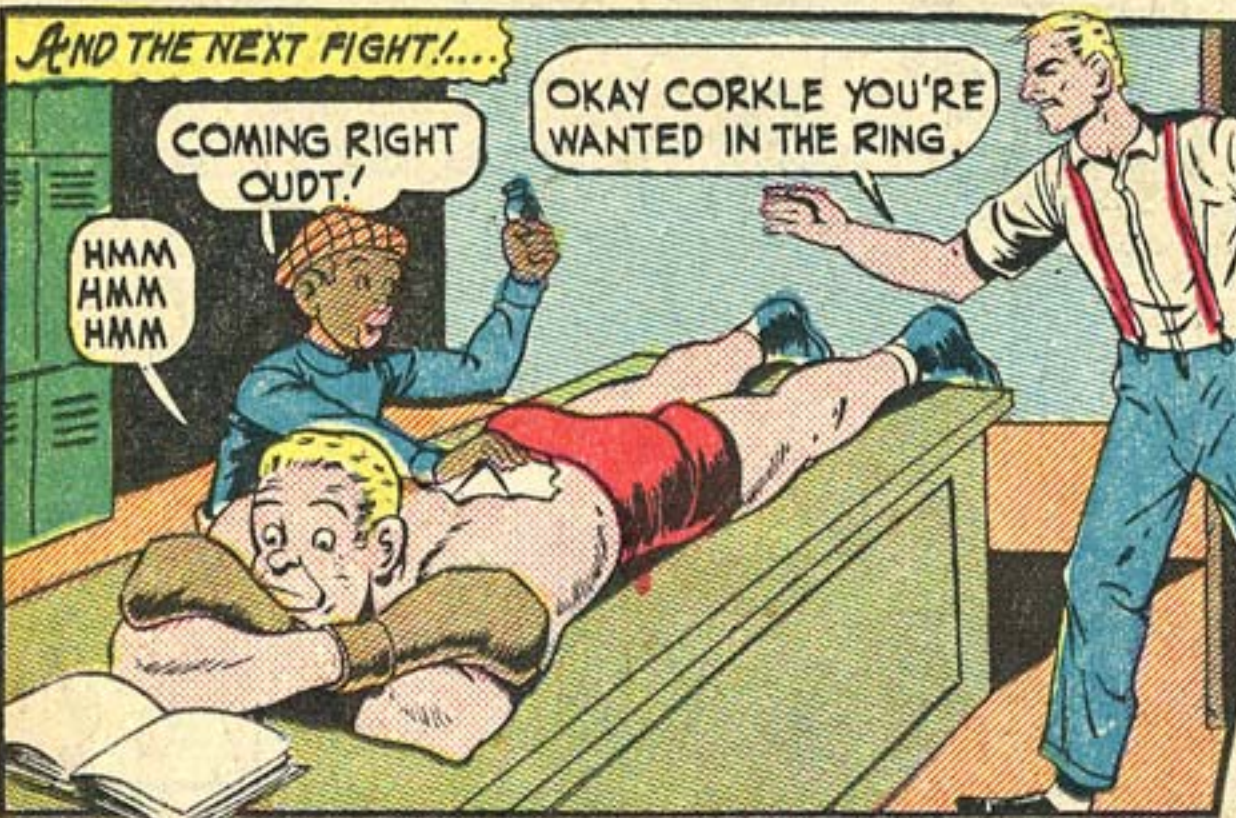
OH! NOW YOU'RE GIVING ME ORDERS!! WELL I'M THRU WID YOU!!



NO, MISTAH CORKLE.. MAYBE A SLIGHT DRIP... BUT NOT A WASH-OUT!

LOOKA DIS BOOK, BOSS! IT SAYS "HOW TO GAIN CONFIDENCE AND CONQUER DE WOILD"...

HMM, MAYBE I OUGHTTA READ IT-IF I STILL RE-MEMBER HOW TO READ!





HELLO, CORKLE! HERE SO SOON? I DIDN'T EXPECT YOU UNTIL THE SECOND ROUND, AT LEAST!

AW, THE REFEREE WUZ FIXED!



WELL, YOU MAY NOT BE MAKING MUCH MONEY AS A PRIZE-FIGHTER..

BUT, YOU'RE GETTING PLENTY OF SLEEP! WHY DON'T YOU QUIT WHILE YOUR ABLE!



I GUESS I'LL HAFTA, NOW (SIGH) NO MANAGER, NO MONEY!

AN' NO POHK AN' BEANS! (SIGH)



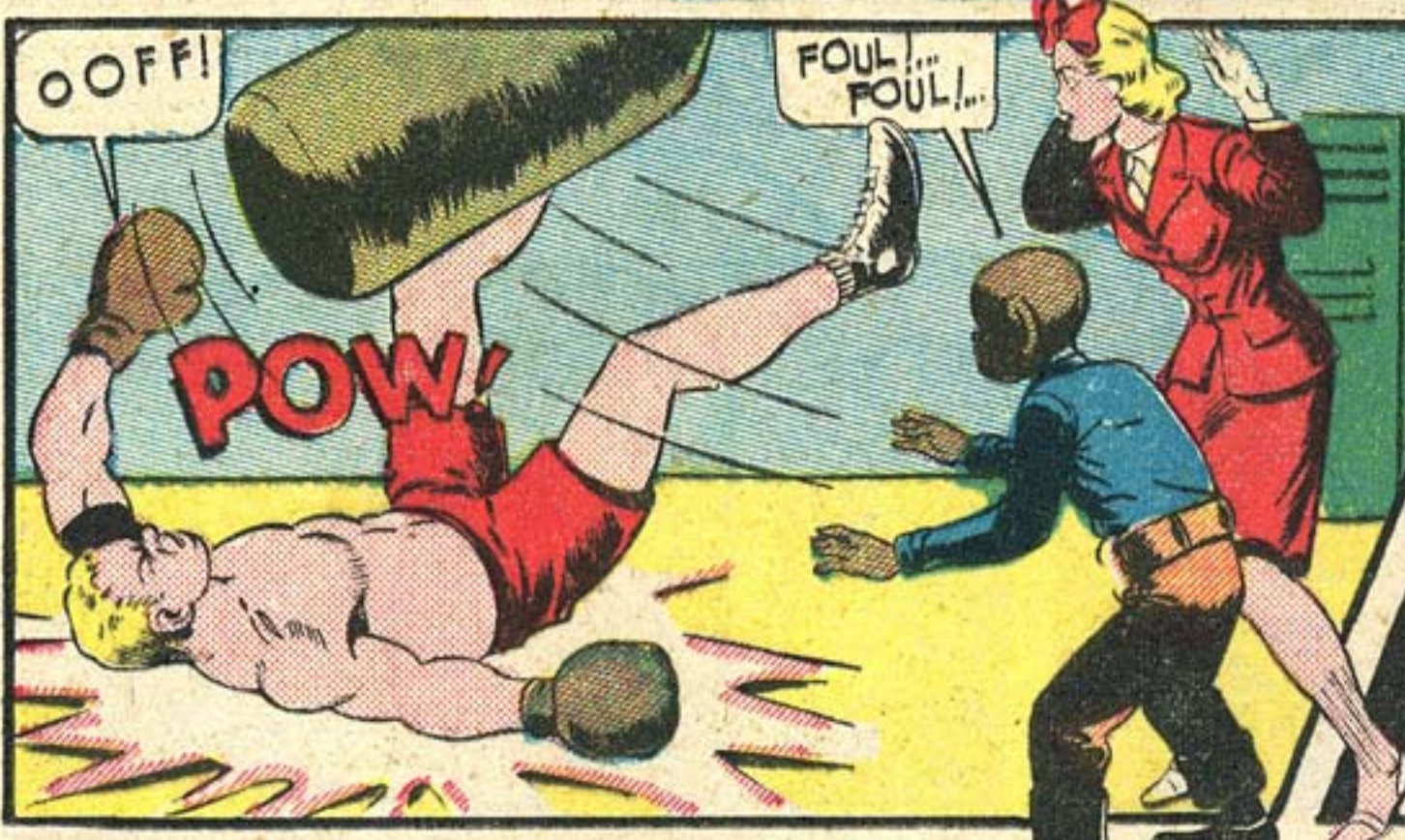
THIS IS ALL THE MONEY WE GOT LEFT!

AS BAD AS ALL THAT ALL, EH? I'VE GOT A GOOD NOTION TO MANAGE YOU MYSELF!



AND SO CORKLE GETS A NEW MANAGER..

COME ON NOW, CANVAS-BACK. YOU'RE GOING TO DO SOME REAL TRAINING! PUNCH! PUNCH!



O OFF!

FOUL!... FOUL!...

POW!



SPORTS PAGE
CORKLE TO TRY COMEBACK



AND SO UNDER HIS NEW MAN-AGER, CANVAS BACK CORKLE GETS BACK INTO THE FIGHT SPOT-LIGHT!...

1-2-3

4-5-6

ST. LOUIS

CHICAGO

7-8-9

10

DENVER

NEW YORK



I ALMOST HAD 'IM THAT TIME, BABS!

ONLY HE DUCKED- AND YOU DIDN'T!



OH POOR CORKLE, I'M AFRAID HE'S PICKED THE WRONG PROFESSION!

IF ONLY HE COULD WIN ONE FIGHT, MISS BABS, JUS' ONE!



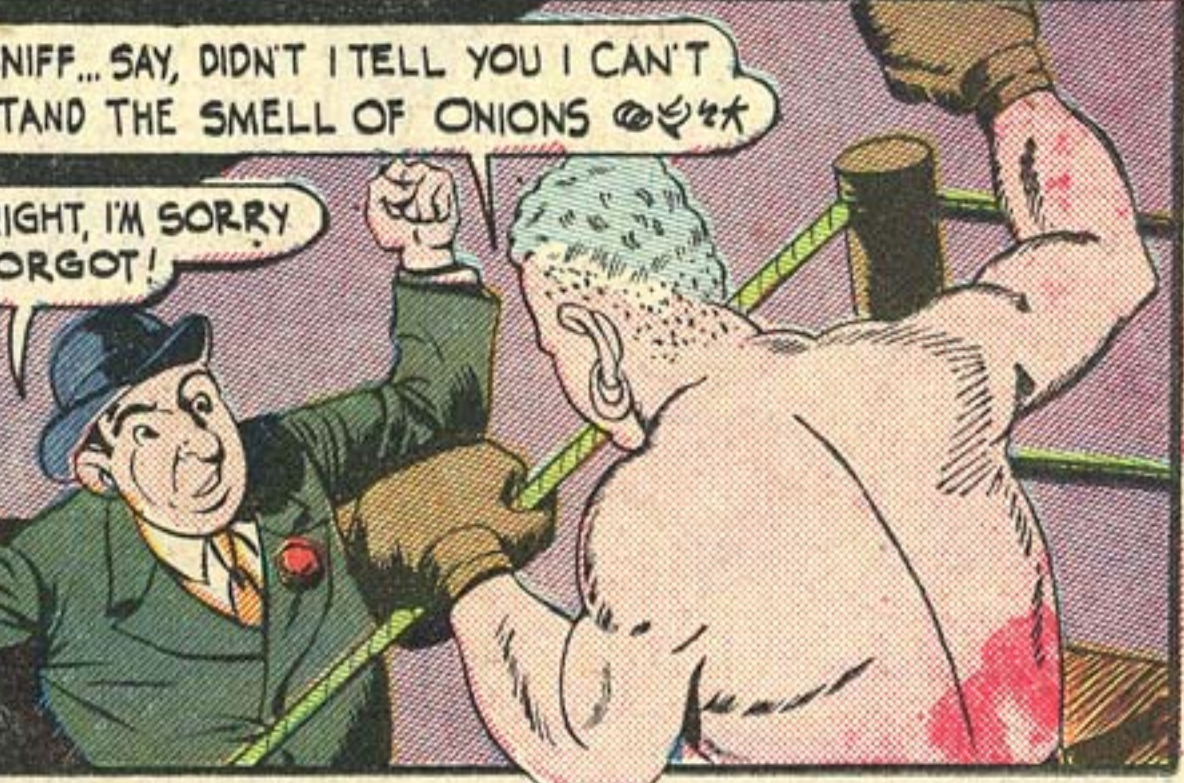
HE JUST NEEDS CONFIDENCE IN HIS-SELF. I BET IF HE WALKED OUTTA THE RING ONCE ... THAT'D DO IT!

MAYBE, BUT IT DOESN'T LOOK LIKE HE'LL EVER DO IT!



AND AT THE SAME TIME IN THE TRAINING CAMP OF BORNEO SAM, LEADING CONTENDER FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP...

BORNEO I JUST LEARNED SLUGGER BROKE HIS WRIST AND WON'T BE ABLE TO FIGHT YOU!



SNIFF... SAY, DIDN'T I TELL YOU I CAN'T STAND THE SMELL OF ONIONS @&#*

AWRIGHT, I'M SORRY I FORGOT!



BUT YA OUGHTTA HAVE AT LEAST ONE MORE FIGHT BEFORE YA MEET THE CHAMP! HMM.. WHO CAN WE GET THAT WILL "POSITIVELY" LOSE?



MEAN-WHILE..

WELL, HERE WE ARE RIGHT BACK WHERE WE STARTED FROM. ANYWAY, WE'RE SURE OF EATING!

GOSH, BABS, YOU'RE SWELL HONEST. GEE!



TELEGRAM FOR YOU MA'M SIGN HERE!

FOR ME? WONDER WHO IT CAN BE FROM?



CORKLE! THEY WANT YOU TO FIGHT BORNEO SAM THE WINNER GETS A CHANCE TO FIGHT THE CHAMP!

MAN OH MAN!

GOSH!

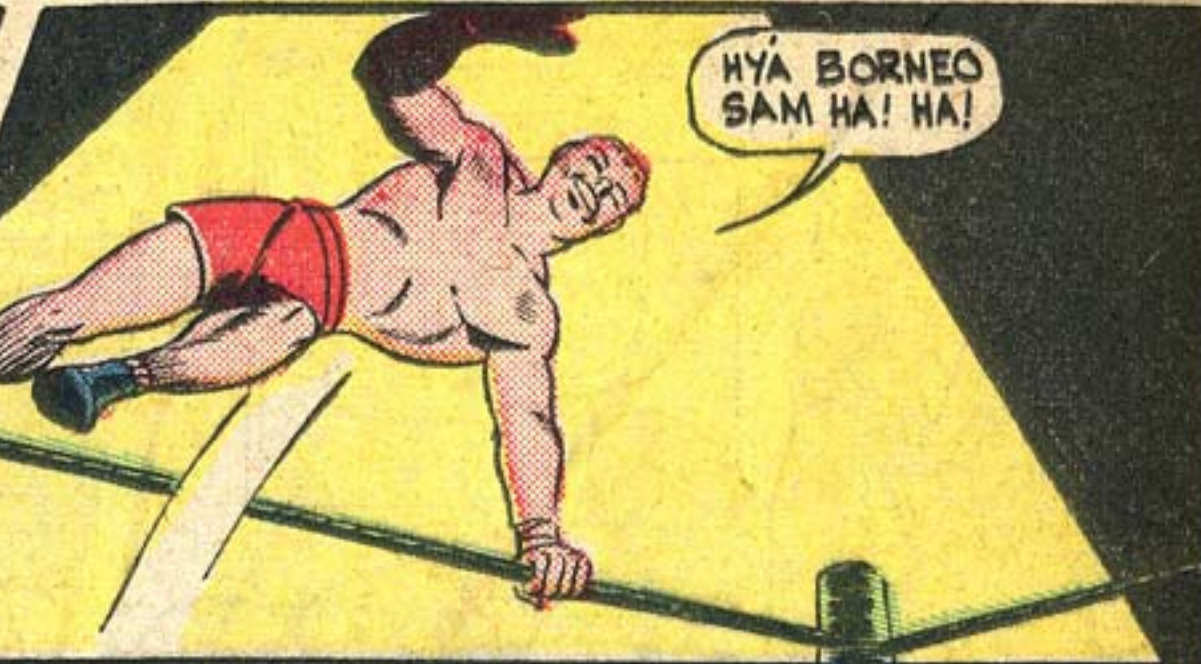


AND THE NIGHT OF THE FIGHT!

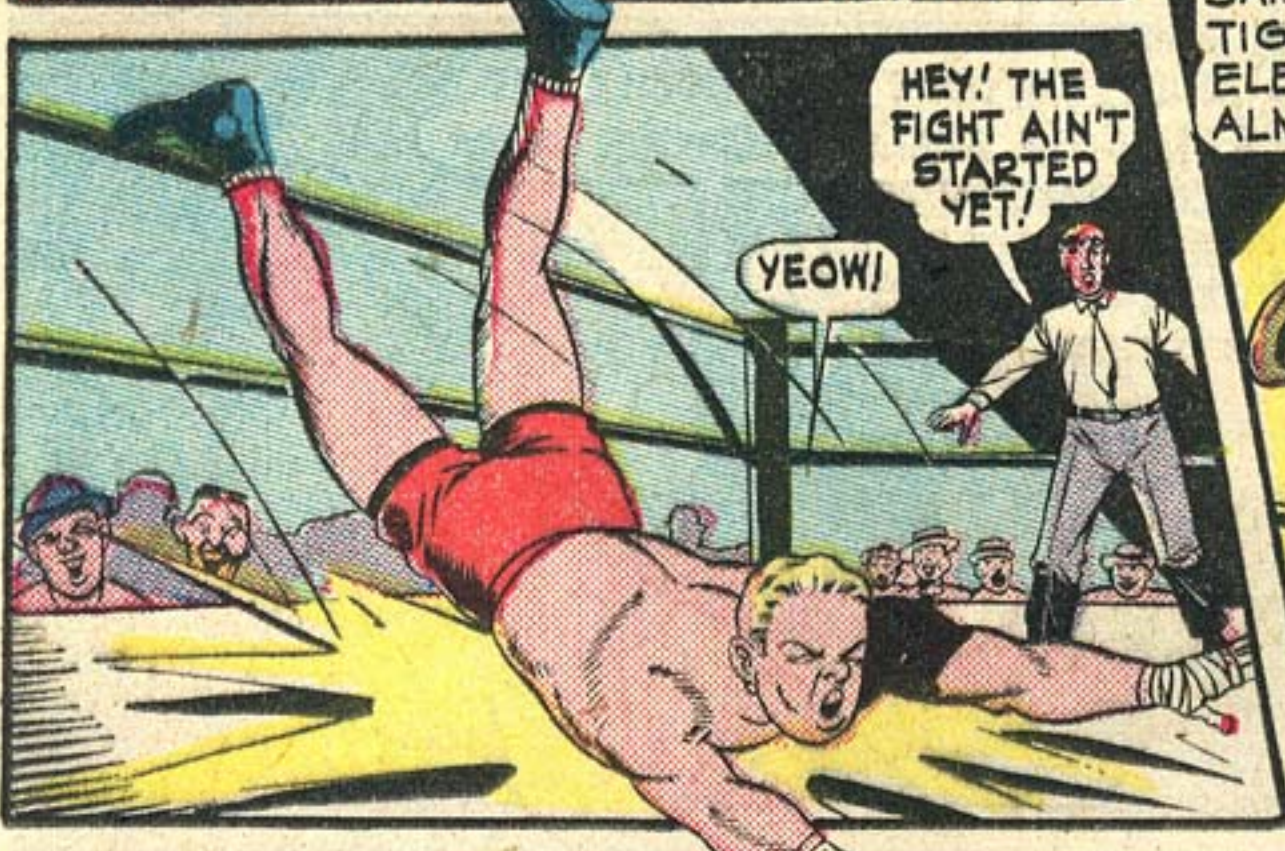
HY BABE!

HARUMPH

HARUMPH!

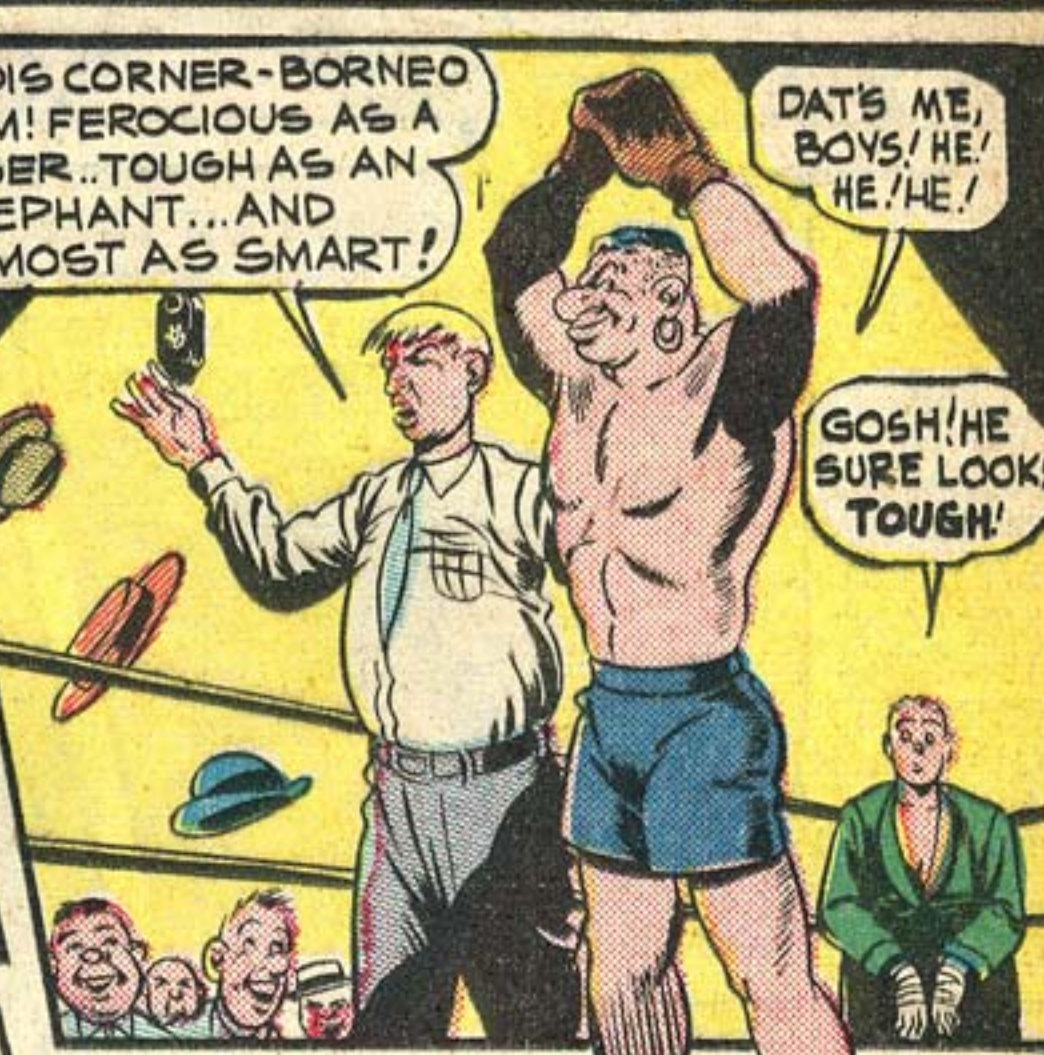


HYA BORNEO SAM HA! HA!



HEY! THE FIGHT AIN'T STARTED YET!

YEOW!



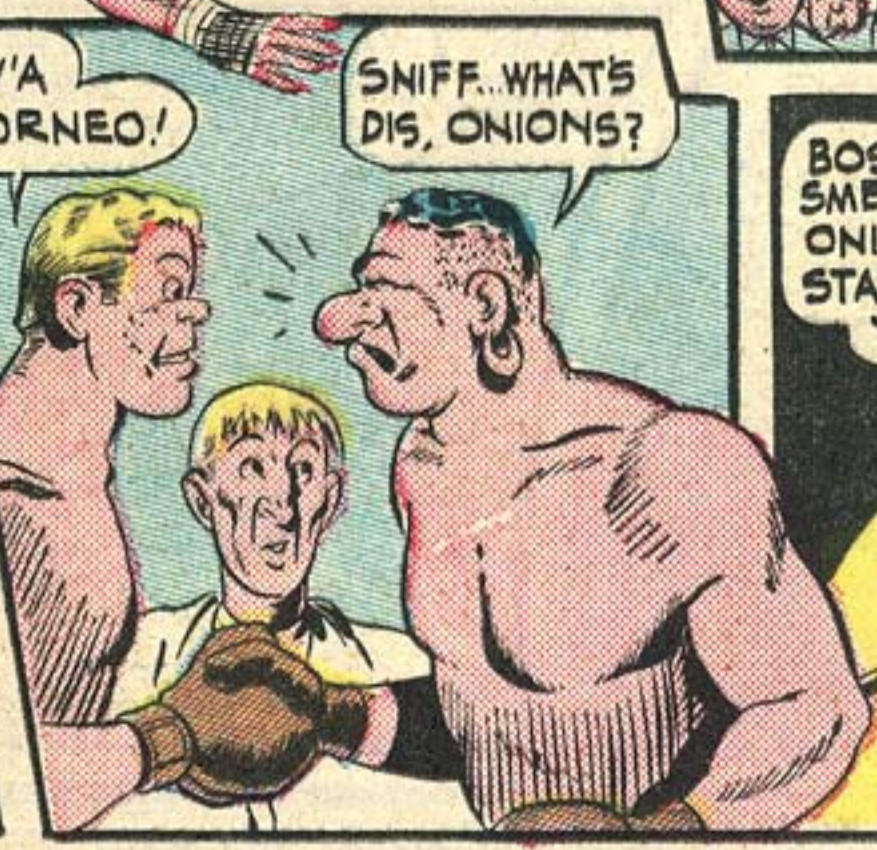
IN DIS CORNER - BORNEO SAM! FEROCIOUS AS A TIGER... TOUGH AS AN ELEPHANT... AND ALMOST AS SMART!

DAT'S ME, BOYS! HE! HE! HE!

GOSH! HE SURE LOOKS TOUGH!

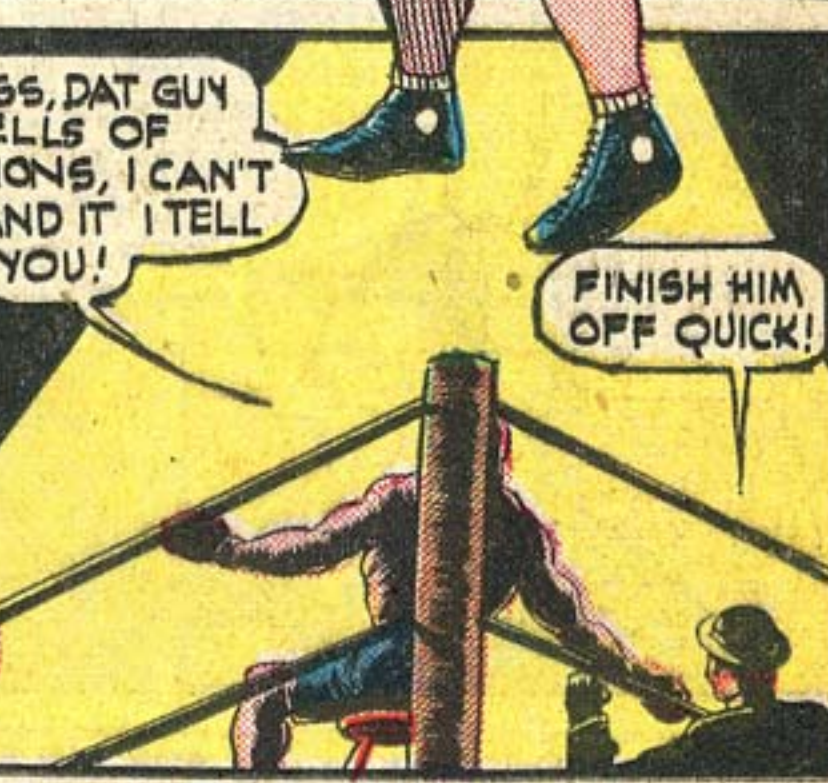


AND IN DIS CORNER... IF HE'S STILL AWAKE, CANVASBACK CORKLE. 195 LBS. 30Z. STANDING UP!



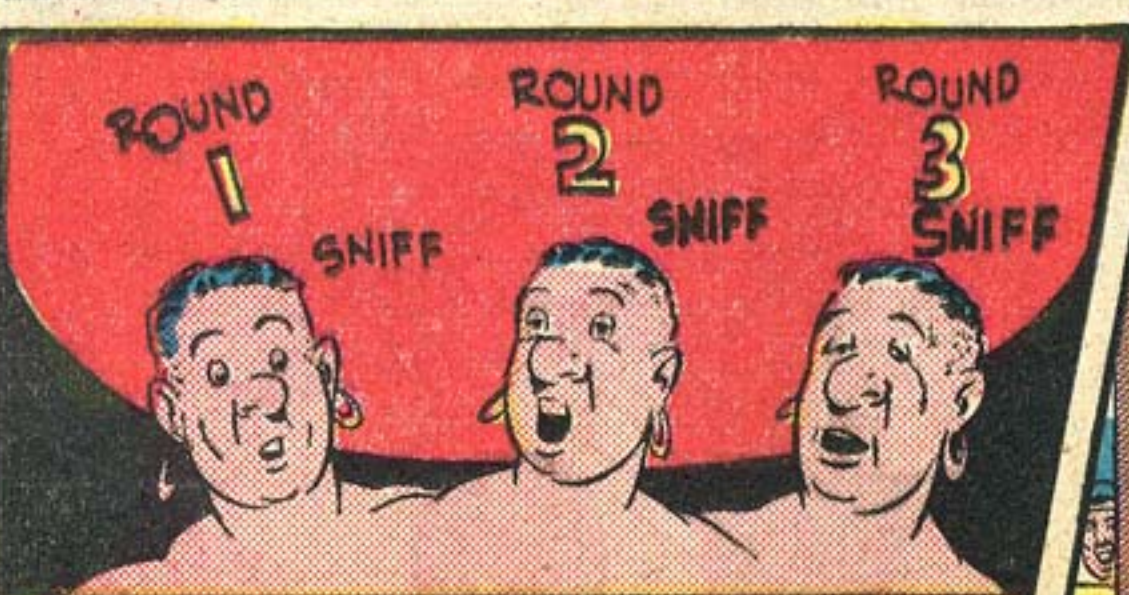
HYA BORNEO!

SNIFF... WHAT'S DIS, ONIONS?



BOSS, DAT GUY SMELLS OF ONIONS, I CAN'T STAND IT I TELL YOU!

FINISH HIM OFF QUICK!



ROUND 1

ROUND 2

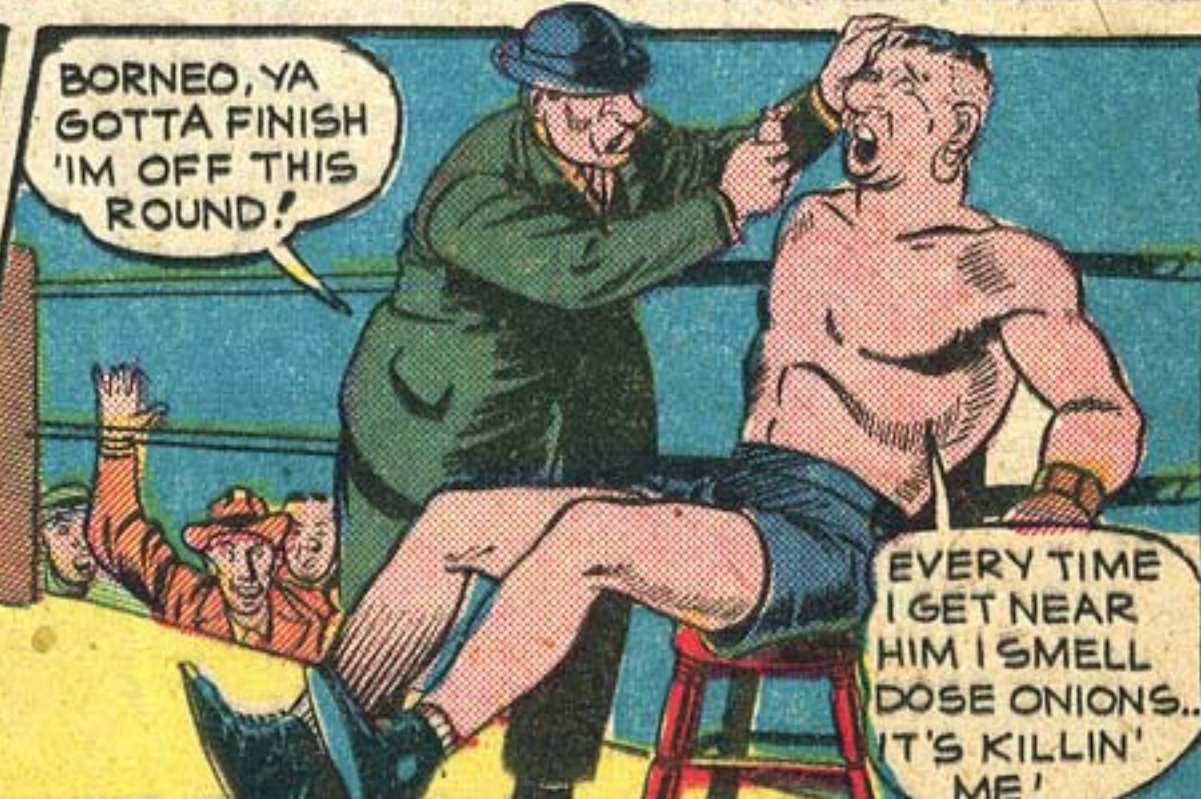
ROUND 3

SNIFF

SNIFF

SNIFF

THE CROWD IS THUNDER-STRUCK AS THE ROUNDS GO BY - AND STILL NO KAYO. WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH BORNEO SAM?



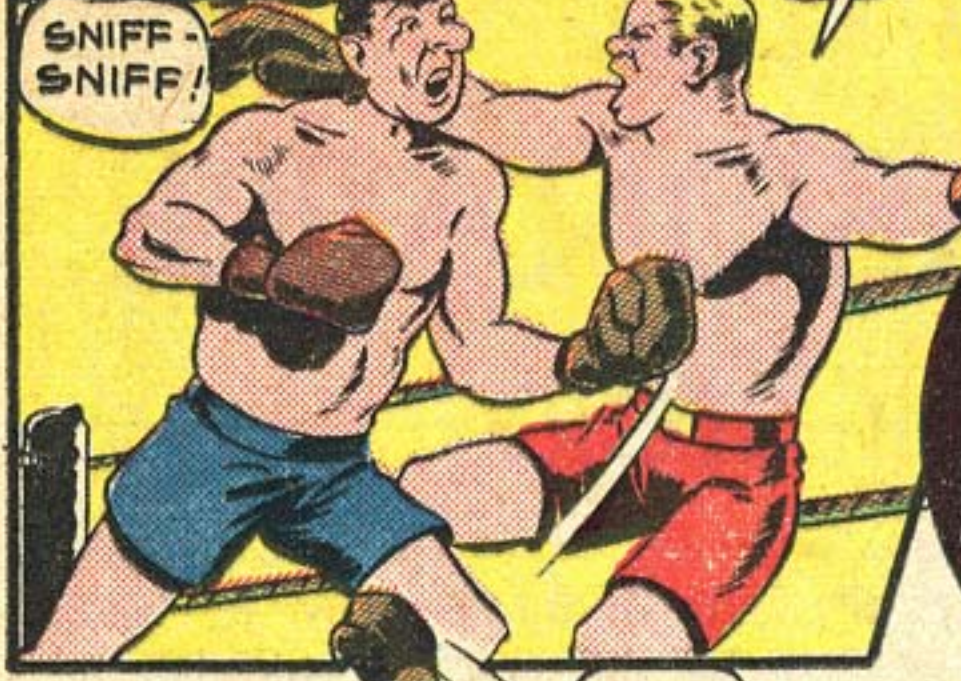
BORNEO, YA GOTTA FINISH 'IM OFF THIS ROUND!

EVERY TIME I GET NEAR HIM I SMELL DOSE ONIONS.. IT'S KILLIN' ME!

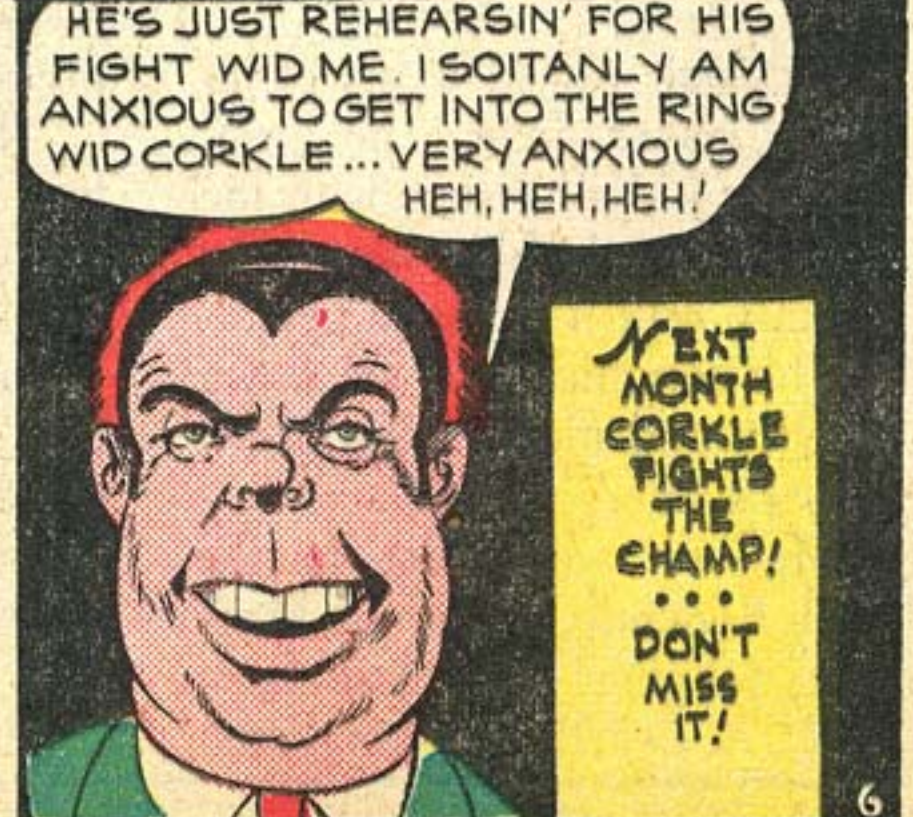
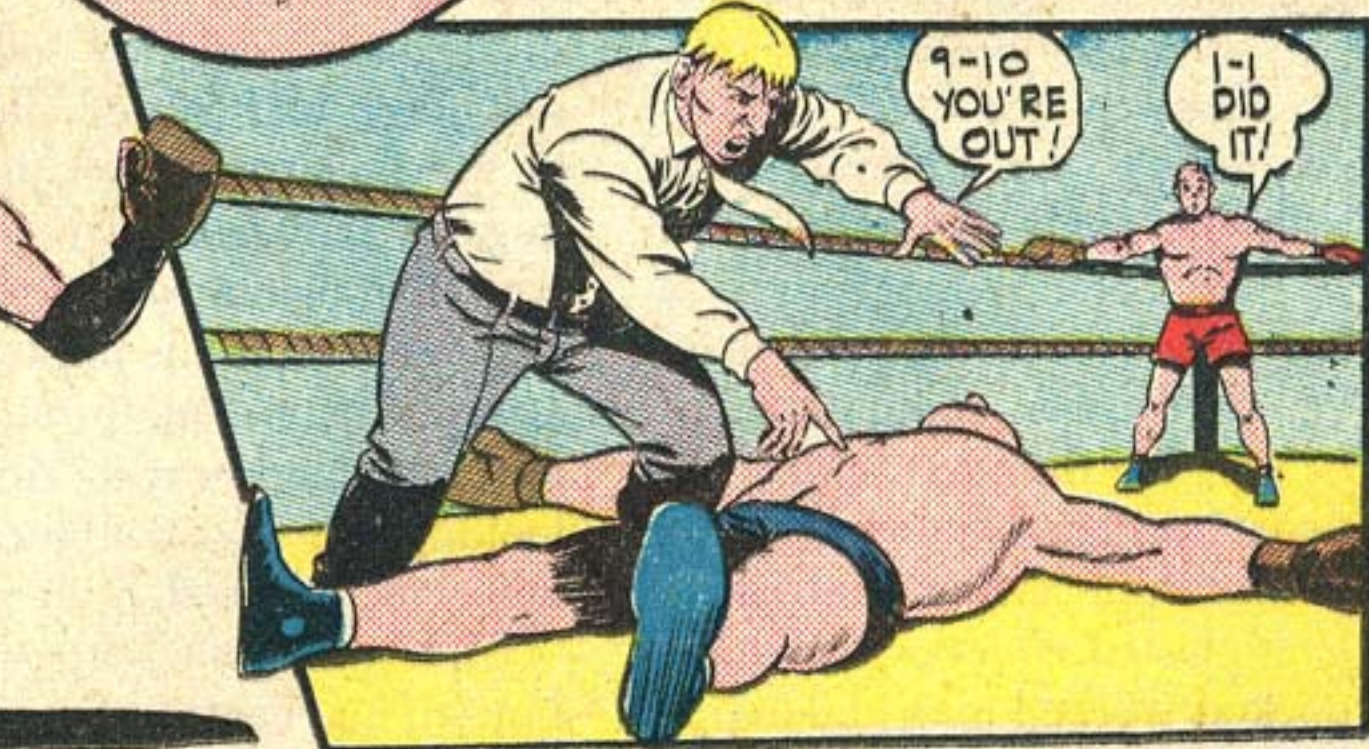
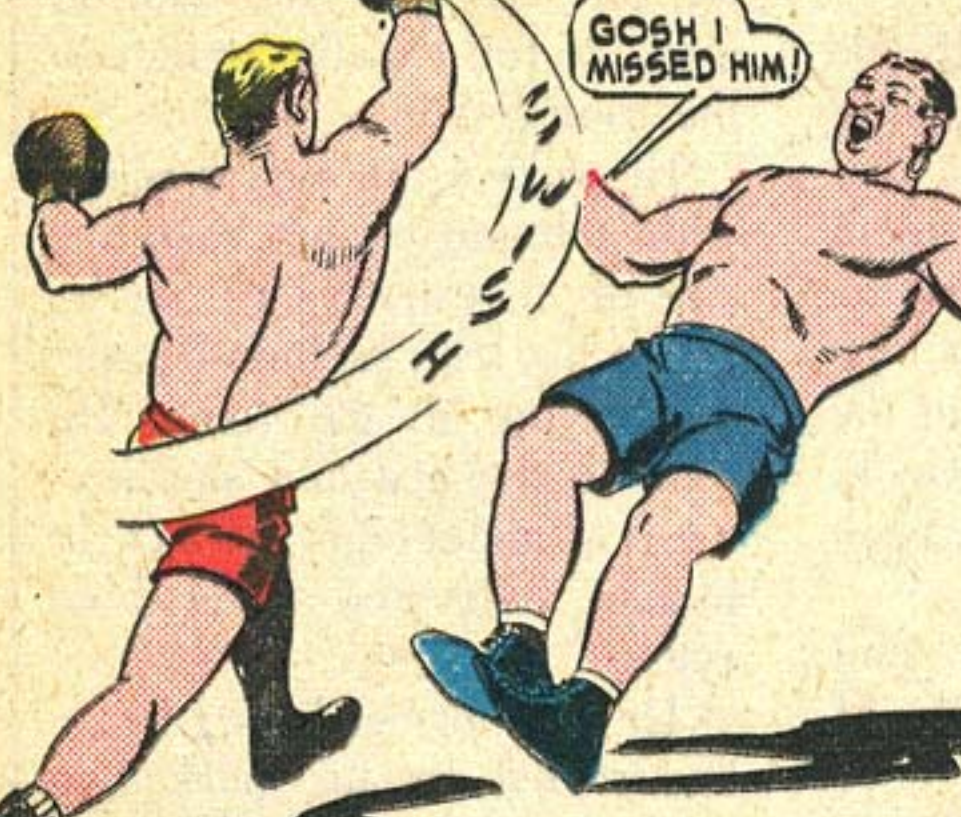
DESPERATELY, BORNEO RUSHES IN FOR A QUICK KILL, AND...

OH, OH, SOMETHING'S UP, THERE'S A PECULIAR GLAZE IN BORNEO'S EYES RIGHT AFTER THAT LAST WHIFF OF CORKLE'S BREATH!

FINISH HIM OFF CORKLE!



YEOWW! HE'S WIDE OPEN! YOUR RIGHT, CANVASBACK! THROW THAT RIGHT!



CRIMES COMMITTED— RATES REASONABLE!

A SNOOP McGOOK STORY

SNOOP McGOOK stepped into the office of the Police Commissioner.

"You sent for me?" he asked, fixing the Commissioner with his eagle-like stare.

The Commissioner was a red faced, beetle-browed man. He had the reputation of being the dumbest chief the department had known in years. Under him crime flourished. Unmolested, thieves and pick-pockets worked long and happy hours. Gambling dens prospered. The guards in the city jail-house grew fat and lazy for want of customers.

The Commissioner brought his fist down violently on the desk, so that the ink-stand jumped in alarm. "McGook!" he roared, "the mayor's daughter has been kidnapped and my whole blankety-blank police department can't find her! The Mayor's given me just twenty-four hours to get her back—or else! And you've got to do it!"

McGook raised a bony finger. "Never fear," he said. "Either I shall return with the girl in twenty-four hours, or I shall return without her!"

The commissioner sat down heavily and mopped his brow. "That's fine," he said.

McGook went first to the Club Redondo, where the Mayor's daughter had last been seen. A swarthy looking man

was wiping glasses near the end of the bar.

McGook whipped out his spy-glass and stared intently at the fingerprints on the mahogany bar, comparing them with the prints on a card he had taken from his pocket. The swarthy man came around the bar and stood next to McGook, looking over his shoulder. Soon other men joined him.

McGook looked up to find himself the center of a ring of hostile eyes.

"What'cha doin' that for?" The swarthy man asked. He put his hand on McGook's elbow. "We better take him in the back room to see the Boss!"

The Boss was sitting at a wooden table in the back room, playing solitaire with a deck of soiled cards.

"So you're McGook?" he said, "and the Commissioner sent you here to find the Mayor's daughter, did he?"

McGook nodded. Against his back he could feel the cold pressure of a gun.

"That's right. And, unless I find her in twenty-four hours, the Commissioner is going to be out of a job!"

On hearing this, the Boss laid down his pack of cards. He leaned forward. "Is that the truth?" he asked. At the same time he made a motion with his hand.

McGook saw the gun barrel

rise in an arc above his head, but he was just too late to duck. It felt exactly as though the roof fell in.

He woke up in a dark room, with a bump on his head the size of an ostrich egg. As he got to his feet, he heard someone crying in the room. He went to the bed and saw her, a girl of about eight, with curly blonde hair and wide blue eyes.

He did not need the picture he carried in his pocket to know that this was the Mayor's daughter.

Later that day, in the back room of the Club Redondo, the Boss and a few of his henchmen were reading the newspaper account of McGook's sensational detective work in trailing down and recovering the Mayor's kidnapped daughter. "The Greatest Detective Since Sherlock Holmes," said the accounts.

The Boss winked at his men. "Too bad we had to pass up the ransom money for the Mayor's daughter, eh, boys?"

One of the henchmen nodded solemnly. "Yeh. But anything was better than for the Commissioner to lose his job. Boy, we'd go out of business without that dumb cluck! What hurts me, though, is that that bone-head detective, McGook, is gonna get all the credit for this!"

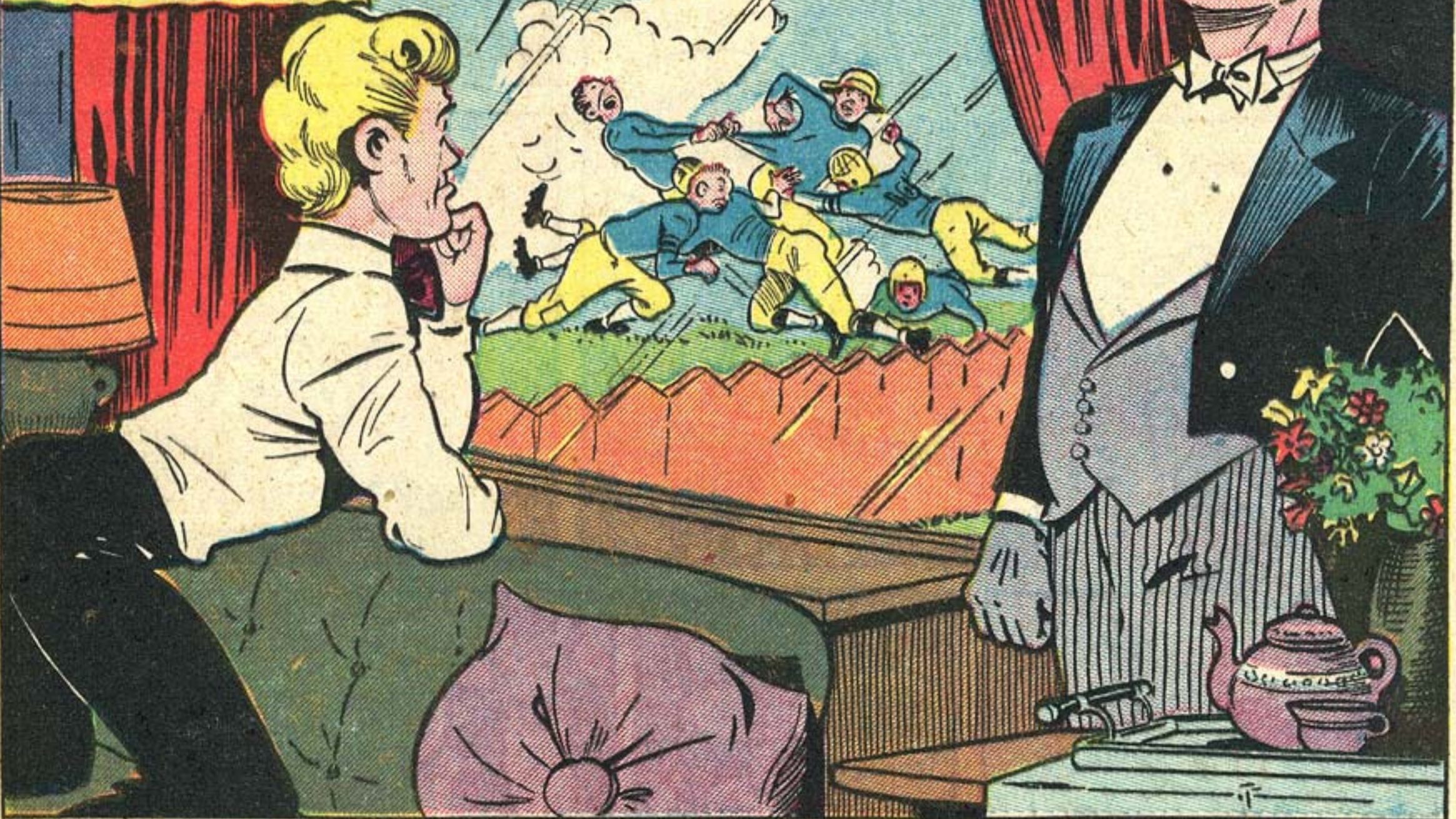
PERCY

by Montana and Kean

IT'S A PROBLEM, ALL RIGHT! WHAT'S A GUY GOING TO DO WHEN ALL HE WANTS TO BE IS ONE OF THE GANG? A REG'LAR FELLER? NOT THE BLUE-BLOODED YOUNG GENTLEMAN HIS WEALTHY PARENTS ARE TRYING TO MAKE OF HIM. SO STEP RIGHT UP AND MEET - PERCIVAL PLUMMER

FINE THING. THERE'S THE GANG PRACTICING. AND ME, THE COACH, STUCK IN HERE!

MASTER PERCIVAL, YOUR SINGING TUTOR HAS ARRIVED!

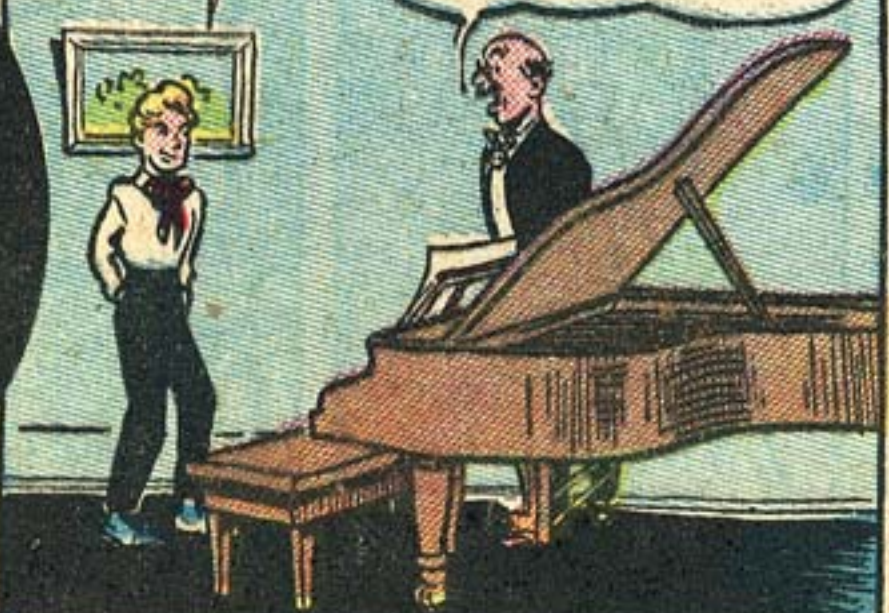


HOLY CATS! I'LL BE STUCK FOR AT LEAST AN HOUR.. I'LL NEVER MAKE PRACTICE, NOW



ER-AH... COULDN'T WE POSTPONE TODAY'S LESSON, MR. SCREECH!

CERTAINLY NOT! YOU SHOULD APPRECIATE THE PRIVILEGE OF PRIVATE TUTORING. NOT MANY BOYS ARE AS FORTUNATE!



NOW WE COMMENCE.. DO, RE, ME FA, SO, LA, SO --

A VOICE LIKE THAT AND HE CALLS IT A PRIVILEGE!

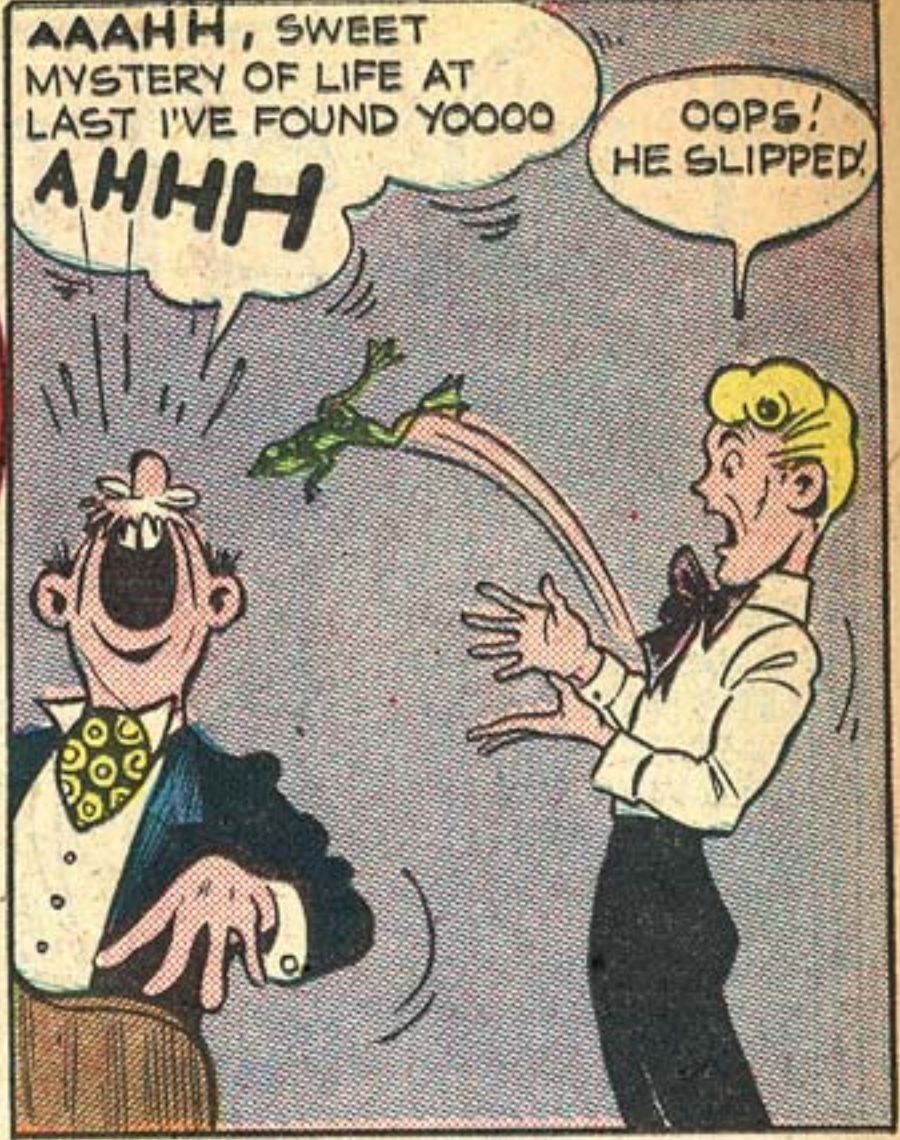




SAY...WHAT'S WRIGGLING IN MY POCKET? OH,OH...IT'S FLIP...I FORGOT ALL ABOUT HIM!



GEE, FLIP, I'M SORRY, OLE PAL! I'LL LET YOU OUT NOW!



AAAHH, SWEET MYSTERY OF LIFE AT LAST I'VE FOUND YO000
AHHH

OOPS! HE SLIPPED!

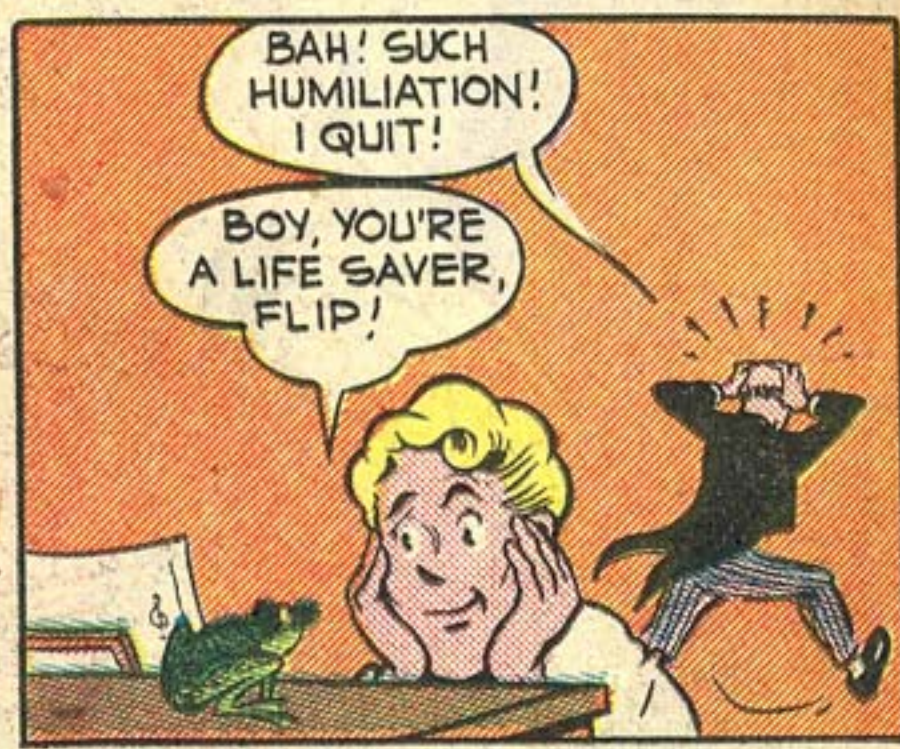


YOU YOUNG RUFFIAN! YOU DELIBERATELY PUT THAT FROG IN MY THROAT!

YOU HAD ONE THERE BEFORE FLIP JUMPED IN!



ULKKKK!

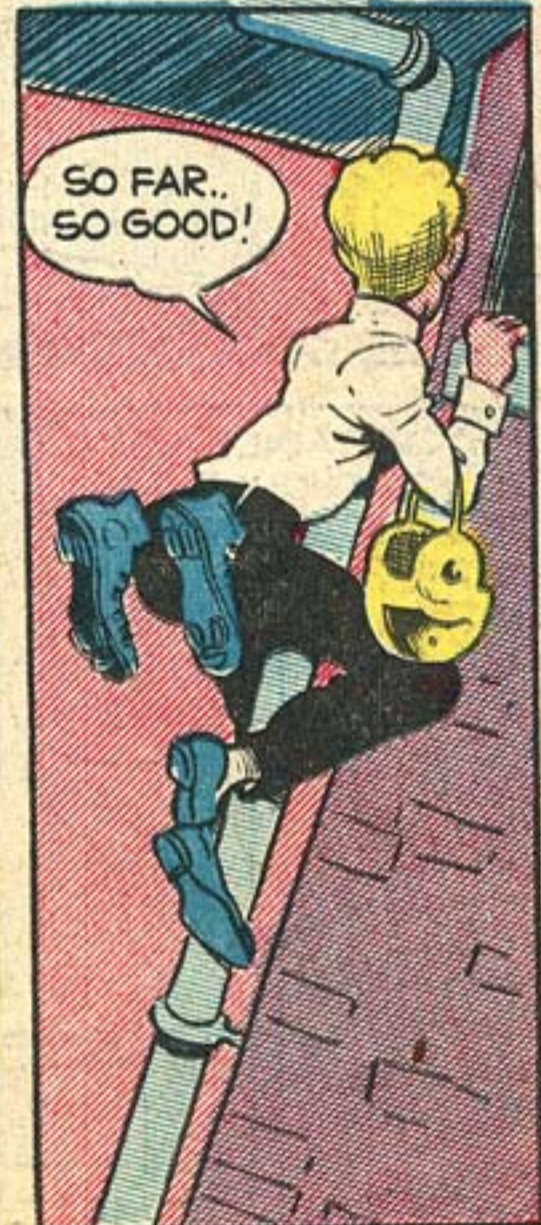


BAH! SUCH HUMILIATION! I QUIT!

BOY, YOU'RE A LIFE SAVER, FLIP!



I'M ONLY AN HOUR LATE - NOW TO SNEAK OUT WITH MY UNIFORM WITHOUT JEEVES SEEING ME!



SO FAR.. SO GOOD!



SO, MASTER PERCIVAL, UP TO YOUR TRICKS AGAIN. I SHALL BE FORCED TO WRITE YOUR PARENTS OF THIS LATEST ESCAPE!

AW GEE, CAN I HELP IT IF OLD SCREECH WALKS OUT ON ME?



THAT BOY!
I CERTAINLY
HOPE HIS PARENTS
RETURN FROM
FLORIDA SOON!



THAT JEEVES TAKES
HIS JOB TOO SERIOUSLY.
I'LL NEVER GET TO FOOT-
BALL PRACTICE!.. NOW
I'VE GOT A PAINTING
LESSON!



A FEW MINUTES LATER..

HEY! LINDSAY DOYLE...
PROF. DOYLE...I'M HERE!



AHH, YOU BREENG
ZE PAIL AND ZE
BROOM TO CLEAN
ZE STUDIO...NO?



NO! I
WANT TO
PAINT THINGS
HANGING FROM
THE CEILING!

BUT-BUT
HOW WILL
YOU DO
EET?



WE'LL HOLD
THE PAIL UP BY
PUTTING THE
BROOM UNDER IT
LIKE THIS!

EXTRAORDINARY!
REVOLUTIONARY!



GRAB A HOLD
OF THIS WHILE
I GET DOWN,
WILL YOU?

OUI,
OUI!



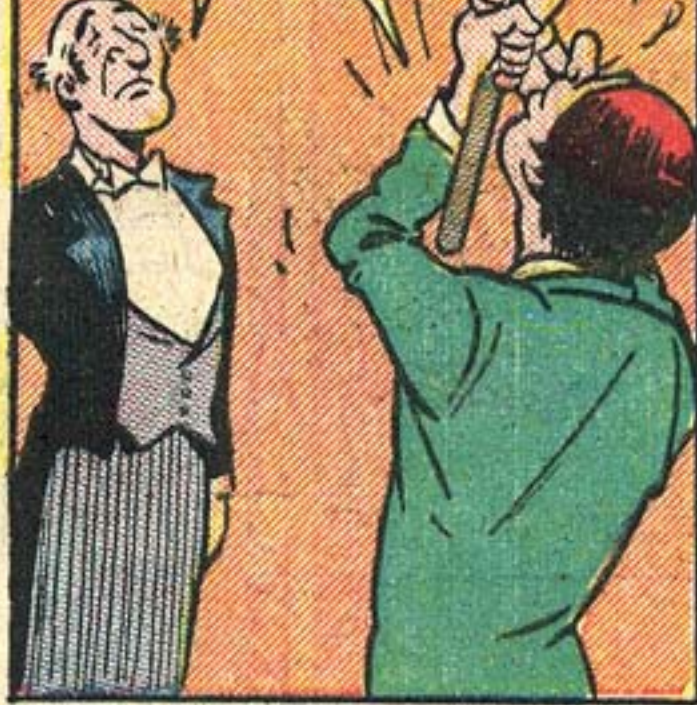
SO LONG,
PROF. DOYLE..
HAVE FUN!

MUCH LATER..

HOW CAN I GET OUT OF ZIS?... AT LAST, HERE COME ZAT BUTLER!

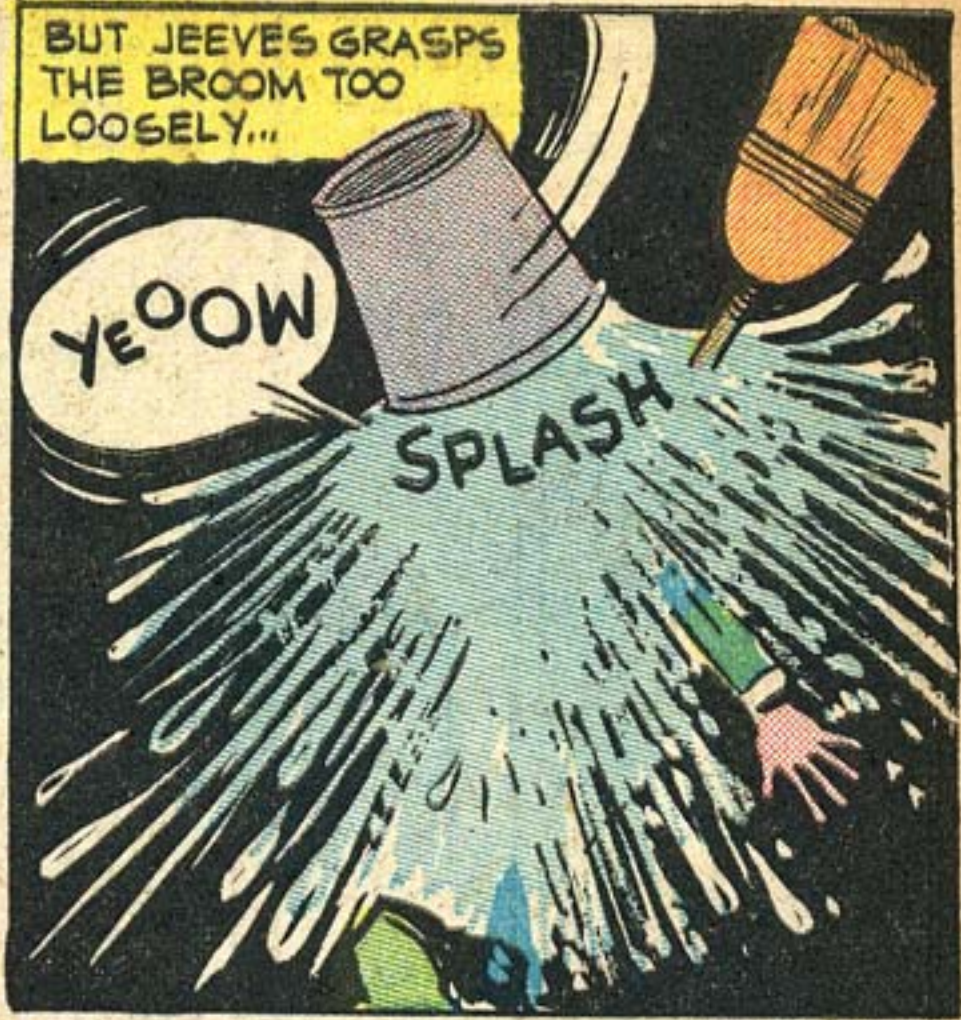


WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?... WHERE IS MASTER PERCIVAL?
GRR-TAKE ZIS BROOM- I'LL FIND HIM- AND WHEN I DO..



BUT JEEVES GRASPS THE BROOM TOO LOOSELY...

YE OOW
SPLASH

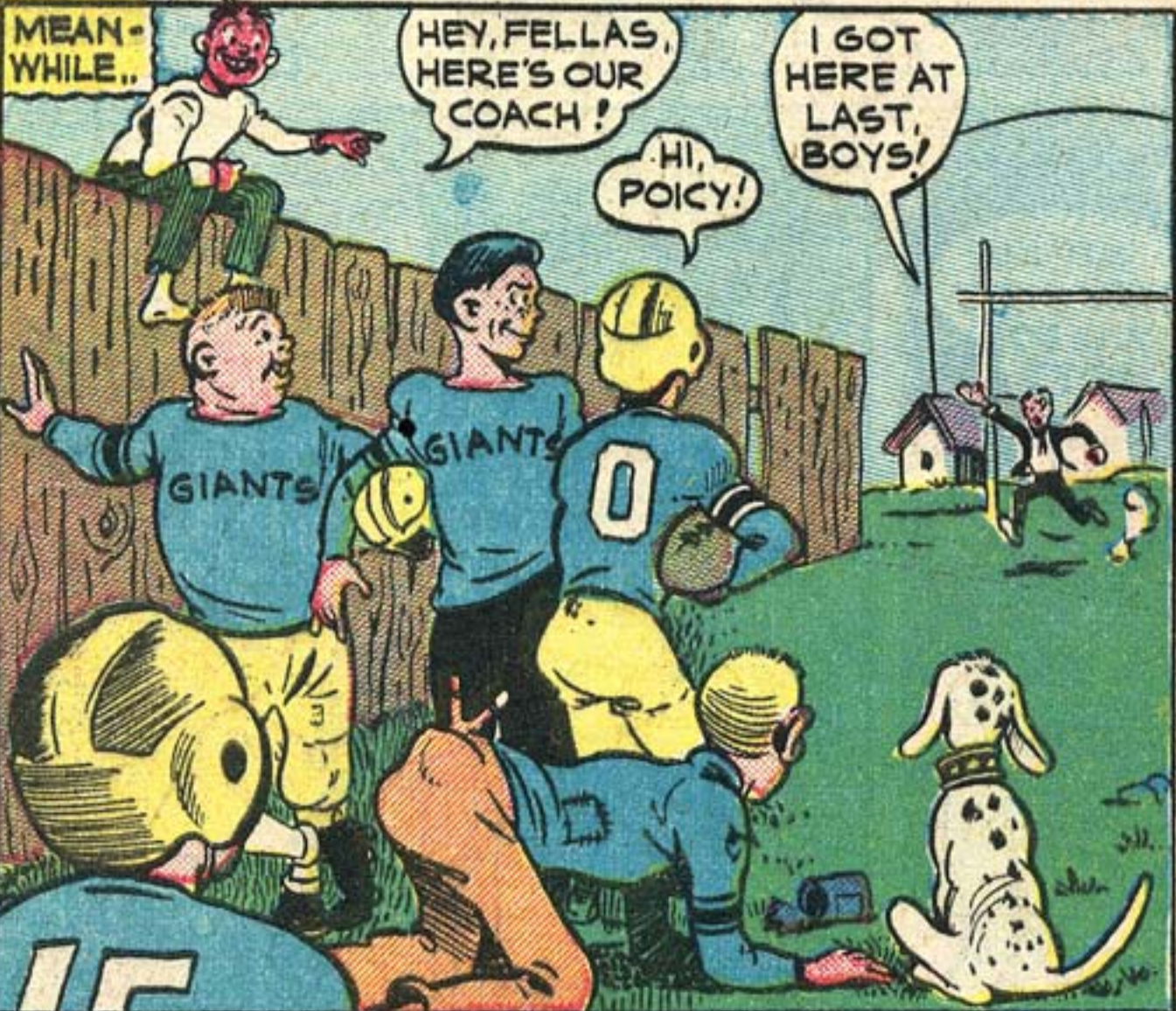


MEAN-WHILE..

HEY, FELLAS, HERE'S OUR COACH!

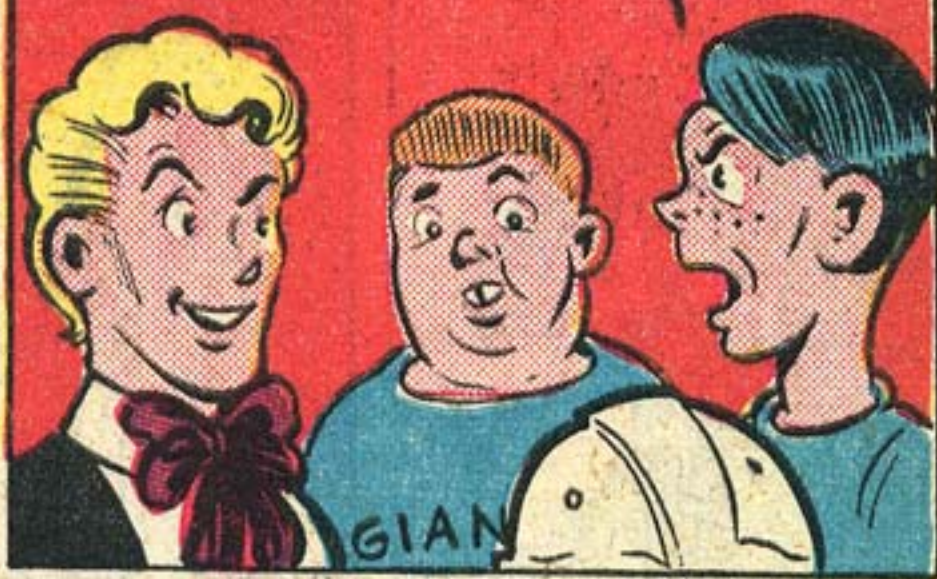
I GOT HERE AT LAST, BOYS!

HI, POICY!



WHAT'S THE MATTER? WHY AREN'T YOU PRACTICING?

WE GOT CHALLENGED BY DE CHAMBERS ST. TIGERS TO PLAY TOMORROW.. IF WE DON'T HAVE SOME NEW PLAYS, WE'RE SUNK!



I'VE GOT IT! I'LL GET MY MATH TUTOR TO THINK UP A COUPLE.. FOR ONCE HE'LL BE USEFUL... WAIT FOR ME!



...AND SO, MR. GYPS, WE ARE SUNK UNLESS WE CAN THINK UP A NEW SYSTEM OF PLAYS!

HMM.. IT SEEMS VERY SIMPLE - A MATTER OF MATHEMATICS!



$$V = 145 \frac{1}{13} \frac{2}{12} \times 12$$

$$\pi \times X$$

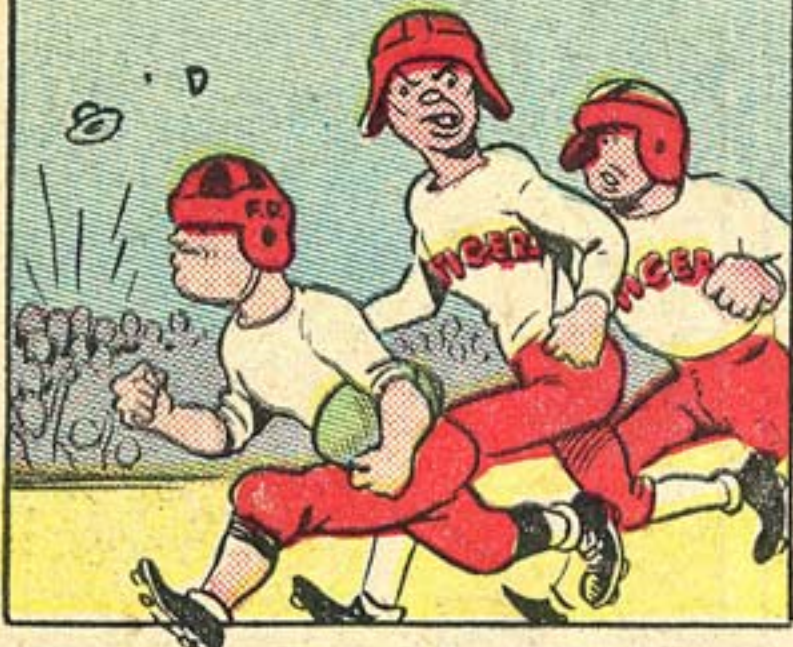
THAT NIGHT AT THE FIELD...

YOU'RE DOING SWELL, FELLAS... WE'RE ALMOST DONE NOW... MR. GYPS SAID ACCORDING TO THE LAWS OF MATHEMATICS, WE CAN'T LOSE TOMORROW!



THE DAY OF THE BIG GAME -- AND THE VISITING "BEARS" COME OUT...

DIS'LL BE EASY! WHERE'S DE FIELD?



HEY, FUZ, LOOK!

IT'S GEOMETRY!

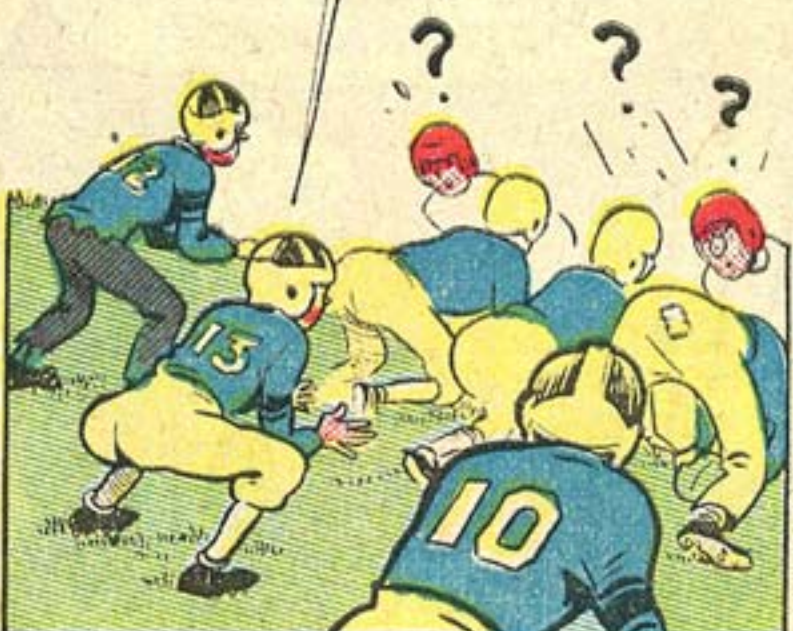
IT'S SCREWY!



THE FIELD HAS BEEN PAINTED WITH STRANGE GEOMETRIC FIGURES...



SIGNALS! TRIANGLE THREE-SQUARE OF DE HY-POT-ANEWS! SIXTY DEGREES!



WHAT'S ALL THIS ALGEBRA? WHAT ARE THESE GUYS DOIN'?

HEADS UP! IT'S A PASS!

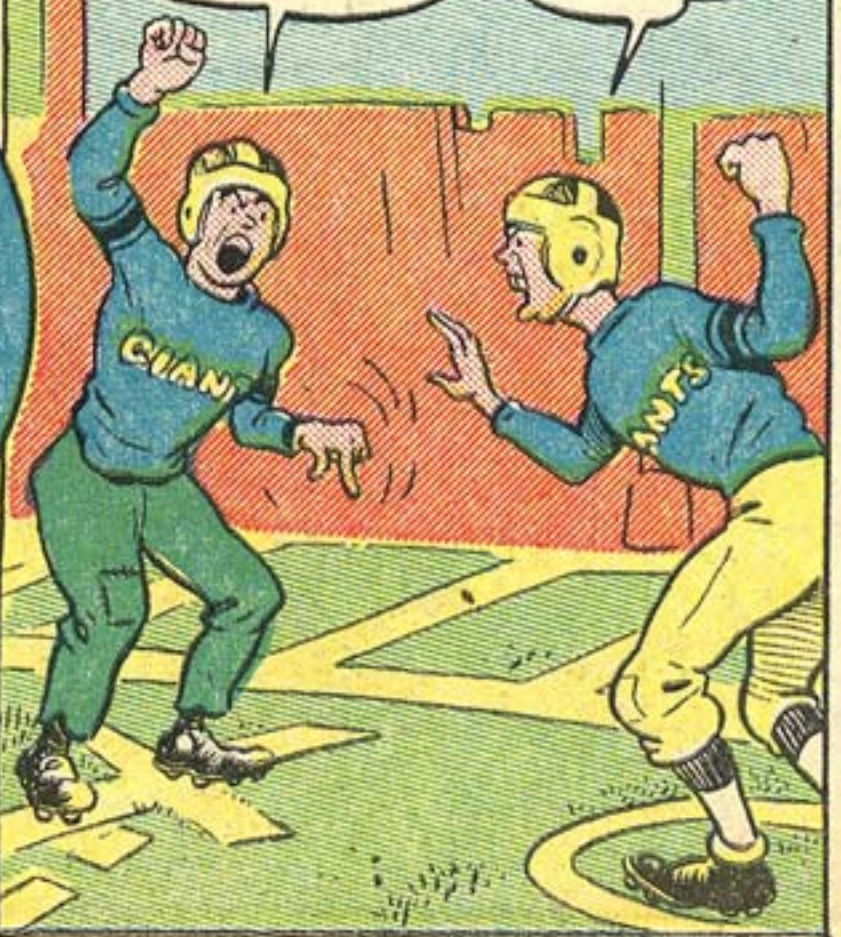


DON'T FORGET THE NEW SYSTEM! GET IN THERE AND WIN!



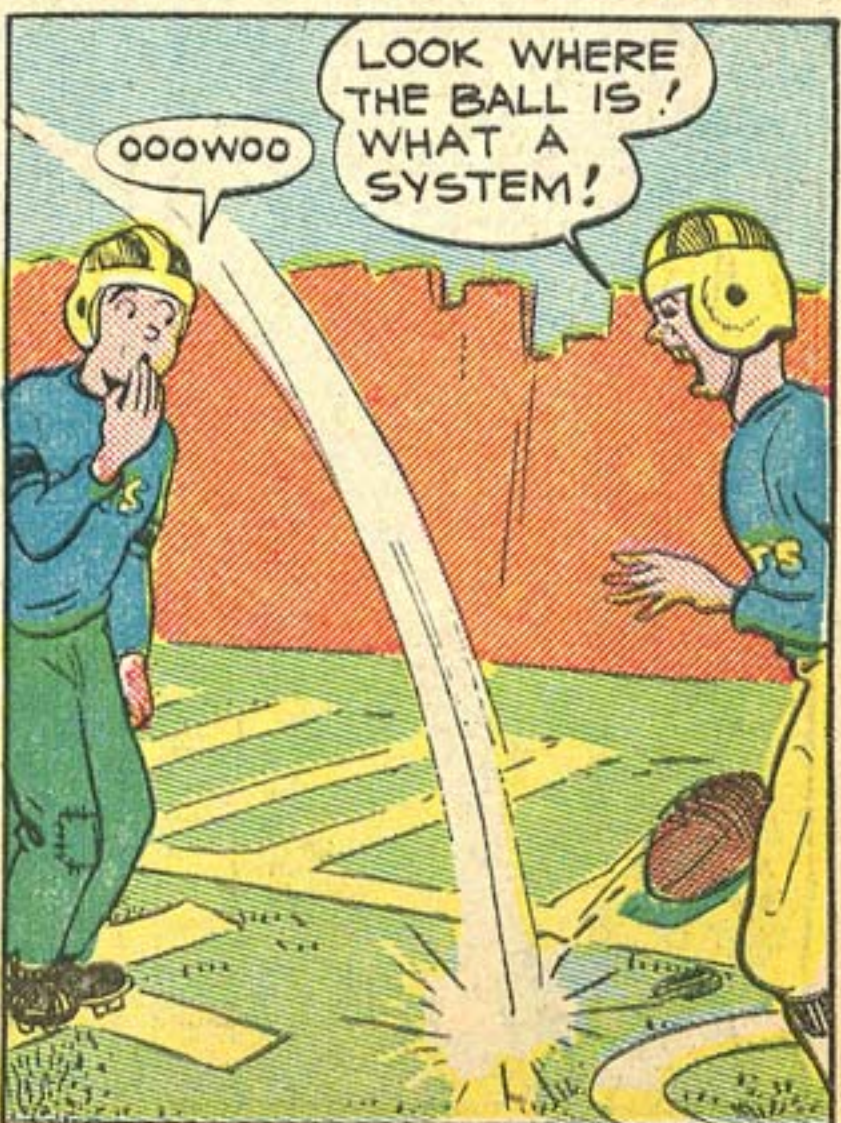
YA SUPPOSED TO STAND ON DIS CROSS!

YA NUTS! POICY SAID A COYCLE!



LOOK WHERE THE BALL IS! WHAT A SYSTEM!

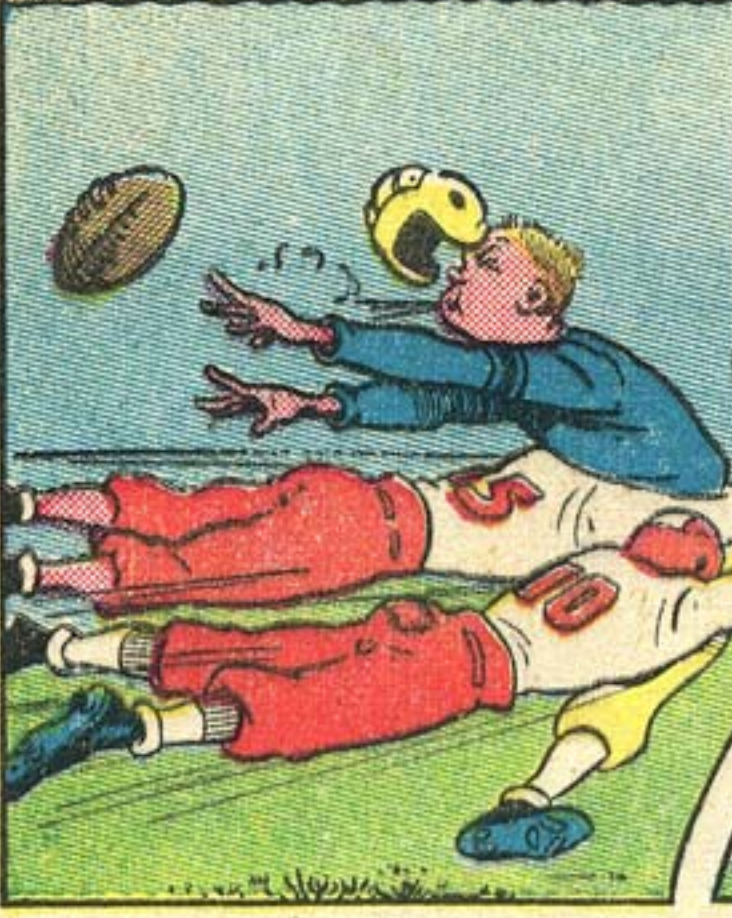
OOOWOO



THE BALL IS SHOT TOWARDS THE GOAL BY PERCY'S TEAM...



RECOVERING FROM THEIR AMAZEMENT, THE VISITING TEAM CHARGES THROUGH THE LINE TIME AFTER TIME..



YIPEE! ANUDDER GOAL! YOU GUYS BETTER USE YOUR MATHEMATICS TO KEEP SCORE!

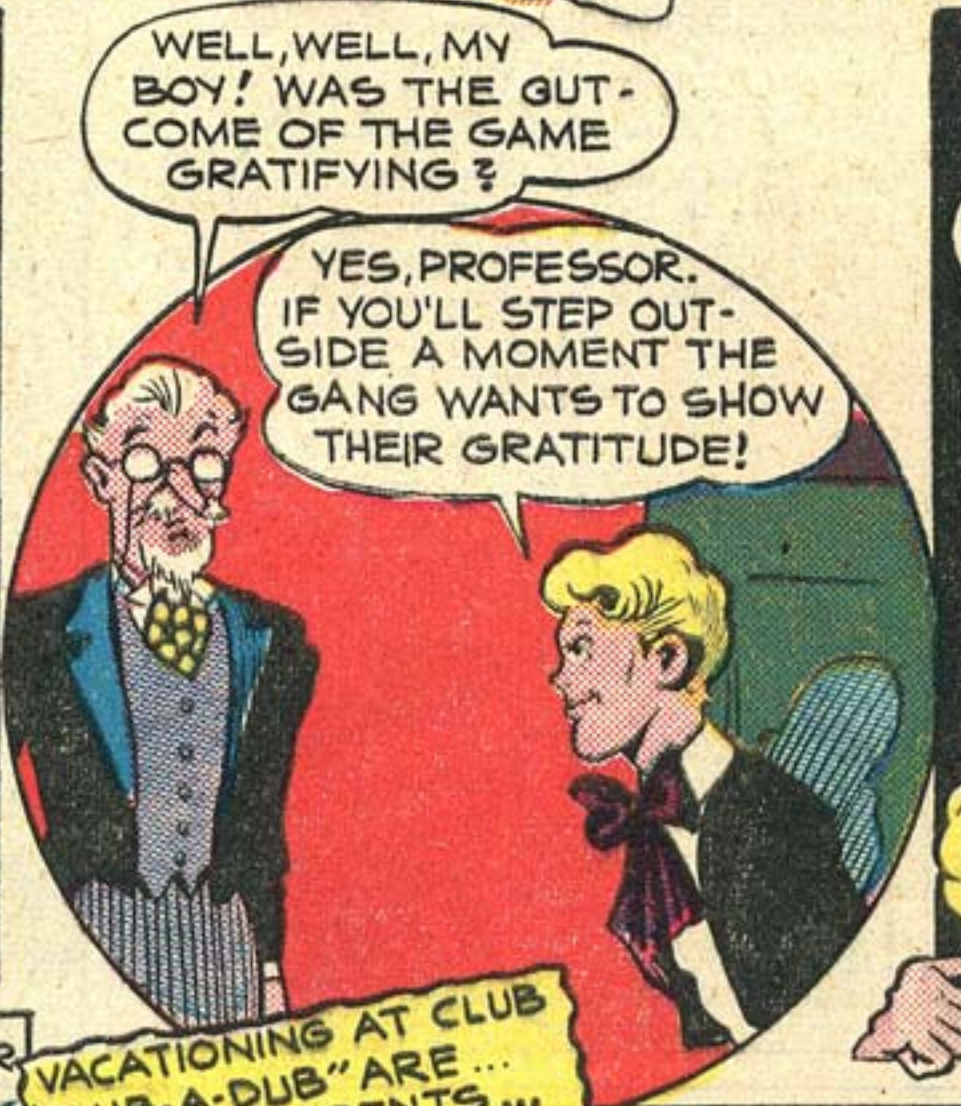


THE GAME WEARS ON...
OOOH... I CAN'T LOOK! MY TEAM IS BEING MASSACRED. I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN BETTER THAN TO TRUST A PROFESSOR!



UNTIL THE FINAL WHISTLE BLOWS! JUST LOOK AT THE SCORE...

PEEP PEEP!



WELL, WELL, MY BOY! WAS THE GUT-COME OF THE GAME GRATIFYING?

YES, PROFESSOR. IF YOU'LL STEP OUTSIDE A MOMENT THE GANG WANTS TO SHOW THEIR GRATITUDE!



GOODBYE, MR. GYPS!



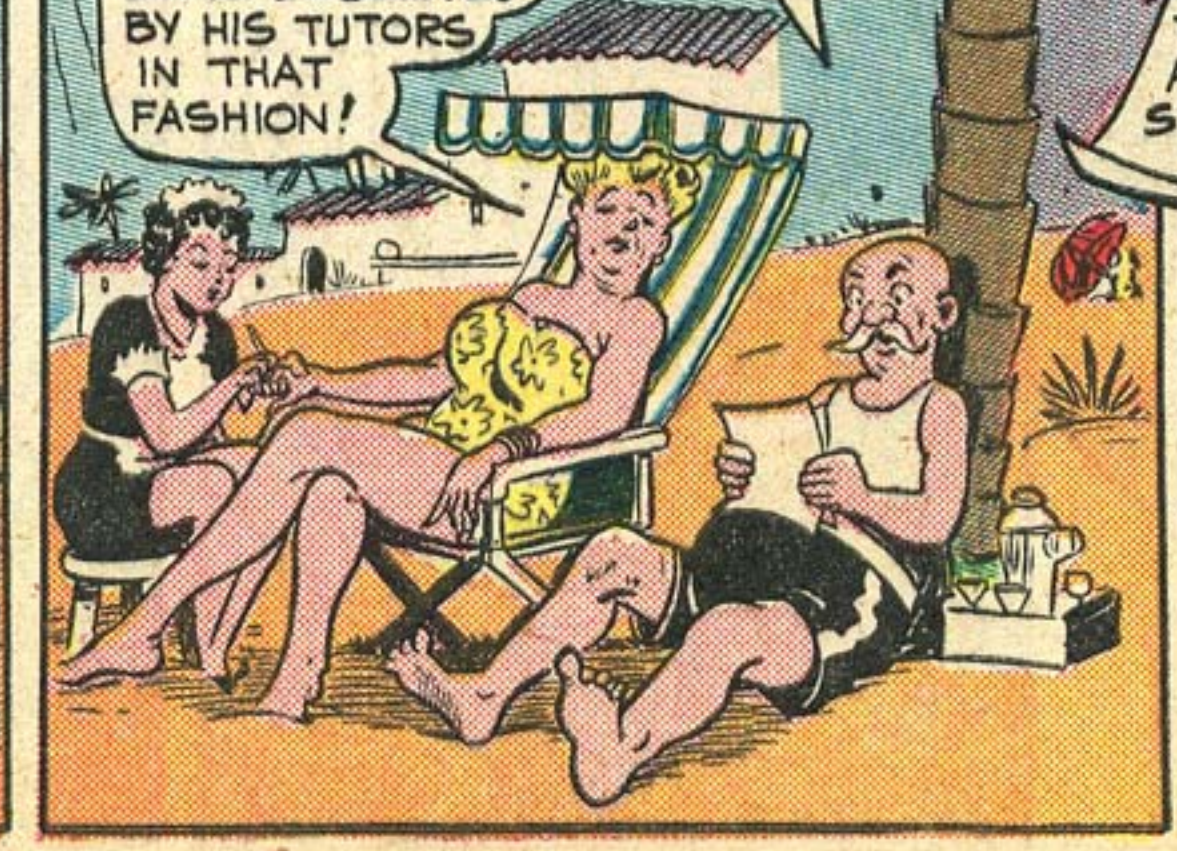
DEAREST MATE AND PATER I CANNOT UNDERSTAND WHY, BUT ALL MY TUTORS HAVE LEFT ME... THIS MAKES ME VERY SAD INDEED...

VACATIONING AT CLUB "FLUB-A-DUB" ARE PERCY'S PARENTS...

POOR, DEAR PERCY. HE MUST BE HEARTBROKEN-BEING DESERTEED BY HIS TUTORS IN THAT FASHION!

HMM, I WONDER, OH, HERE'S A P.S., MY DEAR! IT SAYS...

P.S. I'M AFRAID ALL THAT'S LEFT FOR ME IS TO GO TO HIGH SCHOOL AND PUT UP WITH THOSE ROUGH-NECK FOOTBALL PLAYING STUDENTS!



WATCH PERCY DUCK THAT ASCOT TIE IN A SMACK-EROO OF AN ADVENTURE IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF TOP NOTCH LAUGH COMICS

BE PREPARED FOR A BOMBSHELL

IN THE JULY ISSUE OF "PEP"

SHIELD!... GET UP! WE'VE GOTTA GET OUT OF HERE! WH-WHAT'S HAPPENED, SHIELD?

I-I DON'T KNOW, DUSTY!.. I..I'M WEAK!..MY HEAD'S SPINNING LIKE A MERRY-GO-ROUND!

THE MOST SPECTACULAR EVENT IN THE HISTORY OF COMICS

... AND SOON THE NEWS SPREADS LIKE WILDFIRE

THE SHIELD HAS LOST HIS SUPERPOWER!

IS THIS ANOTHER CATASTROPHE FOR AMERICAN DEMOCRACY? ANOTHER PEARL HARBOR? IS THE SHIELD'S WORK FINISHED? WILL HE EVER RECOVER? THESE ARE THE QUESTIONS ON EVERYBODY'S TONGUE FROM ONE END OF THE COUNTRY TO THE OTHER, AND THE THRILLING ANSWERS ARE TO BE FOUND ONLY IN JULY PEP!

The 3 Monkey-teers



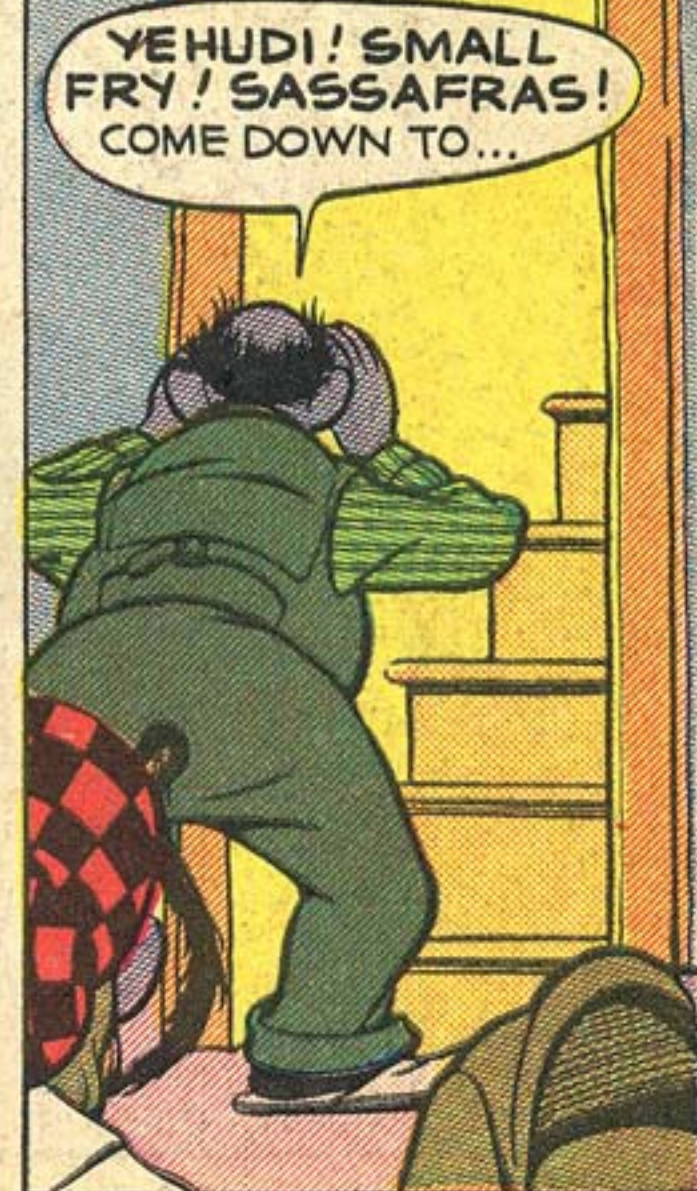
DEAR READERS, THE 3 MONKEY-TEERS ARE HERE PRESENTED FOR THE FIRST TIME IN ANY COMIC BOOK..THERE ARE POSITIVELY NO OTHERS LIKE THEM IN THE WORLD-FOR WHICH ALL PAPA AND MAMA MONKEYS CAN BE DULY THANKFUL!



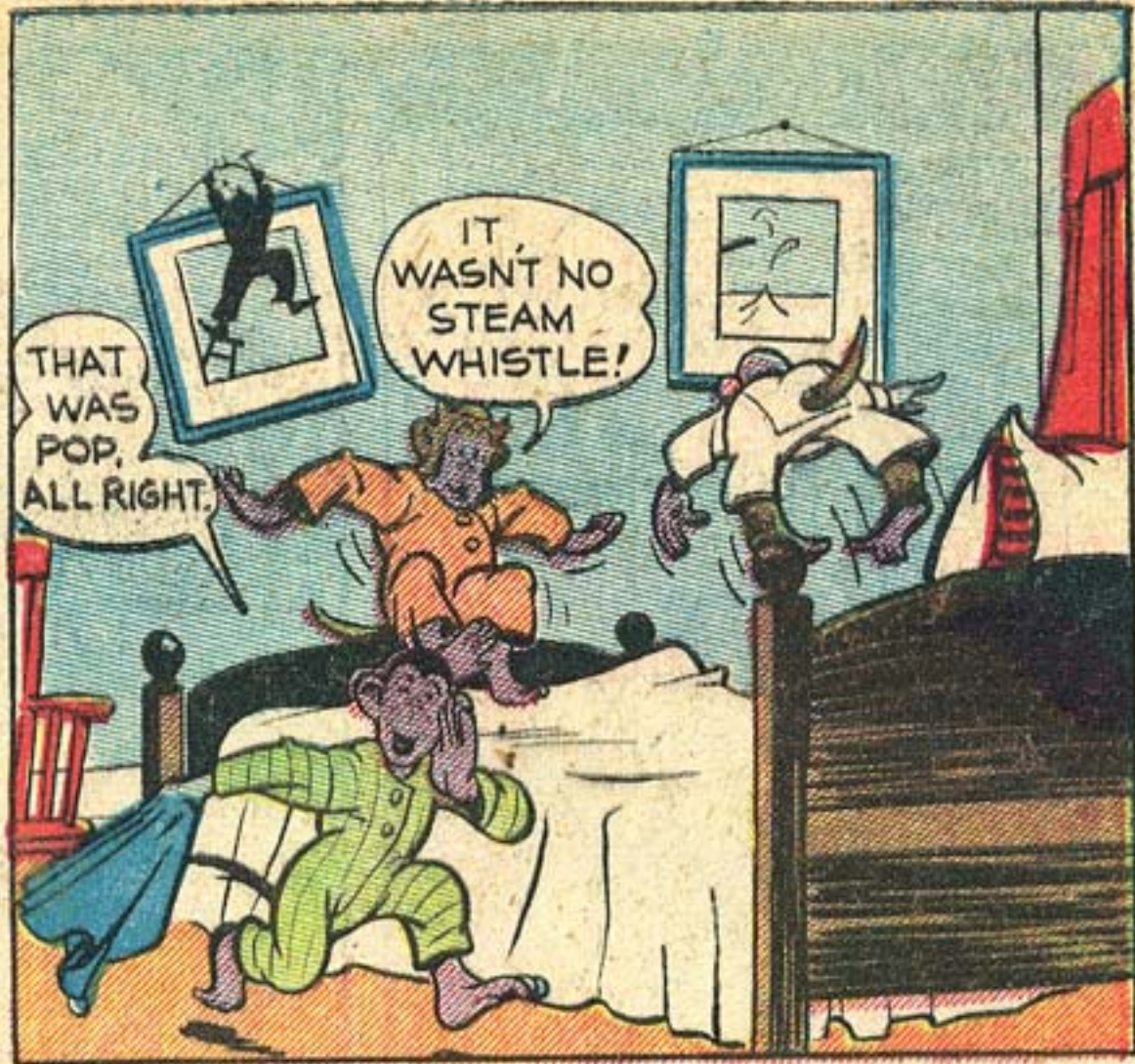
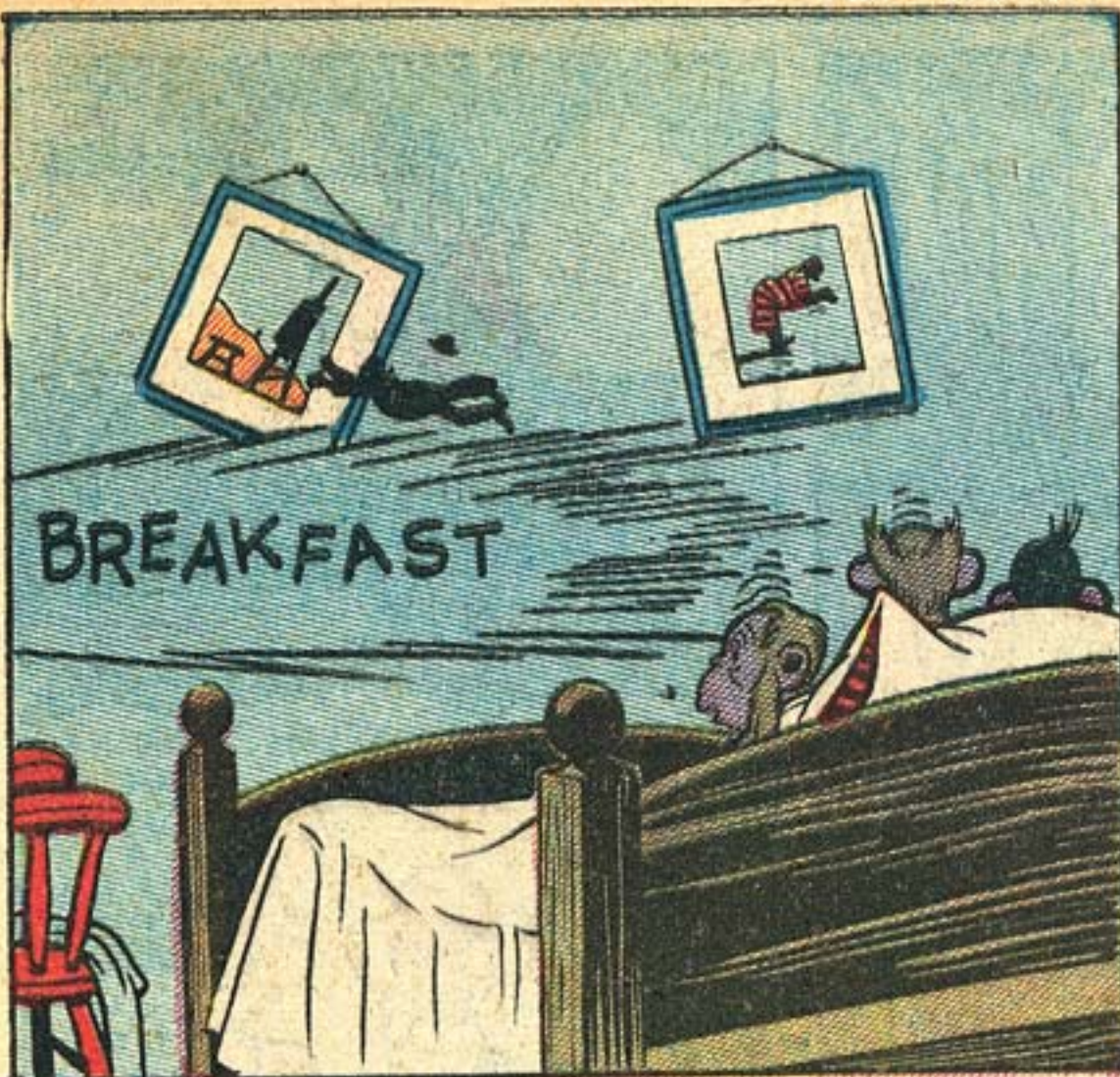
TIME TO GET UP... WHY? LET'S GO BACK TO SLEEP!

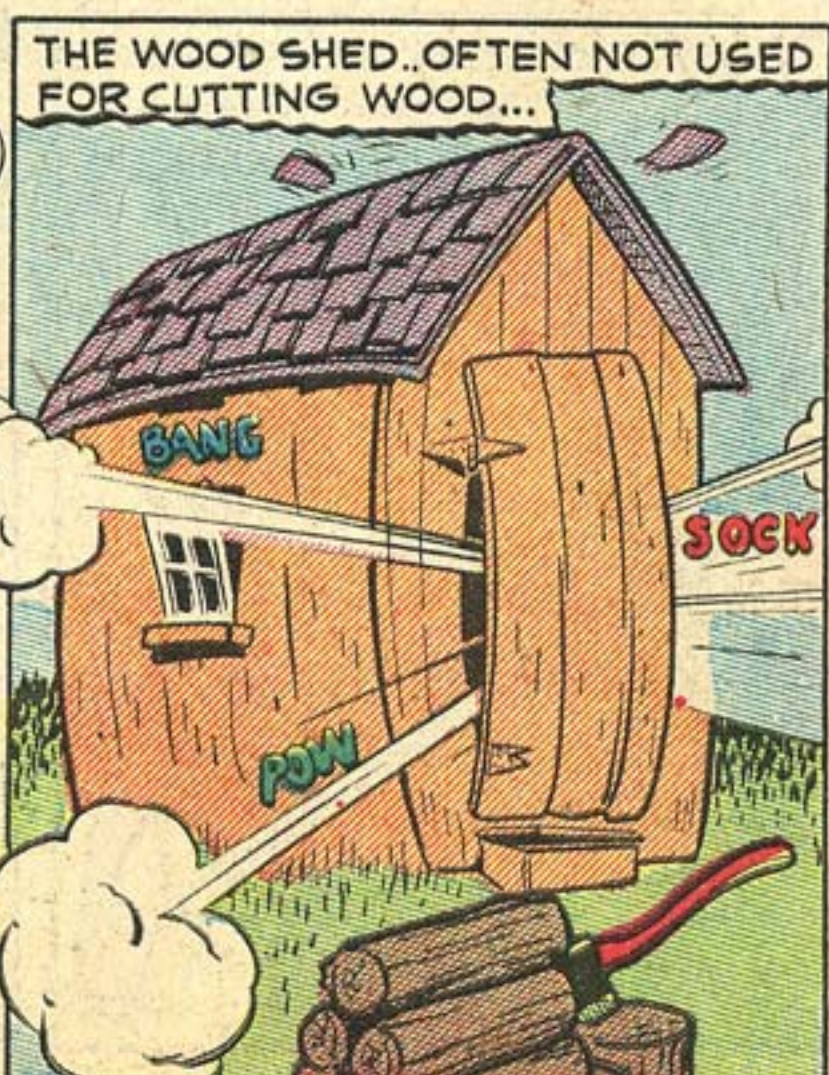
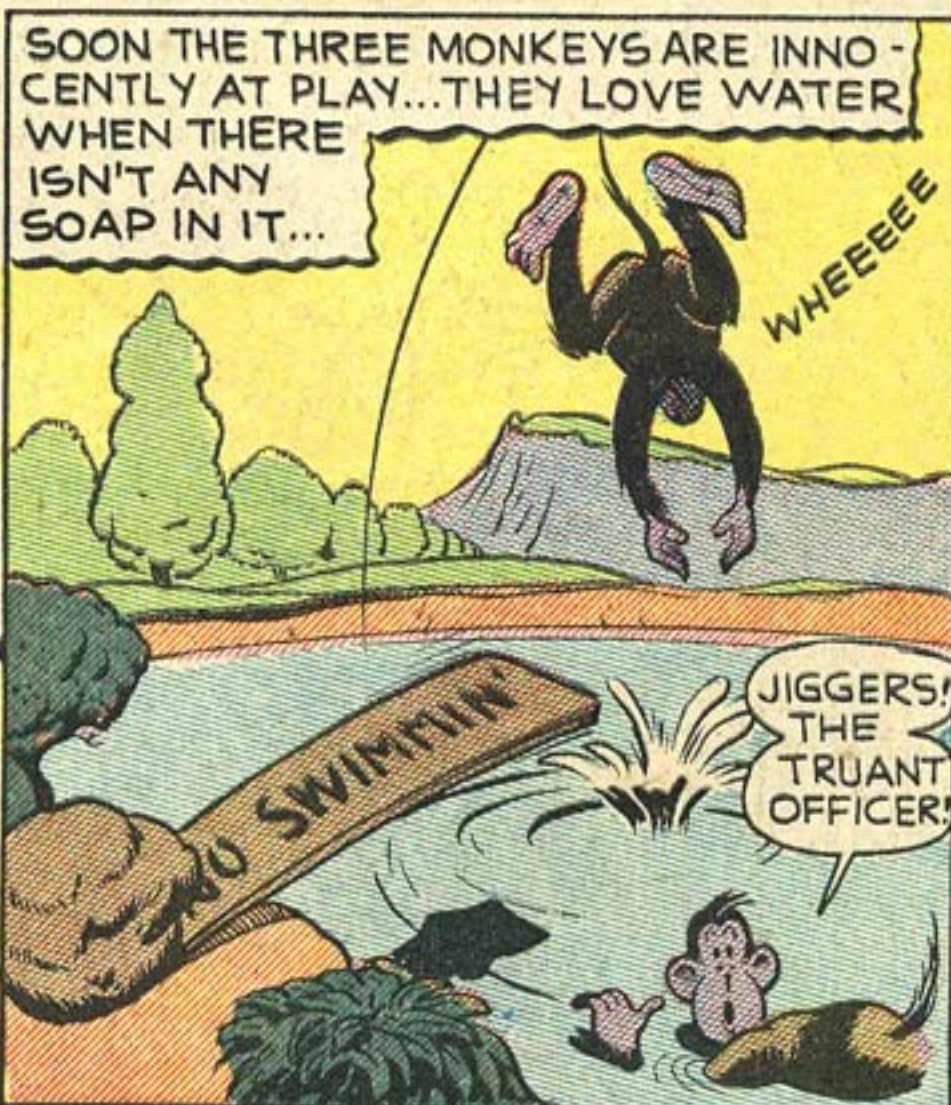
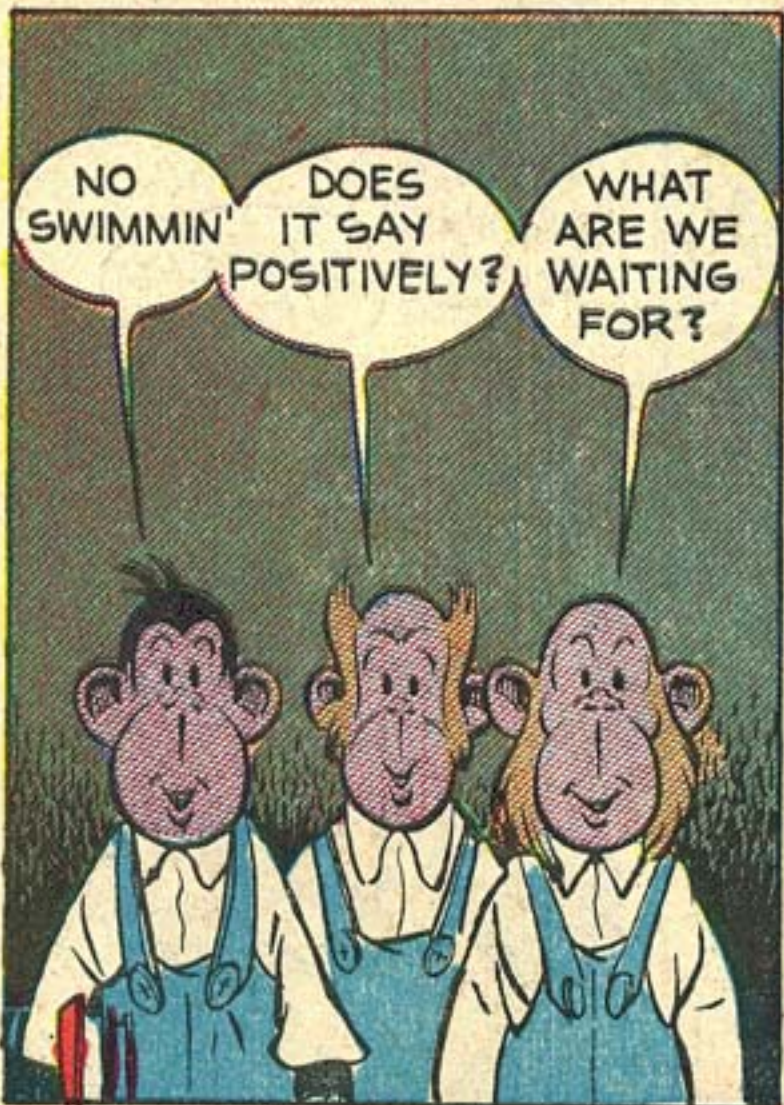
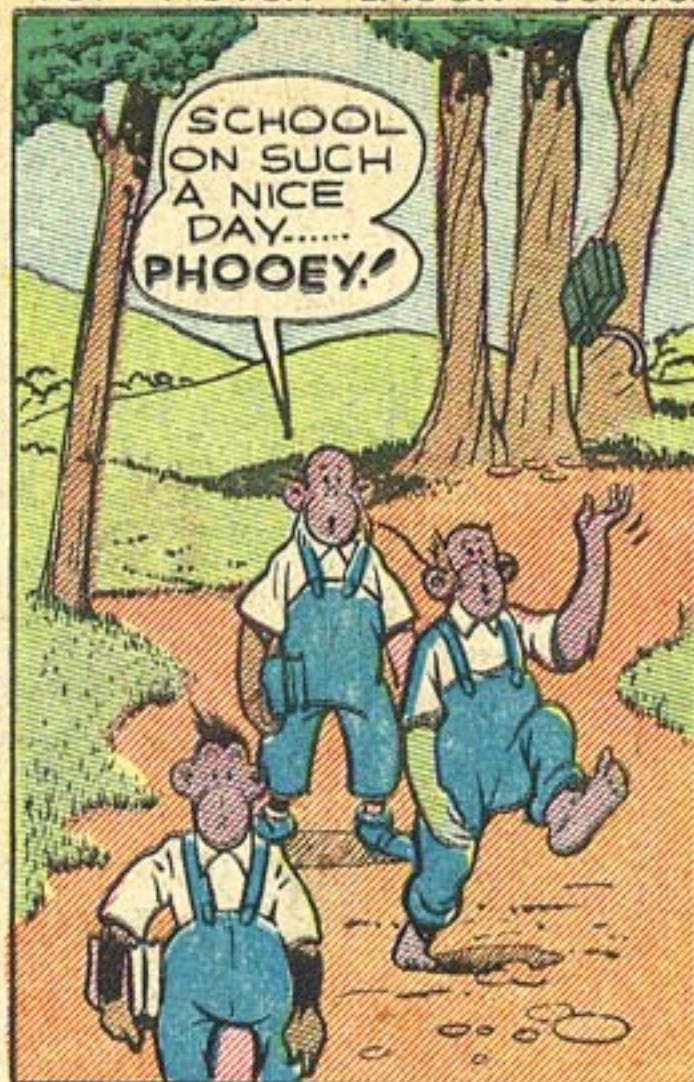


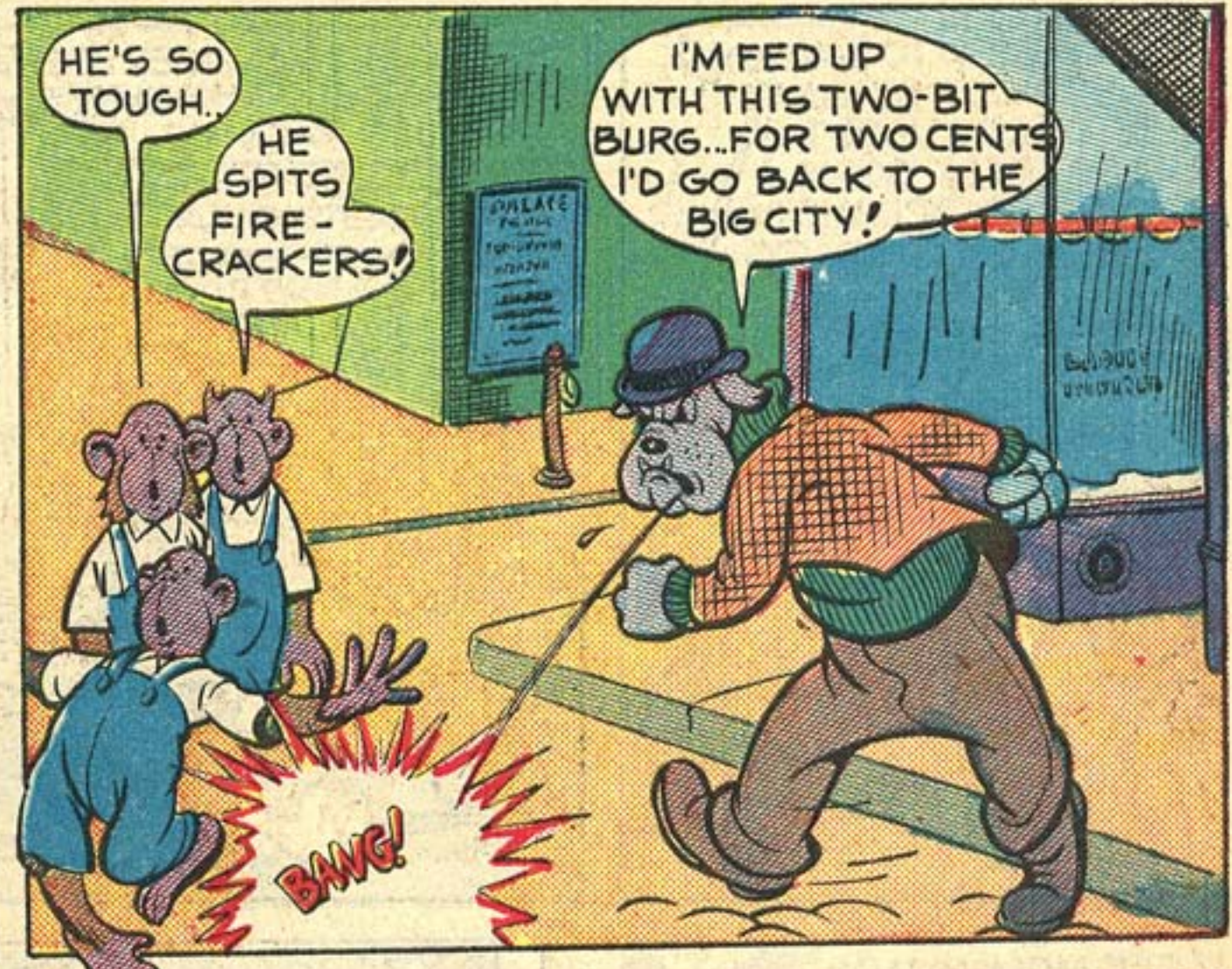
SIX O'CLOCK AND THOSE CHILDREN AREN'T UP YET 'WHAT ARE THEY TRYING TO DO-MAKE A MONKEY OUT OF ME!

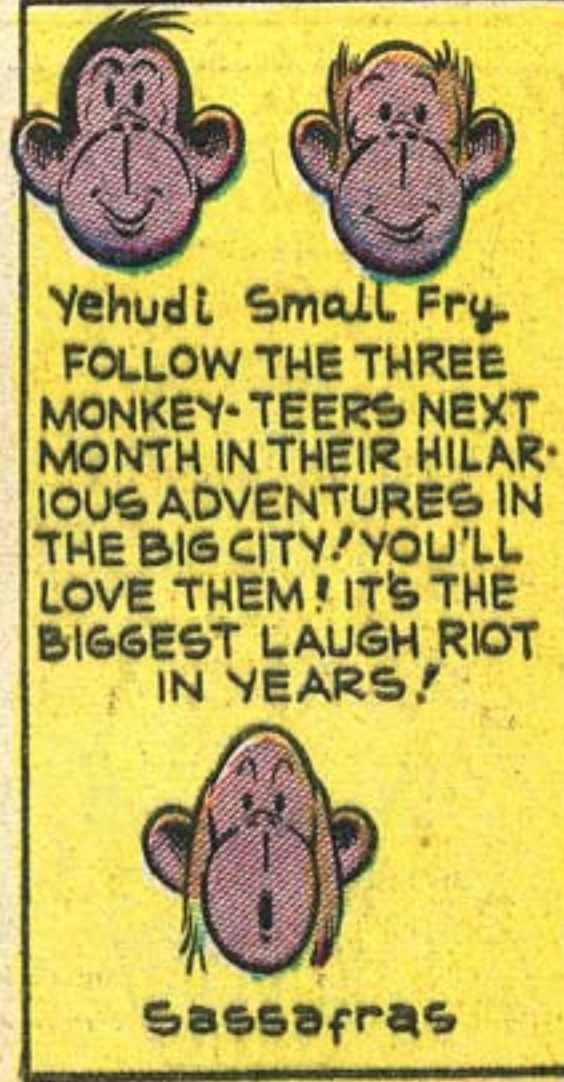


YEHUDI! SMALL FRY! SASSAFRAS! COME DOWN TO...







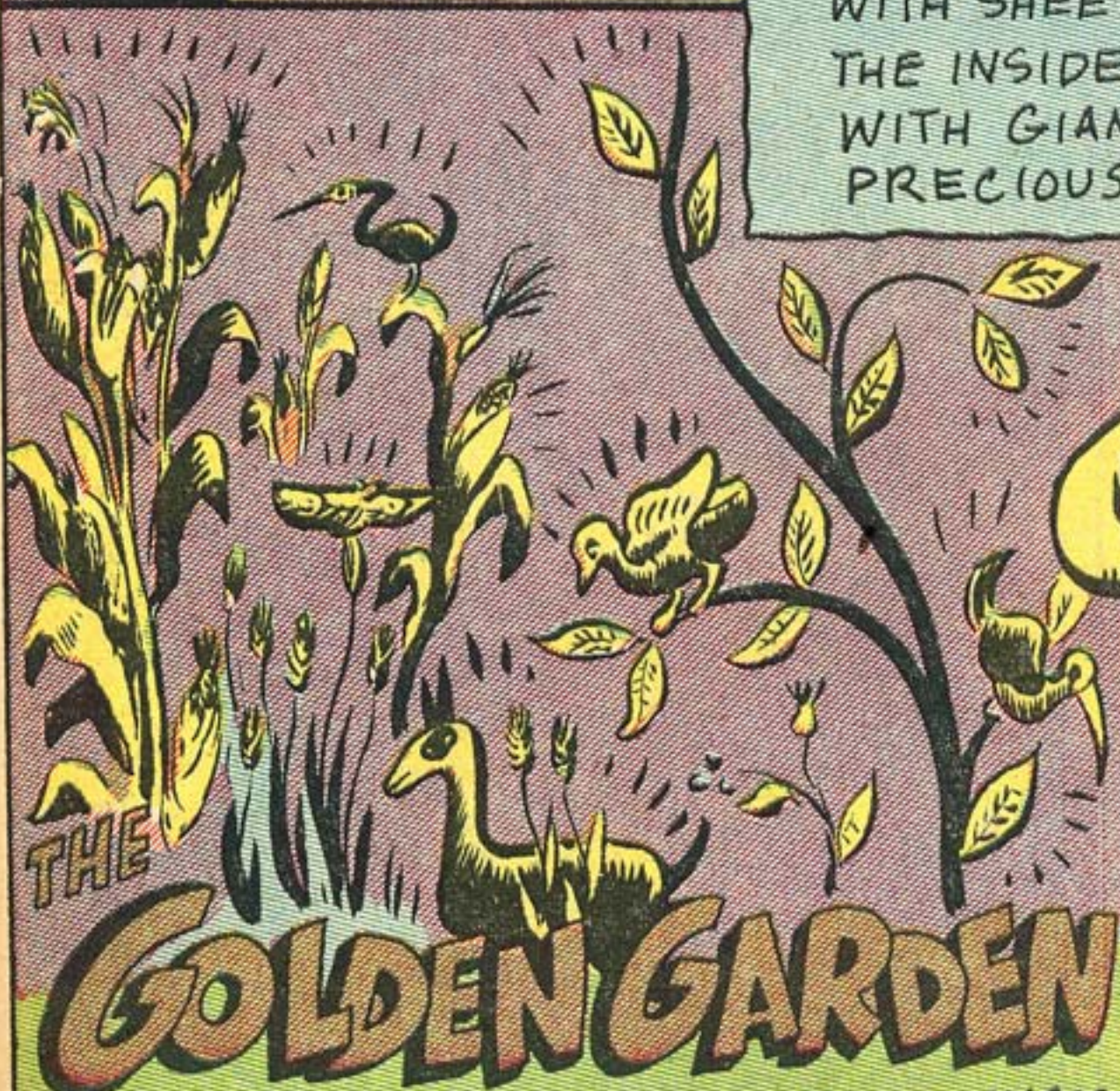


WORLD WONDERS



TEMPLE OF THE SUN

THE GREAT INCA BUILDING AT CUZCO IN PERU, WAS COVERED INSIDE AND OUT WITH SHEETS OF **PURE GOLD** THE INSIDE WALLS WERE ALSO DOTTED WITH GIANT EMERALDS AND OTHER PRECIOUS STONES.



THE GOLDEN GARDEN

ALSO AT CUZCO, WAS FILLED BY THE INCAS WITH CORN - GRAIN - BUTTERFLYS - BIRDS - ANIMALS AND TREES - ALL OF **SOLID GOLD!**



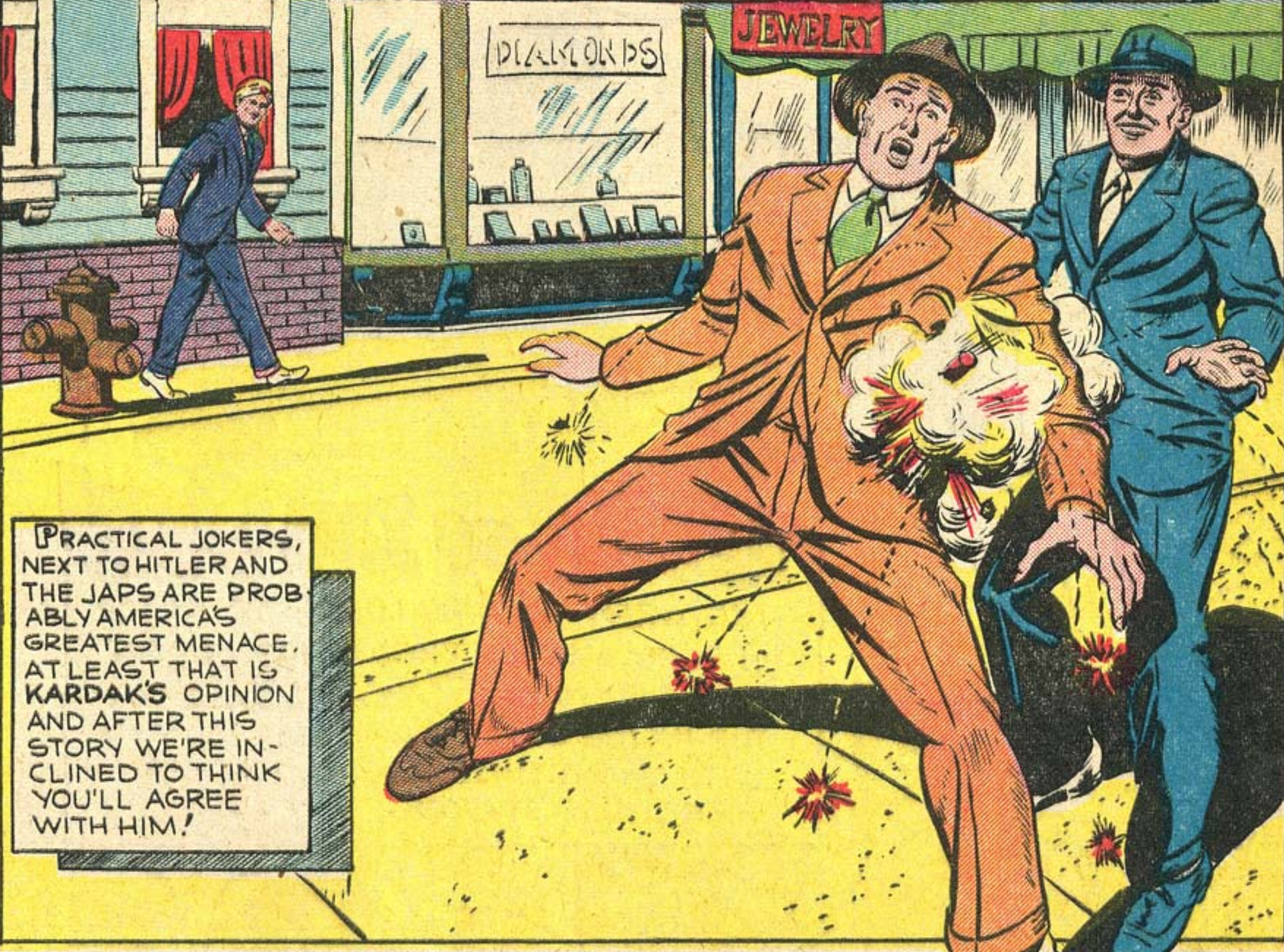
WHEN A SON WAS BORN TO HUAYNA CAPAC, THE LAST GREAT INCA RULER, HE WAS SO HAPPY HE HAD MADE A GIANT 700 FT. LONG **GOLDEN CHAIN** WITH WHICH HE ENCIRCLED THE WHOLE PALACE!

KARDAK

THE

MYSTIC

MAGICIAN



PRACTICAL JOKERS, NEXT TO HITLER AND THE JAPS ARE PROBABLY AMERICA'S GREATEST MENACE. AT LEAST THAT IS KARDAK'S OPINION AND AFTER THIS STORY WE'RE INCLINED TO THINK YOU'LL AGREE WITH HIM!



HAW, HAW, NEVER EVEN SAW ME PUT THAT FIRE-CRACKER IN HIS POCKET!

OOH! MY SUIT'S SMOKING!



OH! SO IT'S YOU, JOE BLOW... THINK IT'S FUNNY, DON'T YOU?

SURE IT'S FUNNY... TROUBLE IS YOU'VE GOT NO SENSE OF HUMOR!



I'LL PASTE YOU IN THE NOSE, YOU.

HERE, YOU TWO! CUT THAT OUT!



BETTER COME ALONG, MR. JOE BLOW, BEFORE THERE'S ANY MORE TROUBLE!

THE SOURPUSS! ALL OVER A LOUSY LITTLE FIRE CRACKER!



WELL, THANKS FOR STOPPING THAT FIGHT, MISTER. I'VE BEEN PLAYING JOKES ON ED FOR A LONG TIME AND THIS IS THE FIRST TIME HE EVER GOT SORE LIKE THAT. JUST GOES TO SHOW YOU CAN'T TRUST PEOPLE!



HMM! PLAYING JOKES FOR A LONG TIME, EH!... I HAVE AN IDEA, MR. JOE BLOW MIGHT BE SOMEBODY WORTH KEEPING AN EYE ON!



MEANWHILE, JOE BLOW GAILY ENTERS AN OFFICE BUILDING...

HI, THERE, DOORMAN, SHAKE!

WHY, ER YES SIR!



OW! I'M ELECTROCUTED!



JOE BLOW HAD AN ELECTRIC BUZZER CONCEALED IN THE PALM OF HIS HAND...

ISN'T HE THE FUNNIEST MAN?



WELL, IF IT ISN'T MY OLD PAL, HANK SHORT... WONDER WHAT'S THE BIG HURRY?!



BIG DOINGS TONIGHT, JOE! HAVING A BIRTHDAY PARTY FOR MY KID. ALL THE FAMILY'S GOING TO BE THERE EXCEPTING MY MOTHER WHO'S IN TOPEKA!

LATER, IN HIS OFFICE, JOE BLOW MAKES A PHONE CALL.

HELLO, IS THIS HANK SHORT'S HOME? THIS IS LONG-DISTANCE-TOPEKA CALLING!

WHAT'S HE UP TO NOW?



THIS IS MRS. SHORT'S DOCTOR... SHE'S VERY ILL AND WANTS TO SEE HER SON RIGHT AWAY. THERE MAY NOT BE MUCH TIME!



HA, HA, THAT'LL SEND HANK OUT ON A WILD GOOSE CHASE AND MISS THE BIRTHDAY PARTY. WILL HE BE SORE. NOW I'LL CALL MY SECRETARY AND HAVE MORE FUN!



SEND A TELEGRAM TO MR. JONES, AT ROCK CANYON LODGE... DEAR MR. JONES, YOUR HOLDINGS IN CONSOLIDATED COPPER HAVE BEEN COMPLETELY WIPED OUT!



BUT, MR. BLOW, I THOUGHT COPPER WAS GOING UP!

JONES WON'T FIND OUT UNTIL TOMORROW... IN THE MEANWHILE HE'LL WORRY HIMSELF SICK! HA, HA!



SEND THAT WIRE RIGHT AWAY, MISS WINTERS!



ALONE, JOE BLOW LOOKS UP, STARTLED...

WH-WHO ARE YOU?



MY NAME DOES NOT MATTER.. I'VE BEEN WATCHING YOUR ACTIVITIES FOR THE PAST HOUR. THINK YOUR PRETTY SMART, DON'T YOU?





AW, FORGET IT!
LET'S HAVE A
DRINK!



THERE'S NO USE GETTING
RILED UP OVER A COUPLE OF
INNOCENT LITTLE JOKES...
BE FRIENDLY... MAKE OTHER
PEOPLE LAUGH - THAT'S
MY MOTTO!



PERHAPS I'VE BEEN MIS-
TAKEN, AT THAT! I HAVE
NOTHING AGAINST A
MAN WHO ENJOYS
A GOOD JOKE!

DRINK
UP!



LATER, AS KARDAK LEAVES..

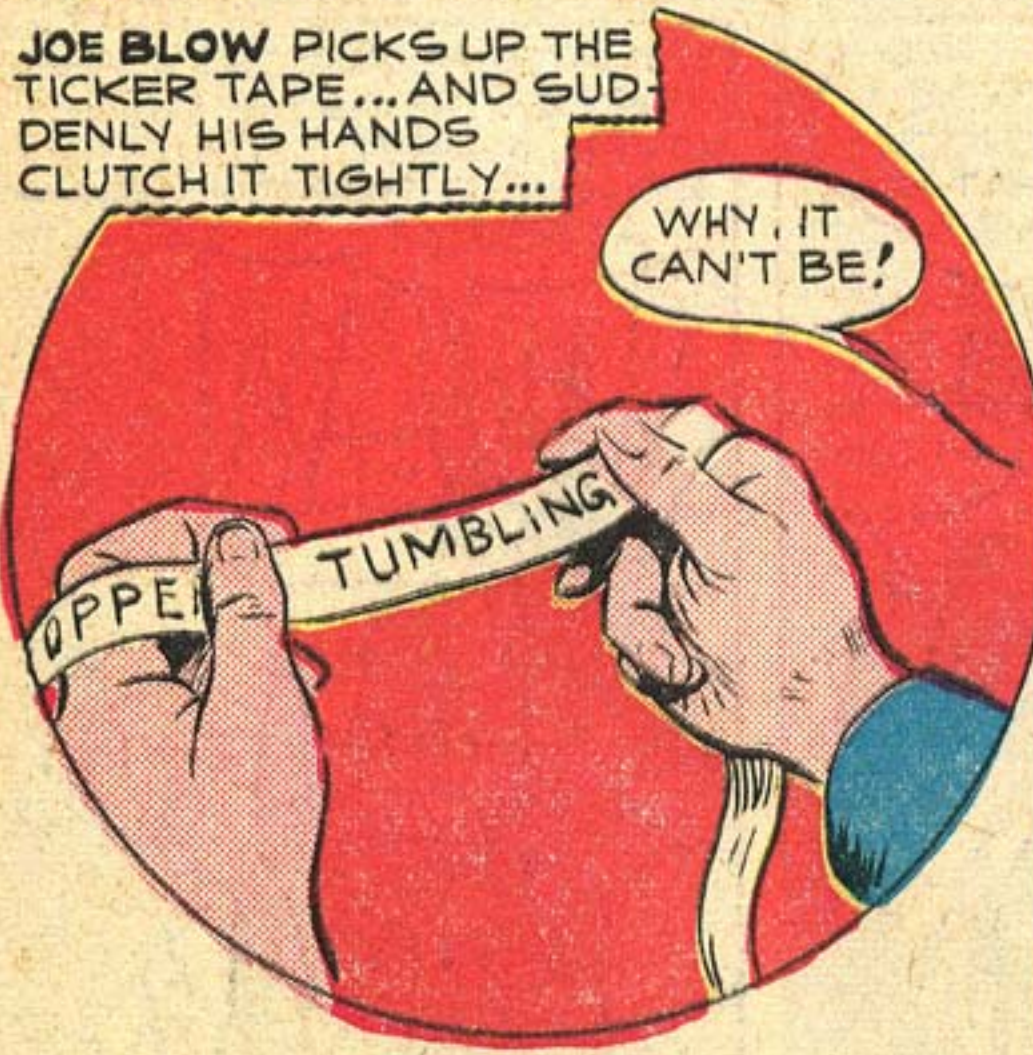
THE
POOR SAP!
BOY, DID HE
FALL FOR
THAT ONE!



I PUT ENOUGH KNOCK-OUT
DROPS IN THAT GLASS TO
LAY HIM OUT COLDER THAN
AN ICE CUBE!



OH BOY, I'M BEGINNING TO
FEEL SLEEPY. GUESS I'LL
HAVE A LOOK AT HOW THE
MARKET IS GOING, AND
CALL IT A DAY!



JOE BLOW PICKS UP THE
TICKER TAPE... AND SUD-
DENLY HIS HANDS
CLUTCH IT TIGHTLY...

WHY, IT
CAN'T BE!



ALL MY HOLDINGS ARE
IN COPPER... THE PHONE'S
RINGING... I'LL HAVE TO
ANSWER IT!



IS THAT YOU, BLOW? THIS IS PETERS, YOUR BROKER. YOU'LL HAVE TO RAISE TWENTY THOUSAND IN CASH IMMEDIATELY, TO COVER YOUR HOLDINGS!



TWENTY THOUSAND! I'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO RAISE THAT MUCH.. I'LL HAVE TO CALL ON MY FRIENDS, TRY TO BORROW IT!



AFTER THAT GAG YOU PULLED ON ME BLOW, I WOULDN'T LEND YOU A RED CENT!

ANOTHER OF YOUR PRACTICAL JOKES, EH? WELL, YOU WON'T FOOL ME THIS TIME, HA-HA-HA!

SORRY, MR. SHORT ISN'T HOME.. HE LEFT FOR TOPEKA TO VISIT HIS SICK MOTHER!

I TELL YOU, I MUST HAVE HELP!



BLIND WITH DISPAIR, JOE BLOW'S HANDS GROPE FOR HIS DESK, HE TOUCHES A CIGAR BOX...



AND AS THOUGH MOCKING AT HIS PLIGHT, A "JACK-IN-THE-BOX" LEAPS UP TO GRIN AT HIM...

OHH...WHAT A FOOL I'VE BEEN!

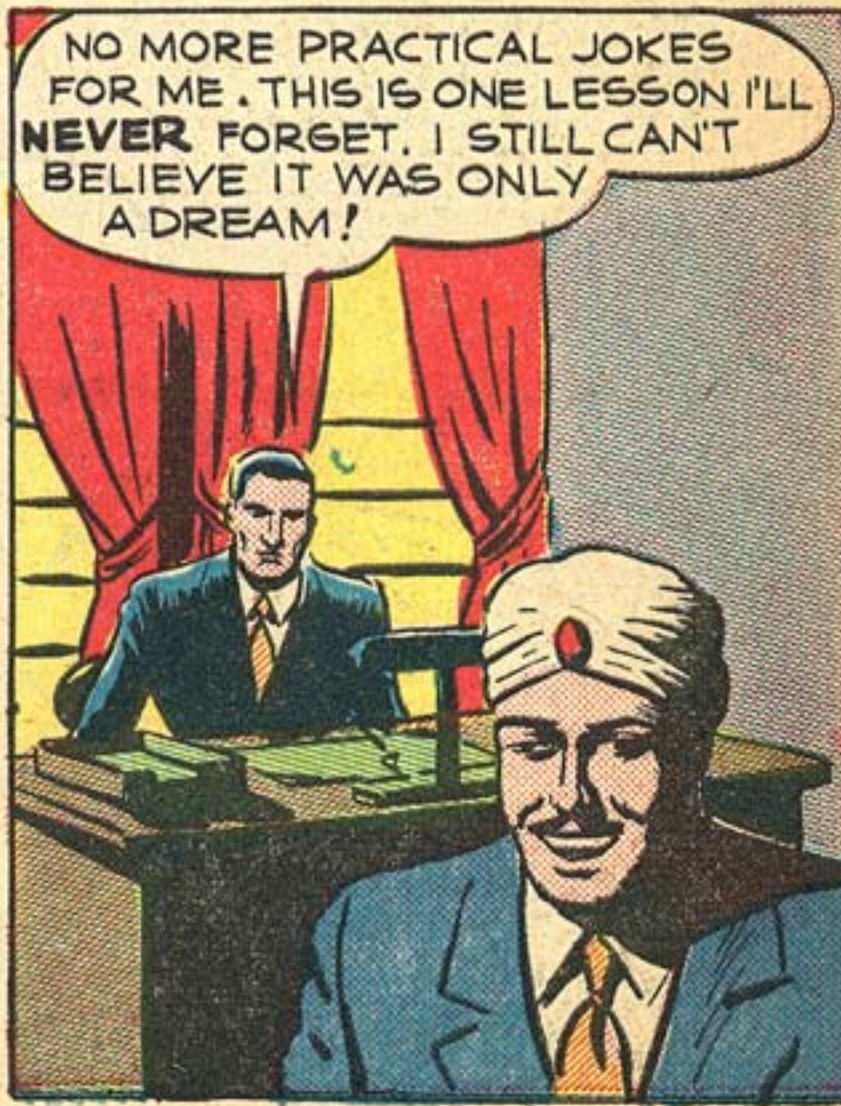


WAKE UP! I'VE AN IDEA THAT YOU'VE LEARNED YOUR LESSON!

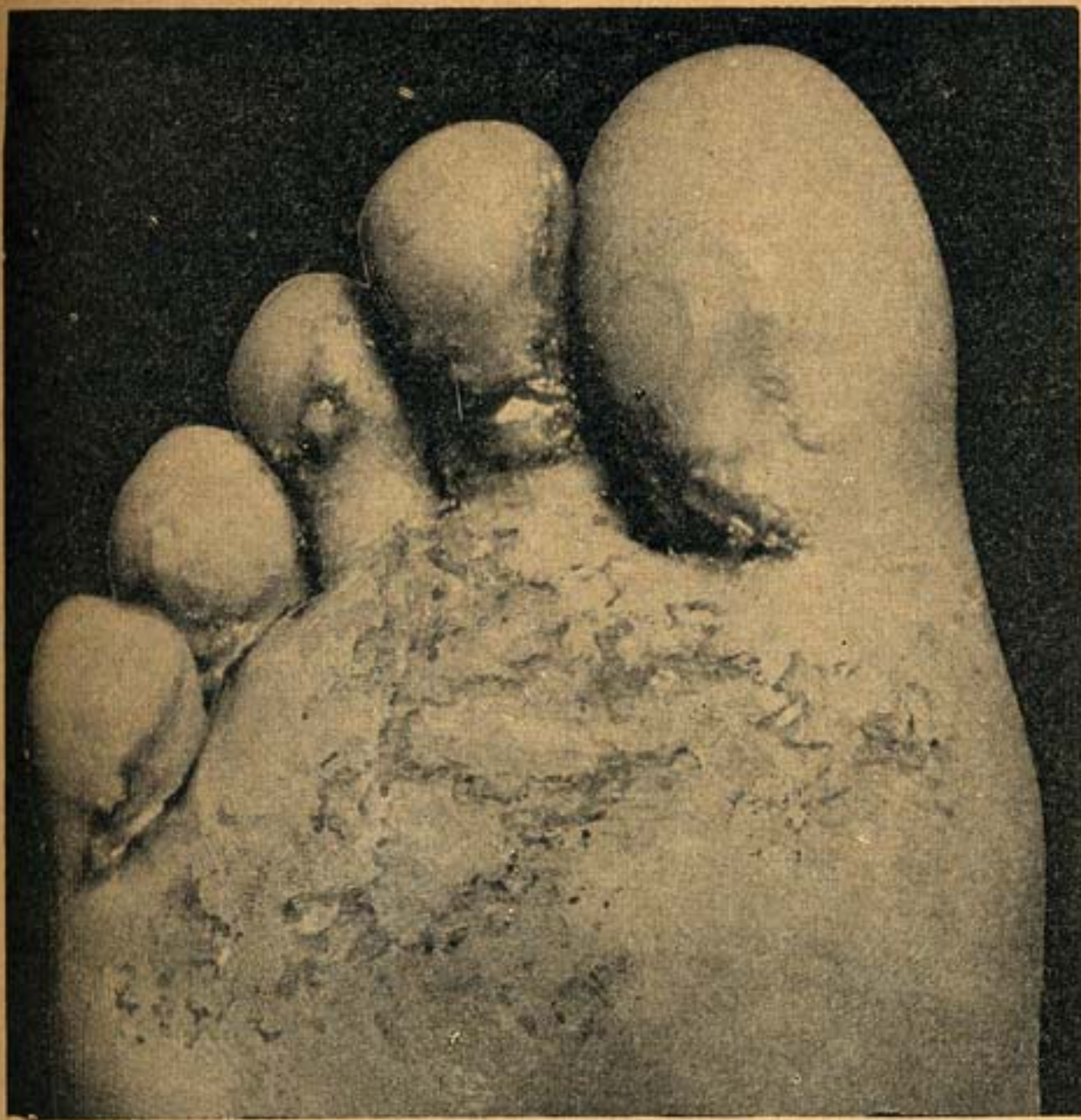


YOU SEE I SWITCHED THOSE GLASSES... YOU TOOK THOSE KNOCK-OUT DROPS THAT YOU MEANT FOR ME!

I-I DID?!



NO MORE PRACTICAL JOKES FOR ME. THIS IS ONE LESSON I'LL NEVER FORGET. I STILL CAN'T BELIEVE IT WAS ONLY A DREAM!



FOOT ITCH

ATHLETE'S FOOT

**Send Coupon
Don't Pay Until Relieved**

At least 50% of the adult population of the United States are being attacked by the disease known as Athlete's Foot.

Usually the disease starts between the toes. Little watery blisters form, and the skin cracks and peels. After a while the itching becomes intense, and you feel as though you would like to scratch off all the skin.

BEWARE OF IT SPREADING

Often the disease travels all over the bottom of the feet. The soles of your feet become red and swollen. The skin also cracks and peels, and the itching becomes worse and worse.

Get relief from this disease as quickly as possible, because it is very contagious, and it may go to your hands or even to the under arm or crotch of the legs.



Disease Often Misunderstood

The cause of the disease is not a germ as so many people think, but a vegetable growth that becomes buried beneath the outer tissues of the skin.

To obtain relief the medicine to be used must first gently dissolve or remove the outer skin and then kill the vegetable growth.

This growth is so hard to kill that a test shows it takes 15 minutes of boiling to destroy it; however, laboratory tests also show that H. F. will kill it upon contact in 15 seconds.

DOUBLE ACTION NEEDED

Recently H. F. was developed solely for the purpose of relieving Athlete's Foot. It both gently dissolves the skin and then kills the vegetable growth upon contact. Both actions are necessary for prompt relief.

H. F. is a liquid that doesn't stain. You just paint the infected parts nightly before going to bed.

H. F. SENT ON FREE TRIAL

Sign and mail the coupon, and a bottle of H. F. will be mailed you immediately. Don't send any money and don't pay the postman any money; don't pay anything any time unless H. F. is helping you. If it does help you, we know you will be glad to send us \$1 for the bottle at the end of ten days. That's how much faith we have in H. F. Read, sign and mail the coupon today.



GORE PRODUCTS, INC.

810 Perdido St., New Orleans, La.

Please send me immediately a bottle of H. F. for foot trouble as described above. I agree to use it according to directions. If at the end of 10 days my feet are getting better, I will send you \$1. If I am not entirely satisfied, I will return the unused portion of the bottle to you within 15 days from the time I receive it.

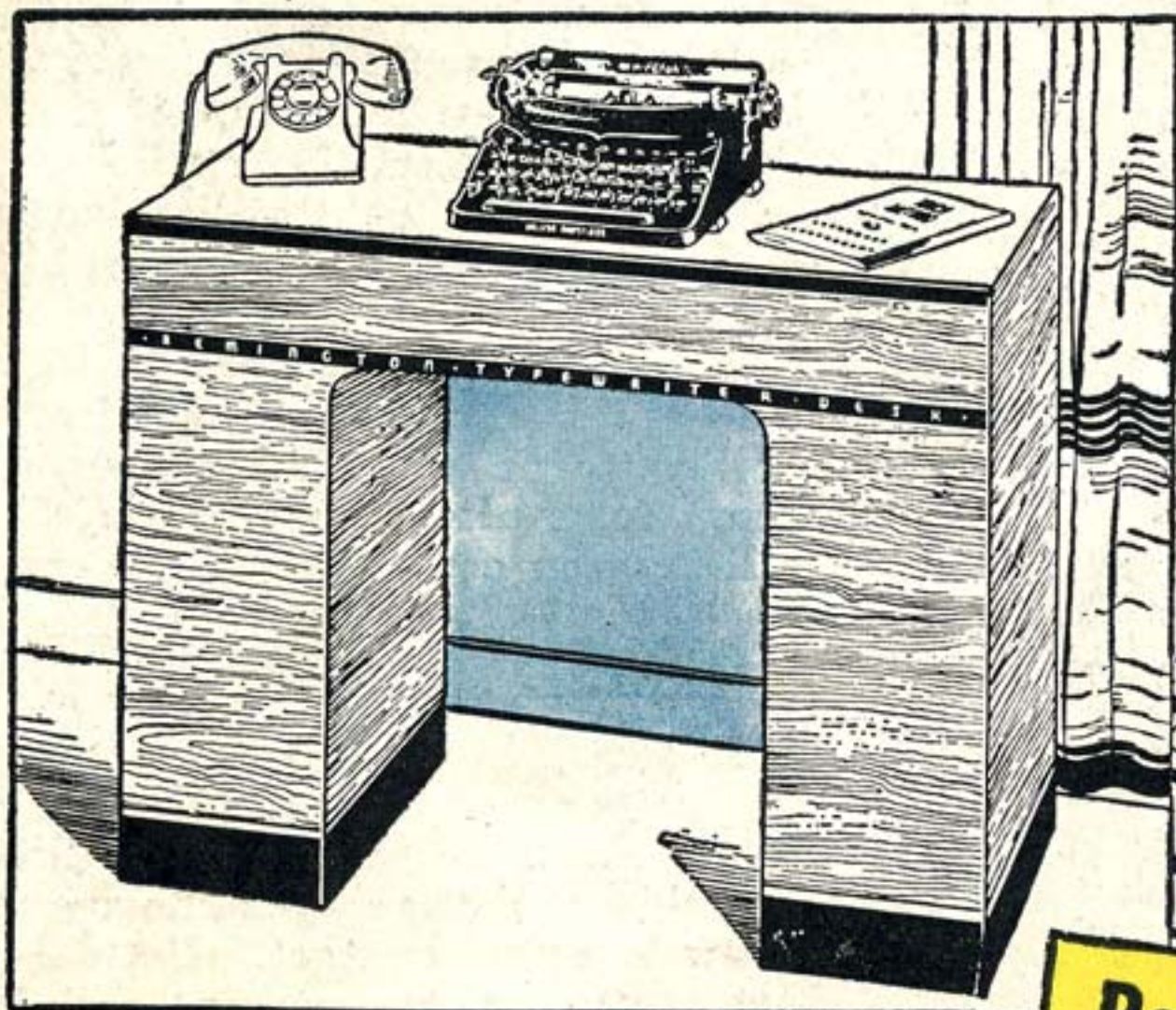
NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....STATE.....

ACT NOW!

ON THIS BARGAIN OFFER



THIS BEAUTIFUL DESK

FOR \$1.00 ONLY

WITH ANY

REMINGTON PORTABLE TYPEWRITER

A beautiful desk of handsome walnut grain, finished with rich Burgandy top which will fit into the decorations of any home, and made of sturdy fiber board, is now available for only one dollar (\$1.00) extra to purchasers of a Remington Portable Typewriter. The desk is so light a child can move it, so strong it will hold six hundred (600) pounds! What a combination this desk and a Remington Portable Typewriter make—a miniature office in your home! Learn complete details of this offer. Mail the coupon today!

THESE EXTRAS FOR YOU! LEARN TYPING FREE

To help you even further, you get Free with this special offer a 44-page booklet, prepared by experts, to teach you quickly how to typewrite by the touch method. When you buy a Noiseless you get this free Remington Rand gift that increases the pleasure of using your Remington Deluxe Noiseless Portable. Remember, the touch typing book is sent Free while this offer holds.

SPECIAL CARRYING CASE

The Remington Deluxe Noiseless Portable is light in weight, easily carried about. With this offer Remington supplies a beautiful carrying case sturdily built of 3-ply wood bound with a special Dupont Fabric.

SPECIFICATIONS

ALL ESSENTIAL FEATURES of large standard office machines appear in the Deluxe Noiseless Portable—standard 4-row keyboard; back spacer; margin stops and margin release; double shift key; two color ribbon; automatic reverse; tabulator; variable line spacer; paper fingers; makes as many as seven carbons; takes paper 9.5" wide; writes lines 8.2" wide, black key cards and white letters, rubber cushioned feet.

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

The Remington Deluxe Noiseless Portable Typewriter is sold on a trial basis with a money-back guarantee. If, after ten days trial, you are not entirely satisfied, we will take it back, pay all shipping charges and refund your good will deposit at once. You take no risk.

Remington's Amazing Combination Offer

How easy it is to get this combination. Just imagine! A small deposit and the balance on Remington's easy ten pay plan. Become immediately the possessor of this beautiful desk and a brand new Remington Deluxe Noiseless Portable. You assume no obligation by sending the coupon. **DO IT TODAY!**



SEND COUPON

NOW!

Remington Rand Inc. Dept. 419-5
Buffalo, N. Y.

Tell me, without obligation, how to get a Free Trial of a new Remington Deluxe Noiseless Portable, including Carrying Case and Free 44 page Typing Booklet. Also about the Remington ten pay plan. Send Catalog.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....